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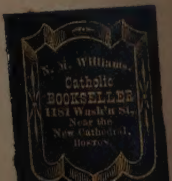

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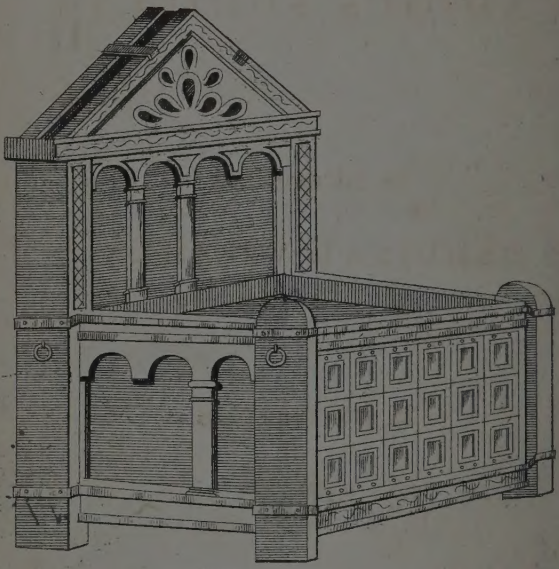
ESSAYS ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

VOL. VI.



St PETER'S CHAIR AT ROME.

ESSAYS

ON

VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

BY HIS EMINENCE,

CARDINAL WISEMAN.

IN SIX VOLUMES.

VOL. VI.

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CONTENTS.

VOL. VI.

	PAGE
Remarks on Lady Morgan's Statements regarding St. Peter's Chair (with a Plate)	1
The Roman Forum (with a Plate)	35
Christian Art	61
Spanish and English National Art	107
Superficial Travelling	161
Italian Guides and Tourists	184
Religion in Italy	237
Italian Gesticulation	264
Early Italian Academies	291
Sense v. Science	320

REMARKS

ON

LADY MORGAN'S STATEMENTS

REGARDING

ST. PETER'S CHAIR.*

Lady Morgan was originally known to the public as a writer of romance. So long as she persevered in that character, she had a right to invent amusing tales, to gratify the curiosity of her readers. Yet even the regions of fiction are subject

* This little Essay remained unnoticed for the long period of nineteen years. But as soon as the establishment of the Catholic Hierarchy in England had excited a violent outcry, and any attack upon the author was likely to be welcome, Lady Morgan undertook to reply. I have not read, nor even seen her answer which I could only consider as *then* published to answer a party purpose. It was, of course, highly praised in the papers, which even indulged in learned discussions of St. Peter's ever having been in Rome. Suffice it to say, that the *Times* spoke of the Essay now reprinted as if just published, and as though I were still in controversy with Lady Morgan. So much care was there for truth, in those who at that time directed the English mind!

to the great laws of justice and good faith; nor can that writer hope for indulgence, who, under the disguise of a fabulous narrative, conceals an attack upon the reputation and character of others. If so, what name can we give to the writer, who, soberly professing to instruct and inform, scruples not to fabricate or propagate an untrue story, which would suffice, if proved, to blight forever the character of many respectable and dignified individuals, to hold up to public abhorrence the hierarchy of a religion professed by millions of Christians, and record against that religion itself a weighty charge of hypocrisy and imposture. And this has her ladyship done in the passage to which I wish to call the attention of my readers. No longer professing to be a novel writer, she stood before the public as one who would enlighten and improve it, by new information upon a distant land, its inhabitants, its customs and religion; and the public had a right to expect from her, veracity, and accuracy in her statements; and the obligation, thus contracted by her, was doubled by the claims which those of whom she wrote, had to a just and true representation. Instead of this, she has, too often, drawn a most unfaithful portrait of their characters and opinions, and has treated their most holy sentiments with an indecent levity and a cruel inattention, which, whether we consider her as a lady, a Christian, or a writer, cannot be reprobated in terms too severe for her deserts.

The following is the passage which I now de-

sire principally to take into consideration:—"The sacrilegious curiosity of the French broke through all obstacles to their seeing the chair of St. Peter. They actually removed its superb casket, and discovered the relic. Upon its mouldering and dusty surface were traced carvings, which bore the appearance of letters. The chair was quickly brought into a better light, the dust and cobwebs removed, and the inscription (for an inscription it was) faithfully copied. The writing is in Arabic characters, and is the well-known confession of Mahometan faith: 'There is but one God, and Mahomet is his prophet.' It is supposed that this chair had been, among the spoils of the Crusaders, offered to the Church, at a time when a taste for antiquarian lore, and the deciphering of inscriptions, were not yet in fashion. This story has been since hushed up, the chair replaced, and none but the unhallowed remember the fact, and none but the audacious repeat it. Yet such there are, even at Rome."*

The charge contained in this paragraph is of a serious nature. It boldly asserts that the relic venerated in the Vatican basilic as the chair of St. Peter, is only a Mohammedan monument; and what is infinitely worse, that the clergy having discovered this, have nevertheless wickedly continued to deceive the people, by directing their respect towards an object which they knew to be a spurious relic, and which bears upon it a blasphemous inscription denying the truth of Christianity.

* Italy, by Lady Morgan, vol. ii. p. 283, note †, 4to. ed.

The most compendious course to confute this unblushing calumny, would be to quote the attestation of those, who have been in the service of St. Peter's church, since a period antecedent to the invasion of Rome by the French, to the fact that the seals were never violated, nor the relic inspected by them. But it would be replied to this, that the men who could deceive the public, in the impious manner which Lady Morgan supposes, would have little scruple in giving any testimony necessary to countenance their cheat.

But it is my wish to set this calumny at rest for ever, and at the same time to give my Catholic readers information, which may not be uninteresting, upon this sacred relic of antiquity. I will first briefly describe the chair of St. Peter; by this description it will at once be proved that it is not of Mohammedan origin, and that all antiquarian arguments tend to confirm the pious tradition of the Church. I will next give the strong grounds whereon this tradition rests, and thereby demonstrate, that this relic existed long before the Crusades, or even Mohammed himself. In order to remove every shadow of doubt regarding the falsehood of her ladyship's tale, I will lastly give a brief account of the circumstances, which most probably led to its fabrication.

A superb shrine of gilt bronze, supported by four gigantic figures of the same materials, representing four doctors of the Church, closes the view of the nave of St. Peter's church, and cannot have

failed to attract the attention of my readers. The shrine is in the form of a throne, and contains a chair, which the Prince of the Apostles is supposed to have occupied, as bishop of Rome. It is a tradition, certainly of great antiquity, that St. Peter was received into the house of the senator Pudens and there laid the foundation of the Roman Church.* According to the custom of the Jews, and of all the early churches, a chair or throne would be occupied by him when teaching, or assisting at the divine worship. It is in fact from this circumstance that the term *sedes*, *cathedra*, θρόνος, *seat*, *chair*, or *throne*, became the ordinary appellation of episcopal jurisdiction.† The chair of St. Peter is precisely such a one as we should have supposed to be given by a wealthy Roman senator to a ruler of the Church, which he esteemed and protected. It is of wood, almost entirely covered with ivory, so as to be justly considered a curule chair. It may be divided into two principal parts; the square or cubic portion which forms the body, and the upright elevation behind, which forms the back. The former portion is four Roman palms in breadth across the front, two and a half at the side, and three and a half in height. It is formed

* See the acts of S. Pudentiana, Bolland. May 19, p. 297.

† See Suicer, Thesaur. Ecclesiast. Amst. 1728, tom. i. p. 1410. Hence the episcopal authority is symbolized on Christian monuments by a throne or chair. See examples in Aringhi, Roma Subterranea, Rome, 1651, tom. ii. pp. 55, 666; and Mamachi, Orig. et Antiq. Christ. tom. v. Rome, 1755, p. 596.

by four upright posts, united together by transverse bars above and below. The sides are filled up by a species of arcade consisting of two pilasters of carved wood, supporting, with the corner posts, three little arches. The front is extremely rich, being divided into eighteen small compartments, disposed in three rows. Each contains a basso-rilievo in ivory, of the most exquisite finish, surrounded by ornaments of the purest gold.* These bassi-rilievi represent, not the feats of Mohammed, or Ali, or Osman, or any other Paynim chieftain, as the readers of Lady Morgan might expect, unless they knew that the religion of the prophet does not tolerate any graven images at all, but the exploits of the monster-quelling Hercules.† The custom of adorning curule chairs with sculptured ivory is mentioned by the ancients:—

> "Signa quoque in sella nossem formata curuli,
> Et totum Numidæ sculptile dentis opus." ‡

> "Conspicuum signis cum premet altus ebur." §

The back of the chair is formed by a series of pilasters supporting arches, as at the sides; the pillars here are three in number, and the arches four. Above the cornice, which these support, rises a triangular pediment, giving to the whole a taste-

* De Identitate Cathedræ in qua S. Petrus Romæ primum sedit; Romæ, 1666, p. 69. [By F. Franciscus Maria Phœbeus.]

† Ib. p. 31. ‡ Ovid, Pontic. lib. iv. ep. ix. 27, 28.

§ Ib. ep. v. 18.

ful and architectural appearance. Besides the bassi-rilievi above mentioned, the rest of the front, the mouldings of the back, and the tympanum of the pediment, are all covered with beautifully-wrought ivory. The chair, therefore, is manifestly of Roman workmanship, a curule chair, such as might be occupied by the head of the Church, adorned with ivory and gold, as might befit the house of a wealthy Roman senator; while the exquisite finish of the sculpture forbids us to consider it more modern than the Augustan age, when the arts were in their greatest perfection. There is another circumstance, which deserves particular mention in the description of this chair, and exactly corresponds to the time of St. Peter's first journey to Rome. This event took place in the reign of Claudius; and it is precisely at this period that, as Justus Lipsius has well proved, *sellæ gestatoriæ* began to be used by men of rank in Rome.* For it is after this period, that Suetonius, Seneca, Tacitus, Juvenal, and Martial mention the practice of being borne in chairs. This was done by means of rings placed at their sides, through which poles were passed; and thus the chair was carried by slaves upon their shoulders. At each side of St. Peter's chair are two rings, manifestly intended for this purpose. Thus, while the workmanship of this venerable relic necessarily refers its date to an early period of the Roman empire, this peculiarity fixes it at a period not earlier than the

* Just. Lips. Elector. c. i. cap. 19.

reign of Claudius, in which St. Peter arrived at Rome.

Thus far, then, it is evident, that this chair is precisely such a one as the antiquarian would expect to find, claiming the honor of having been the episcopal throne of the first Roman pontiff. This alone would be sufficient to overthrow the calumnious statement of Lady Morgan; and the confutation will be much more complete when we give the grounds of moral probability that it is the identical chair used for this purpose.

It was, undoubtedly, the custom, in the apostolic churches, to preserve, with great devotion, the chairs occupied by their first bishops, and thereon enthrone their successors. Eusebius, in the fourth century, has the following testimony regarding the Church of Jerusalem:—"The chair of James, who was appointed bishop of Jerusalem by our Saviour and the apostles, having been preserved until our days, is honored with the greatest reverence by the brethren of that church from ancient times."* Upon another occasion, speaking of the accession of Hermon to that see, he expresses himself in these terms: "He obtained the apostolic chair of James, which is preserved there as yet."† Nicephorus asserts the same fact: "We know that the throne of James has been preserved until our days. His successors have venerated

* Euseb. Histor. Eccles, lib. vii. c. 19, ed. Turin, 1746, tom. i. p. 301.

† Ib. c. xxxii. p. 326.

this relic." * Valesius, in his notes upon the passage last quoted from Eusebius, observes, that in the Acts of St. Mark, his chair is said to have been long preserved in the church of Alexandria. The Acts of St. Peter, bishop of that see, relate, that out of respect to it, and to a vision which appeared to him, he refused to seat himself in that chair, and, at most, would only occupy its footstool.† This proves that such objects were not kept merely as curiosities, but were truly reverenced in those early and happy times of Christianity.‡

These two instances, to which others might be added, will suffice to render it highly probable that the Roman Church would exhibit no less venera-

* Niceph. Cal. lib. vi. c. 16.

† Acts of St. Peter of Alex. ap. Baron. ad an. 310.

‡ It seems this custom is not solely Catholic. In the *Saturday Magazine*, published by the *Society for promoting Christian Knowledge*, July 14, 1832, p. 16, we are favored with a drawing of *Wickliff's Chair;* which, we are told, "is still preserved in Lutterworth church, together with the pulpit from which he was accustomed to preach, *a piece of his cloak*, and an oak table which belonged to him." What is the meaning of these objects being kept in a Protestant church? This cheap periodical may be useful: it is a pity, however, that so little pains should be taken to give correct information upon religious points. A few pages after the passage just quoted, we are gravely told that "the exploded doctrine of the Church of Rome concerning bells is, that they have merit, and pray God for the living and the dead." —P. 20. Such is the valuable information vended to the people, at a penny a week, by a learned society bearing an edifying title. It would have been fair to favor us with a Catholic authority for such a marvellous opinion.

tion for the throne of its first bishop, and preserve it for the installation of his successors. At any rate, they abundantly remove every prejudice which might exist against the venerable tradition of the Roman Church, upon the grounds that the early Christians would hardly have thought of preserving such a relic, or that it is improbable that it could have been so long preserved. For, if the chairs of James and Mark were held in such veneration, and preserved entire till the time of Eusebius, and even of Nicephorus, it is even more probable that the chair of Peter would be kept by the Roman Church as a more valuable treasure. And if it thus once reached the era of Constantine, there could be no farther difficulty as to its having been preserved until our own times.

I will now proceed to adduce a few passages from ancient ecclesiastical writers, confirmatory of the tradition of the Roman Church. I will begin with Tertullian: though most of our readers will instantly recognize a passage, to which they have been accustomed to give a less material interpretation. I will quote it, however, leaving the decision of its certain meaning to the critics. "Run through the apostolic churches, in which the very chairs of the apostles, as yet, preside, in their proper places. If you are near Italy, you have Rome, where authority is at hand for us."* Cer-

* Percurre ecclesias apostolicas, apud quas ipsæ adhuc cathedræ apostolorum suis locis præsident: si Italiæ adjaces, habes Romam, unde nobis quoque auctoritas præsto est.—

tainly, if by *chair* is here to be understood the same as *see*, there is not much strength in the expression; for, as an apostolic church is exactly a church which was founded by the apostles, and has a bishop descending from them, to say, with so much emphasis, that in the apostolic churches, the *very* sees of the apostles were, *as yet*, preserved (ipsæ adhuc apostolorum cathedræ), is not, surely, in Tertullian's usual style of terse reasoning. The very words, *ipsæ* and *adhuc*, seem to imply something extraordinary and unexpected. Tertullian, after this, mentions Rome as being one of these churches.

The testimony of St. Optatus, in the fourth century, has considerable force; it is as follows:— "Render an account of the origin of your chair, since you claim to be the holy Church, and even say that you have a portion in the city of Rome. But if you ask Macrobius *where* he sits in that city, will he be able to reply, *in the chair of St. Peter? I doubt if he even know it by sight; and, to its church* (*memoriam**) *he does not approach.* Behold *there* are existing the churches (*memoriæ*) of

De Præscrip. Hæretic. c. xxxvi. The learned Valesius, in the place above quoted, adopts the same interpretation of this passage of Tertullian as our author.

* "Nos in martyribus nostris non templa sicut Diis, sed memorias sicut hominibus mortuis, quorum apud Deum vivant spiritus, fabricamus."—St. Aug. De Civ. Dei, lib. xxii. cap. x. The word is used in the same sense by SS. Paulinus and Jerome, the Council of Carthage, etc. The mention of sacrifice in the text also proves its meaning there.

the two apostles; say if he have been able to enter there, or have there offered sacrifice?" * St. Optatus here speaks of the *cathedra* as something visible and material; distinguishes it from Rome, or the Apostolic See, and mentions its church as that of the apostle, where sacrifice used to be offered. Indeed, it seems difficult to read this passage without understanding in it something different from episcopal jurisdiction.

In the year 503, we have a testimony which admits of no controversy. It is a passage of Ennodius of Pavia, in his apologetical work against the impugners of the fourth Roman synod. He tells these, that by their machinations, "mundi caput Romam esse prostratam, *et nutricem pontificii cathedram quasi ultimum videri sedile despectam.*"† This comparison is sufficiently clear; but the words which follow remove the slightest shadow of doubt: "Ecce nunc ad *gestatoriam sellam apostolicæ confessionis* uda mittunt limina

* Vestræ cathedræ vos originem reddite, qui vobis vultis S. Ecclesiam vindicare, sed et habere vos in urbe Roma partem aliquam dicitis.—Denique si Macrobio dicatur, *ubi illic* sedeat, numquid potest dicere *in cathedra Petri? quam nescio si vel oculis novit, et ad cujus memoriam non accedit.* Ecce præsentes sunt ibi duorum memoriæ apostolorum; dicite si ad has ingredi potuit ita ut obtulerit illic.—Lib. ii. adv. Parmenian.

† In Labbei Concilia, tom. iv. Par. 1671, p. 1356, C. "Rome, the head of the world, is laid prostrate, and the chair which nourishes pontifical authority is seen despised like any mean seat."

candidatos."* These words seem to allude to some visit made by the newly baptized to the confession of St. Peter, as is done at the present day by baptized adults; and the description which we have given of the chair will demonstrate, how accurately it is designated by the expression *gestatoriam sellem apostolicæ confessionis.*

These testimonies are, I trust, more than sufficient to overthrow the foolish story with which Lady Morgan has treated her readers. I might add the festival in its honor mentioned by St. Augustine, and the very fact of a chair of such ancient and pagan workmanship being preserved for so many ages in such a church. No one doubts the identity of the coronation chair of our kings of England with that of Edward the Confessor, simply from the fact that it has ever been preserved in Westminster Abbey, for that purpose; the same tradition exists in favor of St. Peter's chair.

But a serious objection to the authenticity of this chair seems to have been raised by Protestants, from the labor of Hercules being sculptured upon it. Is it credible that an apostle would have used so profane a seat? Would he have taught Christianity from a chair adorned with the emblems of paganism? Such is the objection first

* In Labbei Concilia, tom. iv. Par. 1671. p. 1358, B. "See how the baptistery sends the newly baptized, in their white robes, to the portable chair of the confession of the apostles." Most visitors to Rome will probably be aware, that the tomb of St. Peter was, and is yet, called his confession.

brought by more ancient adversaries, and repeated with a smile of self-applause, by the Rev. H. J. Owen, in his sermon entitled, *Christ, and not Peter, the Rock.** His words are these: "The Church of Rome was long supposed to possess another decisive confirmation of the same fact. This was the identical chair on which the apostle Peter had been accustomed to sit. So universal and uninterrupted had the tradition respecting this point been, that the 18th of January was [*is*] regularly observed as the festival of the Holy Chair; and, on that occasion, it was exposed to public adoration. In 1662, when it was being cleaned, in order to its being placed in some conspicuous place in the Vatican, the gazing spectators, to their great astonishment, were presented with the *Labors of Hercules*, engraved upon it." In one respect the writer treats us more leniently than our female censurer; he seems to suppose that all veneration, or, as he chooses to call it, adoration, ceased upon this fatal discovery. He speaks in the past tense, little aware that we yet consider the tradition as strong as ever.

Truly, we Catholics are in a hard case; whether the chair is to be proved modern, by Lady Morgan's Arabic inscription, or ancient, by Mr. Owen's pagan sculpture, either is to be a sufficient proof of its spuriousness. How then, would these antiquarians have had it? With Christian represen-

* Preached at Tavistock Chapel for the Auxiliary Reformation Society for St. Giles's, p. 26, note.

tations? Then should we have been told, that Jablonsky had triumphantly demonstrated, that such abominations were first introduced into the Church by the Carpocratians, or some other Gnostics; that graven things, and the likeness of things on earth, etc., save always we must loyally suppose, the rampant lion and unicorn, were not permitted in places of worship, till popery had corrupted Christianity. Then suppose it had been as plain as a Presbyterian pulpit, or the walls of a meeting-house? Oh, then we should have been told, that there were no data by which to decide its antiquity; that it might be a forgery of any time or any place. In fine, when one is determined not to believe, there is no difficulty in finding reasons to doubt.

But no one versed in ecclesiastical antiquities will allow the slightest force to Mr. Owen's argument. It is a demonstrated fact, that the early Christians, well knowing that "an idol is nothing," made no scruple of turning to pious uses, and employing in the worship of the Church, objects adorned with the symbols of idolatry. Aringhi has sufficiently proved this, regarding many emblems of pagan worship which are to be found applied to the illustration of Christian doctrines.* He has dedicated a particular chapter to the numerous representations of Orpheus, which are to be met with in the most ancient paintings of the catacombs, and which he supposes to symbol-

* Roma Subterranea, tom. ii. p. 450.

ize our Saviour.* Boldetti also, in illustrating the sarcophagus of Aurelia Agapetilla, which, though manifestly belonging to a Christian, is adorned with heathenish sculptures, fully discusses the same question, and proves, by numerous instances, that the early Christians had no hesitation in converting to their own use monuments bearing pagan representations.† The learned Marangoni has written a work expressly upon this subject, entitled, *Delle Cose gentilesche ad Uso delle Chiese.* To these authorities may be added the names of Bottari, Ciampini, Mamachi, Allegranza, and the senator Bonnarroti, all men of the first order in the illustration of sacred monuments, who agree in the same opinion. But the most modern demonstration of this point is the dissertation of the Canon Giuseppe Antonio Botazzi, entitled, *On the Emblems or Symbols of the very ancient Sarcophagus of Tortona.*‡ This monument of the age of Adrian had been supposed by Mabillon and Montfaucon to be pagan, in consequence of its heathen emblems. The learned antiquarian is acknowledged to have defeated their objections to its Christian original, and to have proved satisfac-

* Page 560.

† Osservazioni sopra i Cimiteri de' SS. Martiri; Rome, 1720, p. 465.

‡ Degli Emblemi o Simboli dell' antichissimo Sarcofago Tortonese. Tortona, 1824. In consideration of this work, his majesty the king of Sardinia conferred upon its author the title of his sacred antiquarian.

torily that those symbols may occur upon Christian monuments. We have numerous instances of such a use made of pagan ornaments. Many sarcophagi are used as altars in the oldest basilicæ; many churches which were once temples, were allowed to retain the ornaments which embellished them. The mausoleum of Constantia, on the Via Nomentana, yet preserves the paintings which it bore as a temple of Bacchus; Anastasius tells us that Pope Simplicius consecrated the church of St. Andrew, on the Esquiline, called the *Catabarbara*,* and yet left untouched the history of Diana and her chase, which was represented there in mosaic. Those who have travelled in Sicily will remember the magnificent urn at Girgenti (Agrigentum), used as a baptismal font in the cathedral, and enriched with the most superb Grecian reliefs. A valuable monument of this class is the ivory casket, given by St. Gregory the Great to the monastery of Bobbio, containing the ashes of martyrs. It was published for the first time by Botazzi, at the end of his illustration of the Tortona sarcophagus, and represents the fable of Orpheus.

No objection, therefore can be brought against the authenticity of our relic from its pagan sculptures, any more than from Lady Morgan's pretended Arabic inscription. These sculptures, on the contrary, we have shown to be decided proofs

* De Vitis Romanorum Pontificum, ed. Vatic. 1731, tom. i. p. 61.

of its antiquity, and indeed we may observe that they are also arguments of its authenticity; for after a certain period in the history of the Church, when we reach the ages popularly designated as the dark times of ignorance and superstition, it would have been difficult, not to say impossible, to introduce to public veneration any emblems of paganism. For the men of those times, and especially the ecclesiastics, are generally criticized, and that in no very measured terms, by modern archæologists, for having carried their zeal against idolatry so far as to break in pieces and utterly destroy many valuable monuments, purely because they were heathen. It is rather inconsistent, therefore, on the one hand, to accuse them of being so stern in their bigotry as to spare nothing that had been pagan, and yet to charge them, on the other, with treasuring up such things as relics, and exposing them to public veneration. Add to this the great improbability of a pagan chair, composed of materials so frail as wood and ivory, so tempting as pure gold, escaping the ravages of war, the accidents of ages, or even the pious cupidity of zealots, unless some religious recollections had been attached to it, and piety had been interested in its peculiar preservation. Thus we may consider the pagan embellishments of our relic a proof, not only of its antiquity, but of its authenticity.

It will perhaps appear to my readers that the confutation of Lady Morgan's mis-statement ought to end here. But there is one point, which I think

may be still wanting to satisfy the incredulity of some of her admirers. The story, these will say, may not be perfectly correct; but it is impossible that it should not have had some foundation in fact. Is it credible that her ladyship, or her informers, should have fabricated a mere tale, without the slightest grounds? To satisfy even such adversaries as these, I will state the circumstances which, I doubt not, served as its ground-work, and thus leave no objection unanswered. The literary controversy which I shall have to detail, is little, if at all, known in England, and may therefore be interesting under another point of view.

In the Church of St. Peter at Venice, which was the patriarchal church till 1807, has long been preserved a chair of stone, called by the people the *chair of St. Peter*. It is not upon any altar, but stands against the wall, between the second and third altars. In 1749, Flaminio Cornaro, or Cornelius, published his *Ecclesiæ Venetæ Antiqua Monumenta*. In the second volume, p. 194, is an engraving of this monument, accompanying his description of it. The history which he gives is the same as is recorded upon a tablet over the chair, that it was given by the Emperor Michael to the doge Peter Grandonicus, in 1310. The back of the chair was, however, adorned with a rich cufic inscription; and Cornaro desired the learned Jos. Assemani to decipher it for his work. It is useless to attempt to account for, or excuse, the erroneous interpretation which he gave. One thing is

evident, that he did not wish by it to encourage any deceit. The writing contained, according to his reading, several portions of the second psalm, and among them the words, "The work of Abdalla, the servant of God," and "Antioch the city of God." The learned orientalist Norberg, in the main, confirmed this explanation. Upon the calculations which Assemani made, in consequence of this inscription, Cornaro came to the following conclusion regarding the date of the monument:—"This chair therefore was constructed in the eighth century, nor assuredly was it ever used by the prince of the apostles, nor by any of his successors in the see of Antioch, before the year 742."*

To those who have never attempted to decipher inscriptions, and above all, to those who know not the difficulties of the Arabic language and the cufic character, it may appear wonderful, that an inscription like this should have been such a mystery. There have, however, been always but few men in Europe, who could undertake the explanation with great probability of success; and one of those few, at the close of the last century, was the learned professor of Rostock, Olaus Gerard Tychsen. From the engraving in Cornaro's work he deciphered the inscription, and published it in an interesting dissertation, which soon went through two editions. The first appeared in 1787, the second, printed at Rostock, two years later, was entitled, *Interpretatio Inscriptionis Cuficæ in mar-*

* Apud Tychsen, ubi inf. p. 8.

morea Templi Patriarchalis S. Petri Cathedra, qua S. Apostolus Petrus Antiochiæ sedisse traditur. In this dissertation he clearly proves the inscription to be Mohammedan, and composed of several verses of the Koran.* It is singular that in the title-page just quoted the name of Venice never occurs; so that a superficial reader might easily understand by *the patriarchal church of St. Peter*, the Vatican basilic.

My readers will at once perceive that this work must have given rise to the tale, adopted without investigation, and given with such assurance, by Lady Morgan. But in the present instance, did the Catholic clergy seek to suppress the discovery? We have already seen the conduct of Cornaro and Jos. Assemani; what followed was stamped with the same candid love of truth. Monsignor Gioannelli, patriarch of Venice, upon the first appearance of Tychsen's essay, communicated it to the celebrated Simon Assemani, the *treasure of Padua*, as Sacy used to call him. This learned and amiable orientalist, who, by his death in April, 1821, closed the long literary career of the Assemanis in Europe, at once approved of it, with the exception of a few words, which were incorrect in Cornaro's engraving, and which a more accurate inspection of the monument enabled him to amend. But there were two

* The verses are Sura iii. 194, xxxiii. 118. The first edition, Buetzouvii, 1787, contained an error in the title, placing the chair in St. Mark's instead of St. Peter's church

points whereon Assemani differed much from Tychsen; these he communicated to him through their common friend De Rossi of Parma. They did not arrive in time for the second edition; Assemani thought their being omitted arose from some other cause; an active correspondence ensued, which Tychsen published,* and which does equal credit to both. The points at issue were these:—1st, Assemani conceives the two verses of the Koran to be manifestly applicable, not to a chair, but to persons who had died in battle against Christians; therefore the back, on which it is engraved, forms no part of the chair, but is a cippus or sepulchral stone. 2nd. This is further confirmed from the fact of its being a detached piece of stone, of a different quality from the rest. Indeed he considers the whole as made up of seven pieces, the arms are of *Verona marble*, and consequently of neither Sicilian nor Moorish origin, as Tychsen thought the chair to be. He never calls it by any other name than *così detta cattedra*,† *pretesa cattedra*.‡ Tychsen appealed to the absence of a date on the tombstone, to the donation of the Emperor Michael Balbus which mentioned the *whole* chair, and to other circumstances. Assemani replied: the donation he proved to be spurious; and, after a careful perusal

* In his Appendix ad Inscriptionis Cuficæ Venetiis in marmorea Templi Patriarchalis S. Petri Cathedra conspicuæ Interpretationem. Rostock, 1790.

† Append. p. 2. ‡ Ib. p. 12.

of the printed controversy, and inedited papers upon the subject, I think that Assemani made good his point. The fact seems to be that this stone, brought as a trophy from Sicily, or the East, was deposited in the church, in order to receive much the same respect as the Turkish flags in the church of the Knights of St. Stephen at Pisa, or the colors of the Spanish Armada in St. Paul's.

In fact, the very guide-books of Venice treat this monument without much respect: the following is the account of it, given by Quadri, the first whom I have happened to open:—"A very ancient marble chair, believed, by the vulgar, to be the one used by St. Peter at Antioch. There have appeared various opinions concerning it, which have not, however, placed the point beyond doubt. It has graven upon it an inscription in cufic Arabic characters, which consists, according to some learned men, of two verses of the Koran. Others consider it the throne of some African prince."* There is no festival in its honor, and I have been assured by persons, many years resident at Venice, that they have been very frequently in the church, but, till my mentioning it to them, had never noticed the chair, nor heard of it as a relic.

But it would be injustice to my cause, if I did not notice, as a contrast to Lady Morgan's story, the conduct of literary men among the Catholics of Spain and Italy, upon this discovery of Tych-

* Quattro Giorni a Venezia; Milano, 1827, p. 83.

sen's; though he was a Protestant, writing against what some had considered a relic. Mariano Pizzi at Madrid, wrote him a letter, dated June 28, 1788, which fully approves of the interpretation, expresses his astonishment at the elder Assemani's mistakes, and offers an opinion regarding the origin of the monument.* The learned Areta of Madrid, wrote on the 13th of September, 1787, in the same strain, and promised to make the work known in Spain. Tychsen also wrote upon the subject to the learned Perez Bayer, of Valencia, his victorious antagonist, upon another occasion, and to the distinguished canon D. Juan B. Herman, also to D. Ignacio de Asso, the count of Floriblanca, and F. Antonio, Arabic professor of Lisbon; and not one of them seems to have looked upon it in any other light than as a literary contest.† In the *Memorial Literario* of Madrid, 1788, pp. 579, 582, is a notice of Tychsen's work, of which he remarks:—Quæ sive stylum, sive *sentiendi libertatem*, candorem, humanitatem et eruditionem eximii scriptoris spectes, summam omnino meretur attentionem, *censuræque Hispanicæ, a maledicis tam inique perstrictæ*, præstantiam in aprico ponit."‡ In Italy, in addition to the approbation of Assemani and De Rossi,

* Tychsen's Appendix, p. 38.

† See the substance of these correspondences in A. Th. Hartmann's work, entitled, Oluf G. Tychsen, oder Wanderungen durch die mannigfaltigsten Gebiete der biblisch-asiatischen Literatur, vol. ii. part ii. Brem. 1820, pp. 164, 168

‡ Tychsen's Appendix, p. 39.

I may notice that of the learned prince of Torremuzza at Palermo.*

Here then is laid open the origin of Lady Morgan's foolish and wicked tale. The stone chair, called by the vulgar that of St. Peter, and kept in the patriarchal church of that apostle in Venice, has been confounded with the ivory throne of the Vatican basilic, by some blundering or malicious person; the story has been repeated by her ladyship, she deemed it too well suited to her purposes of misrepresentation to merit examination, and gave it to the public with all the assurance which points, and all the levity which wings, the worst shafts of calumny.

As the course of my disquisition has brought us to Venice, I cannot refuse the request of a learned and amiable friend, that I should take this opportunity of publicly contradicting her ladyship's account of an interview with him. The narrative which I allude to is towards the close of her work, where she relates her visit to the celebrated convent of the Mechitarist Armenians, in the island of St. Lazzaro at Venice. I am requested by Father Pasquale Aucher, to say that the version of his conversation with Lady Morgan, given in her pages, is totally incorrect. Indeed, no person who is acquainted with him could suspect that he had spoken in such a strain. One observation especially was too absurd, and too contrary to his known statements, to have escaped his lips. He

* Hartmann's Wanderungen, p. 165

is made to say, that "the popes had received their congregation (the Mechitarists), *though an heretical one*, under their special protection."* The Holy See has no subjects more truly Catholic, and more wholly devoted to it, than the Armenians of St. Lazzaro. They do not differ from us in the slightest point; and the Rev. Father Aucher in particular, from his fluency in the English language, omits no opportunity of convincing his Protestant acquaintance and visitors upon this head.

So much for an example of the liberty which this lady takes with individual reputation; the subject of this long disquisition may serve as an instance of more wholesale slander. Had I deemed it probable that it would have been confined to her pages, I should have hardly reckoned it worth so formal a confutation. Here, as in the rest of noxious things, the poison is united to its antidote. But it is too pretty an addition to the standard misrepresentations of Catholic practices to be long monopolized, by the person who may claim its *brevet d'invention*. Accordingly we find it repeated word for word by Mr. Hone, in his Every-day Book,† a work destined to circulate among the middling and lower orders; and it has probably found its way into many other works of greater circulation than Lady Morgan's Italy. This consideration leads me to hope, that a full confutation, like the present, will not be deemed superfluous.

* Italy, vol. ii. p. 465.

† Vol. i. p. 122.

APPENDIX

TO THE PRECEDING ESSAY.

Although, as I have before stated, I have not seen Lady Morgan's letter to me on the foregoing Essay, my attention was called, by a correspondent, to one passage in it, which he considered likely to make a public impression unfavorable to my character. It related to my delivering a funeral oration at the obsequies of the late Begum Sumroo, performed on the 28th of January, 1838, in the church of San Carlo in Corso (not as Lady M., with her usual inaccuracy, calls it, San Carlo *della Valle*, for there is no such church in Rome), at the expense of her adopted son, the late Mr. Dyce Sombre.

The following is the passage referred to:—

"Woman, my lord cardinal, has always been helpful and influential in the Church; from St. Pudentiana, ministering to the Prince of the Apostles, and the pious and magnificent Matilda, countess of Tuscany, the ally of Gregory the Great, and the foundress of his power, through her wealth and munificence, down to a recent convert of the active mission of the Propaganda in Pagan regions—the Begum Sombre. The funeral sermon of this princess was preached by your eminence, when a bishop, with an earnest eloquence, which recalled the *Eloges Funèbres* of the Bossuets and Massillons, over the biers of the La Vallières and other fair penitents of the court of Louis XIV. The Romans still talked, up to the time of Pio Nono's flight (when they had something else to

think about), of the magnificent catafalque, sixty feet in height, reared in the church of San Carlo della Valle; of the statue of Religion which stood at its head; and of the commanding figure of your eminence, who stood at its base, arrayed in your episcopal robes. You made no allusion to the past tenor of the life of this ex-Bayadère and recent sovereign of one of the richest principalities in India. The wealthy Magdalen found favor in the Church's eyes, and 'her sins were forgiven her; for she loved much,' and made large oblations."—*Morgan's Letter to Cardinal Wiseman*, p. 10, 4th edit.

This short paragraph is no unfit specimen of the authoress's usual style. I have noticed the blunder about the church already. I need scarcely say that the Countess Matilda, who lived at the end of the eleventh century, could not well be the ally of Gregory the Great, who was pope in the sixth. Lady Morgan confounds him, no doubt, with the seventh Gregory. Twice, in the passage, I am declared to have been a bishop when I delivered the funeral discourse in question, that is, in January, 1838; whereas I only received that dignity in June, 1840.

However, what is of most consequence is the character attributed to the discourse itself. I have, therefore, thought it best to print it here, for the first time, verbatim, as delivered, and from the copy made before delivery.

FUNERAL DISCOURSE ON THE BEGUM SUMROO.

"*I say to you that many shall come from the east and the west, and shall sit down with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, in the kingdom of heaven.*"—Matt. viii. 11.

Wherefore, my brethren, you may justly ask me, where-

fore turn over the pages of the inspired volume for a theme, while all around us seems to read us so obvious a lesson? Are not the images of death before our eyes too palpable to permit our minds to seek any more remote instruction? Does not the mournful array of this temple, this commemorative tomb, this plaintive music, this concourse of men, this celebration of sacred rites, proclaim that death hath had a triumph, proportioned in its conquest to the display of its pomp? For I know not how it is, but we all, great and little, allow our better sense and long experience to be beguiled by the deceits of this world; we are somehow startled when we see the impartial blow of a common destiny fall upon one whom higher rank, or greater wealth, or superior attainments, seemed while living to have separated or distinguished from ordinary men. Alas! we forget that beneath the royal robe is sheltered but the same perishable flesh as under a peasant's weeds, that one hand fashioned, and one hand will dissolve them both, and that if a corresponding state and circumstance seem to follow each beyond the grave; if he who was covered with the velvet mantle is now with a velvet pall, and he who was meanly clad is but meanly buried, yet we have but to tear away the later, as the earlier disguise, to learn, that if before both were equally flesh, so they are now both equally dust! Yes, methinks it befits us, apart from all those feelings of religious affection which prompt it, to give the great and the powerful, obsequies worthy of their rank. Many can never enter the precincts of a palace or judge of princely magnificence; it is well that we let them see it where they will not envy it, under the undeceiving circumstances that here attend it. The spectacle of a prince smiling or frowning upon his throne is one reserved for a small and a chosen court; it is too great a lesson to be withheld from thousands, to see him powerless, and stretched upon his narrow bier. The actions of the great appear to the multitude beyond the scrutiny or judgment of human law, their vices or evil passions are either excused or pleaded in excuse: it is just that these men should be seen, once at least, as submitted to expiation,

and through the pathetic language of the Liturgy imploring (as Theodosius did, when condemned to public penance) the supplications of all who enter into God's holy place. How impressive, *then*, do these words of the royal psalmist sound: "But you like men shall die, and shall fall like one of the princes!" (Ps. lxxxvi. 7.) And then too doth He appear alone great who dieth not, and who changeth not; whose glory never passeth into mourning, and whose kingdom is never given to another.

But on the present occasion there are other considerations which give a peculiar interest to this melancholy function. Who is it that this morning hath called us together? Is it some noble of the land, one of its sacred princes, whose anniversary his friends and family recall to the piety of the faithful? Or is it some distinguished stranger, who, having travelled to this holy city, has in it found a grave? No, it is one whom no social or political ties connected with us, to whom neither the circumstances of her life, nor of her family, would, in a worldly estimate, have procured the celebration here of such solemn obsequies. She was indeed a princess, but many thousands of miles separated her dominions and her interests from Rome. A wide expanse of sea, a wearisome breadth of trackless deserts, chains of huge mountains, many kingdoms, and various tongues, interposed between her and us, seeming to forbid all sympathy, much more all intercourse for any common cause. But a holier connection than the ordinary bands of human friendship joined her, in spite of distance, with this Apostolic See. Her principality formed one of those many remote points, on which the rays, darted from this centre of Catholic unity, rested, to form churches intimately united with this their mother. Having embraced the Catholic religion, the princess devoted herself to its maintenance and glory with earnestness and zeal. In her house the venerable fathers of the Thibet mission found a home, and every opportunity of discharging their duties. She indeed could say with truth, "Lord, I have loved the glory of thy house." For she erected a temple to the true God, on a scale of grandeur,

unrivalled in modern times in those countries: she lavished upon it all the magnificence and beauty which native art, generously encouraged, could contribute to its embellishment; she furnished it with everything necessary for the performance of divine worship upon a princely scale, and she had the satisfaction of seeing it consecrated and opened, and of submitting to the paternal approbation of the holy Father the plans and drawings of her cathedral before she closed her days. His letters, and the valuable tokens of approval which accompanied them, reached her but a short time previous to her death. Nor did she allow the end of her life, which happened just two years ago, to cut short her pious intentions. A college established at Sirdanah, and endowed by her will, serves to perpetuate her name; and two millions of francs, bequeathed for charitable purposes, will secure her the prayers and blessings of thousands in distress.

And now do we meet here, the extremes of earth, to join voices with theirs, and in the spirit of religious unity, and in the words of the ancient Church, entreat the mercy of God, that whatever debt she may through human frailty have contracted, his compassionate indulgence will forgive. That harbor which she, living, gave to the preachers of God's truth, Rome, that sent them, now repays to her departed spirit, begging that God will give it refreshment, if not yet attained, in his mansions of bliss. That submission and filial obedience, which, when on earth, she paid to the see of Peter, this now gives back in paternal benedictions, and fervent supplications to the throne of mercy. And when I find myself, come from the western extremities of this hemisphere, expressing this striking relation between the two, in a language that to neither belongs, can I but see in this accordance of wills an illustration of those words which form my text; "I say to you that many shall come from the east and the west, and shall sit down with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob in the kingdom of heaven;" that is, in the church of God?

In this striking manner is that intercourse of charity and

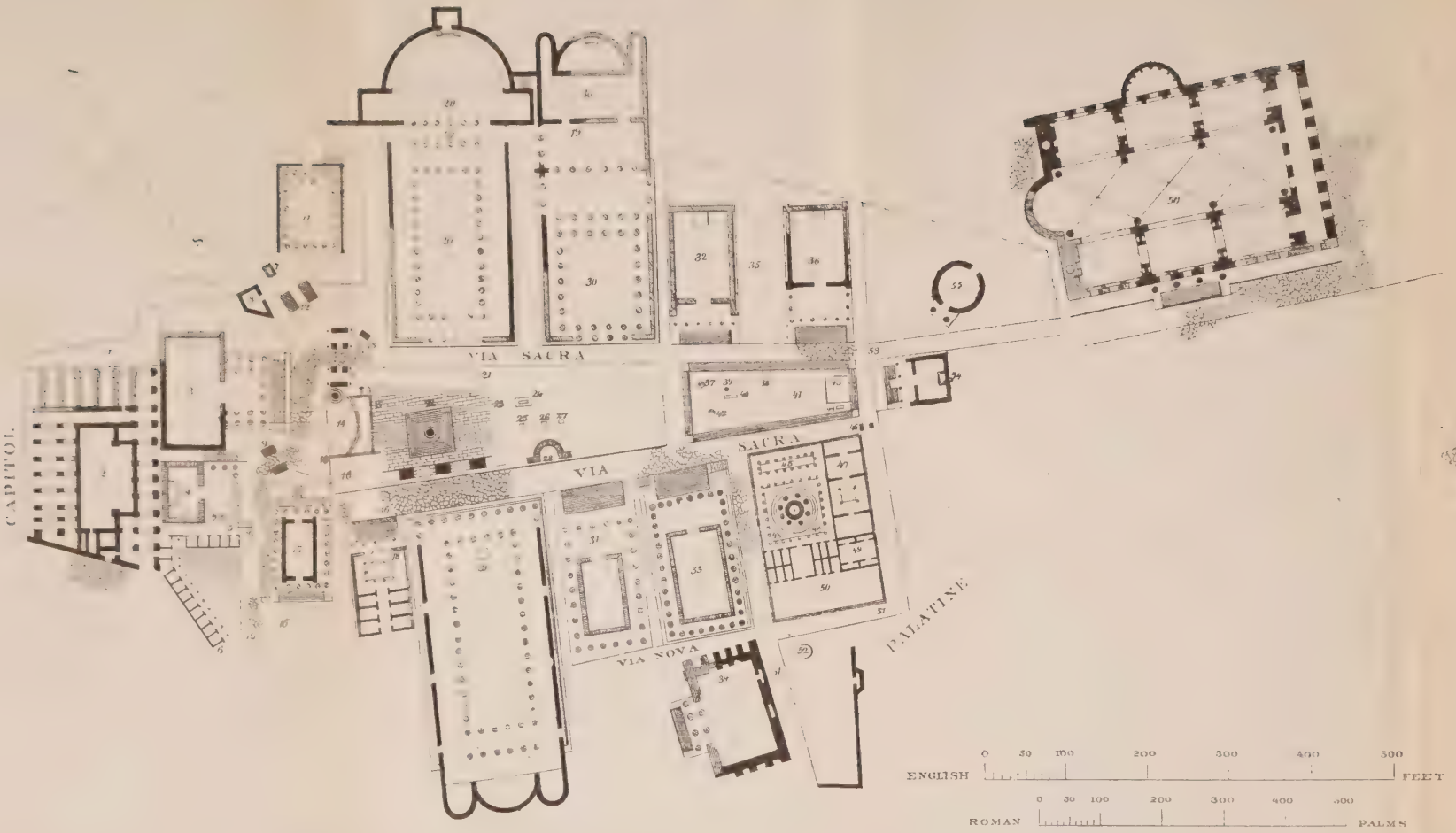
its offices exemplified in the mournful ceremonial of this morning, which has so appropriately been termed the communion of saints. But if we here see how place can create no limits for the exercise of this sacred and consoling commerce of affections, how the most distant countries may be thus tied together in holiest sympathies, so is it here exhibited to us, how time no less is subservient to their dominion, and cannot dissolve or interrupt their course. For death, my brethren, is the queller of human affections, as he is of all other human powers. The most beloved, when removed from our sight, are, by degrees, less affectionately remembered, and too often, in lapse of time, forgotten. And, at any rate, the power to commune with those that we have lost, to help or comfort them, is then forever gone. Not so is it with that spiritual fraternity which links us together in unity of faith. It scorns the power of that death whose sting hath been crushed out by Him who reversed our doom; it throws across that grave, over which the victory of redemption hath been achieved, the golden cords of love, and claims its rights of brotherly affection, and exercises its cheering dues. Two years have now elapsed since the princess, prepared by the sacraments and prayers of the Church, went forth to meet her Maker; and we may piously hope, that as her lamp was found trimmed, and her attention watchful, so she was received into the glory of her Lord. But the frailty of humanity may not all have been removed; the dross of meaner affections may have clung to her soul, and the justice of God may have awarded a term of further refinement in the furnace of his mercy. Hence affection, if abated by the term elapsed, now warmed again by the second return of the day which saw her depart, renews, according to ancient practice, the same rites of expiation which immediately followed her departed spirit, and seeks and finds consolation in the thought, that religion, more powerful than nature's tenderest affections, may yet alleviate it, or at least give proof, witnessed and acknowledged amidst unfading joy, of unaltered, undiminished love. How consoling to the bereaved heart is this blessed thought! How

mitigating to the returning sorrow of each anniversary, to find religion ever ready with its healing balm, to pour upon the wound which is opened afresh!

But if we have before us a striking example of the independence of this power from all the ordinary limitations of earthly affections, we have no less a demonstration of its beautiful uniformity. From whatever country of the East or West men come to sit down at the banquet of God's house, they find the same food prepared for them, that too which can best suit their wants. What we this day are performing in a European city, it is more than probable is performed in an Indian one for the same object. The same sacrifice which is offered upon this altar, in the depth of winter, is on the same day offered up for the same propitiation, in a country glowing with its summer heat. No rite, no prayer, will vary the outward form, and the inward spirit will be the same; the two will be but as pulsations, the one in the heart, the other in a far distant member of Christ's mystical body, of that same living energy which quickens its entire frame. Hence did it need no long journey to find a place where those sentiments which would have been expressed over her tomb might be congenially felt. The Catholic's spiritual home is wherever an altar, and a priest, can be found, to spread the table of which we all partake; it is a tabernacle that may be erected in the wilderness as in the house of Obededom, or in the royal mansion: but wherever it is set up, the same feelings will ever prevail, and it forms an integral part of the congregation of the Lord: it belongs to the household of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob.

Thus do we find, in the sorrowful offices which have brought us together, some matter for instruction, which scarcely any other similar function could have afforded us. But still let us not forget those lessons which come nearer to our hearts. The princess whom we commemorate at God's altar was powerful in her day; she ruled her dominions with more than woman's arm; she feared not the turmoils and dangers of war; she guided with skill the ardu-

ous counsels of peace; by many she was beloved, by others feared. Yet is she now forever departed, her strength and wisdom have vanished, her place is filled up by others. Truly, "All flesh is grass, and the glory thereof as the flower of the field. The grass is withered, and the flower is fallen." (Isa. xl. 6.) And so shall we who are but flesh also wither, and all the little glory we may have, even as a flower fall and fade away. Oh, here is a glass in which we may look upon our future selves, and see to what end all that earth can give must shortly come. For the flattering accents of friends, whispered supplication for mercy; for luxurious strains, the stern and solemn tones of funeral music; for the ample mansion, the narrow vault; for the soft couch, the straight, hard coffin; for costly attire, the winding grave-clothes; for precious furniture, dust and corruption! Such is the exchange which we shall one day make, as she of whom we treat hath made it. With such salutary thoughts as these let us proceed to join in the solemn ceremonial about to commence, meditating upon ourselves as well as upon her, and learning in others' experience the end that awaits us all. And Thou, Eternal, infinite God, King of tremendous majesty, look down in merciful favor upon this our service. We are about to offer Thee not the blood of oxen or of goats, but the all-sufficient sacrifice of thy blessed Son's adorable body and blood, which pleadeth better than that of Abel. Hear our earnest supplications for this thy servant, cleanse away from her soul any defilement of sin not sufficiently expiated, receive her into rest and peace everlasting, and place her in thy incomprehensible glory, to see and enjoy Thee face to face, who with thy coequal Son and the Holy Spirit livest and reignest, world without end. Amen.



PLAN OF THE

FORUM ROMANUM

AS DETERMINED BY THE LATEST EXCAVATIONS

1838.

THE ROMAN FORUM.

[From the *Dublin Review* for July, 1838.]

Art. I.—1. *Descrizione del Foro Romano, e sue adjacenze dell' Architetto Cav. Luigi Canina.* Description of the Roman Forum, and its Environs. By the Chev. L. Canina, Architect. Rome: 1834.

2. *Le Forum Romain expliqué selon l'état actuel des Fouilles, le* 21 *Avril,* 1835. Par C. Bunsen. Rome: 1835.

3. *Annali dell' Instituto di Corrispondenza Archeologica.* Annals of the Institute of Archæological Correspondence. Vol. viii. Nos. ii. iii. Rome: 1836.

THERE are few readers of Roman history, we suppose, who have not, in imagination, transplanted themselves to the Forum of the Eternal City. They have probably built it up according to their respective ideas of magnificence; but the leading features of the pictures would be pretty generally the same. The Capitol, crowned with its sumptuous temples, at once a sanctuary and a fortress, will overlook the extensive area below; on one side, it will appear cut down, so as to give ascent to the crowds of citizens; on the other frowning with the dark, beetling precipices of the Tarpeian Rock. The Via Sacra, lined with temples and basilicas, will be seen, either thronged with the

gorgeous spectacle of some military triumph, or abandoned to the more amusing scene of Horace assailed by his bore. On one side, we imagine the rostra, with Gracchus or Cicero haranguing an eager multitude; on another, the senate-house, occupied by calmer deliberations. But, beyond these leading objects placed by us often quite at random, we trouble ourselves but little about filling up the larger space which the Forum must have occupied, or in locating the many objects which our wanderings through the classics bring under our notice, as having existed in, or near, it. Not so the Roman antiquary, to whom this interesting spot, changing every day its aspects, under the slow but certain influence of the spade and mattock, affords materials for far minuter studies, and much more accurate restorations. This is, indeed, a species of husbandry hardly known beyond the precincts of Rome; from which, every year, springs a fresh crop of basilicas and temples, columns and pedestals, and, what is still more certain, of theories and controversies.

The revolutions which used to take place in the old Forum are nothing compared to those that are now daily witnessed in it. In ancient times, the senators or tribunes might change sides; but certainly not the temples: one candidate might jostle another out of his place, but one large building could hardly be so unneighborly to its fellow of brick and mortar; one faction might drive the other back, and even out of the sacred precincts;

but it would have been unusual, we fancy, for one portico to send another, with all its columns, rank and file, a-packing from the station it had occupied for some centuries: some patriot might put to open shame a turbulent demagogue, but we imagine the ancients never saw the front of one building outface another, till this one turned its back upon its rival. Yet all such wonderful evolutions have we beheld among the buildings of the Roman Forum—not unaptly compared, by the late Sir W. Gell, to a country dance, in which temples change sides, monuments cross hands, and columns lead down the middle. We cannot imagine a more dangerous exposure of parental authority to contempt, than would occur, should any gentleman, who had visited Rome only twenty years ago, rummage out his journal, and the notes he made after the most approved guide-books of the day, and proceed in person to show his boys the lions of ancient Rome. Why, the young sparks (we speak experienced) would laugh at the old gentleman's beard, upon hearing his antiquated antiquarianism. He naturally takes them to the Church of Aracæli, on the Capitol, and tells them with great feeling that this is the site of the temple of Jupiter Capitolinus, and tries to work up their minds to a suitable pitch of enthusiasm. But the rogues have found out in *their* guide-books, that since their papa was last in Rome, the said temple has quietly walked across the area on the top of the hill, and placed itself upon its other extremity,

where, by a lucky coincidence, the Archæological Institute has established itself. He descends into the Forum, and points out three columns of beautiful form, composing an angle of a portico, at the foot of the Capitol. These, everybody has known from time immemorial as part of the Temple of Jupiter Tonans. (Plan, No. 4.) But, there, everybody has been wrong; for now they are considered as part of the Temple of Saturn. Eight other columns stand beside these, which, twenty years ago, you would have taken any wager, belonged to the Temple of Concord, celebrated as the theatre of Cicero's indignant eloquence. But, alas! within the last years the edifice has passed through many transmutations, having been changed, first by Nibby into the Temple of Fortune, then by Fea into that of Juno Moneta, later by Piale into that of Vespasian, since by Canina into that of Saturn, and, lastly, by Bunsen back again to that of Vespasian, which, for the present, it remains (No. 17). The hero of a Christmas pantomime could not have endured more changes. Farther on you meet three other columns, supporting a fragment of entablature, justly admired for elegance of form, which every antiquarian, except Nardini and Piranesi, had called the remains of the Temple of Jupiter Stator, till within the last twenty years; when Nibby, in 1819, turned them into the Græcostasis, or hall for the reception of ambassadors; then Fea, in 1827, made them become the Temple of Castor and Pollux; Canina, in

1834, transformed them into the Basilica Julia; M. Bunsen, in 1835, restored them to the Twin-brothers; and a year later took them back, and dedicated them to Minerva Chalcidica (No. 33). The Temple of Peace seemed too large and too solidly established a building to be subject to such antiquarian vagaries as these; but even it has lately had its metamorphoses. Nibby was the first of the moderns who laid his daring hands upon it; and, from a temple, turned it into a law-court, under the title of the Basilica of Constantine; Piale, in 1832, called it the Vestibule of Nero; Canina restored it to Constantine; but we believe it will be changed into the Forum Pacis (No. 56).

These examples will suffice to convince our readers, that it is as difficult to keep pace with the discoveries of Roman Archæologues, as with the improvements in the steam-engine. If you lose sight of the Forum for five years, you are thrown back upon your studies, and find that you have to begin all over again. If you insist that when you were last in Rome, say three years ago, the Græcostasis was on the left side of the Forum, and that now you see it placed on the right, your antiquarian guide may answer you as Sganarelle does, on a similar complaint respecting his trifling change in the position of the heart: "Oui; cela était autrefois ainsi; mais nous avons changé tout cela."* But what will travellers of even a recent

* This translocation takes place between the two plans published by Chev. Bunsen in 1835 and 1836. (No. 18.)

date say, when we inform them, that they are likely soon to lose the entire Forum; which threatens to walk off bodily to another place, leaving the monuments, they have considered as belonging to it, to some other occupant. For, Professor Nibby has now, we understand, a theory, that the real Forum Romanum was not a bit where we now place it, but between the Capitol and the Palatine, in the direction pointed out on our plan by the buildings marked Nos. 18, 29, and 54. As the barns which at present occupy this ground have been purchased by the government, for the purpose of continuing the excavations in this direction, this new idea may be satisfactorily put to proof. And should the learned antiquarian's theory prove true, all those who have feasted their imaginations by their reminiscences of what they imagined to be the Forum, must be content either to return to Rome, to renew or correct them, or must forego the privileges of travellers—and be silent.

But how are all these wonderful changes of systems and opinions brought about? The whole mystery lies folded up in that magical word "excavation." At Rome, this word supplies matter for grave discussion, and for after-dinner talk; it points out the direction of the walk or the drive; it presents an object of joint-stock speculation, or of individual industry. Nothing could be done at Rome without excavation; it becomes a universal mania. English children soon learn to turn

up the soil with their walking-sticks for bits of marble, and to pilfer fragments of mosaic; their parents buy an unopened Etruscan sepulchre, as they would buy a pipe of wine at home, only they have a tolerable chance of finding it empty; noblemen pay in a month three or four years' rent for a patch of ground, twenty times turned up, for the incomparable satisfaction of seeing, day after day, some cart-loads of bricks dug out, the statues for which they are searching having been a century or two in the Museum.

The excavations, however, of real utility, are those conducted by the government, not so much with the expectation of discovering works of art, as with a view to make out the plans of ancient Rome, particularly the Forum. But, first, as to the way in which they are performed. The workmen employed are pensioners on public bounty; who, instead of being shut up in workhouses, receive a small pay to labor, if it deserve the name, in the open air. They are none of your brawny, square-built men of the pickaxe and barrow. They are a motley race of every age, from the mere boy to the "lean and slippered pantaloon;" arranged in every variety of costume, most of them preserving some remains of cast-off finery about their persons. They wear their hats with a certain air, that, for all its elegance, provokes you to ridicule; and they handle their spades with about as much taste as they would do loaded rifles. But in one respect they certainly, and almost without excep-

tion, prove themselves to be the legitimate inheritors and possessors of the Forum. They are universally a "gens togata." Any of them would lose caste, did he ply his work during the winter, otherwise than in a long cloak, the drapery of which is artificially arranged round his person, while engaged in his classical toil. It is true, that their forefathers, on the same spot, used to gather or gird up their cloaks when about to undertake anything very laborious; but the reader must not, for a moment, suppose that these gentlemen's work can have any claim to that title. It is, on the contrary, the most delicious example of making toil a pleasure that can be imagined. As each workman brings his barrow to be, not filled, but sprinkled with earth from the trenches, he sits down to converse with his friends of the shovel, who, in the quietest way possible, measure him out his just load. When this is obtained, he follows in the track of his immediate predecessor, and forms another link in the processional train, moving at the slowest conceivable pace. Their very barrows utter a sympathetic creak at every turn of the wheel, and seem to partake of their masters' antipathy to exertion. Their line never proceeds far without a general stoppage. One of the first on it soon pauses to take rest, or snuff, and arrests the entire train; yet not a murmur of complaint is heard. As after many such interruptions, each laborer reaches his destination, it is probably only to assist in forming an immense

mound of earth, which, in three months, must be as quietly conveyed a few hundred yards further. It is altogether a scene from entomology on a gigantic scale—men performing the office of ants without any of their industry. For, by means of the long black trains of workmen, that literally creep along the earth, immense heaps of rubbish are, in time, either carried off, or made up. They certainly are not the "Ardelionum quædam natio," mentioned by the classics, as abounding in Rome, and as

"Multum agendo nihil agens."—*Phæd.* ii. 5.

for, on the contrary, by doing nothing, these in the end get through a great deal of work; and, moreover, the characteristic of "occupata in otio" must be here reversed, as our men are most leisurely in their occupation.

By such means as these is the great work of excavation performed—the first and great cause and promoter of new forensic theories in Rome. But it must not be imagined, that every change of nomenclature in a building argues a new excavation, or the discovery of some new inscription, or passage in the classics. The same data to one antiquary give a perfectly distinct result from what another had previously drawn; nay, the same eyes seem to read the same words in a most different sense, in different years. Before, however, endeavoring to unravel the intricacies of the modern systems, we must describe the present

state of the Forum, in reference to its various excavations. On descending from the Capitol by the Mamertine Prison (No. 8), by the Clivus Asyli, which now passes over part of the Temple of Concord (No. 3), the traveller finds himself on the modern level of the Forum, now known by the name of Campo Vaccino; but still many feet above the ancient pavement. His natural wish is, that the entire area should be uncovered and reduced to the old level. Serious difficulties are opposed to this plan. For, as the neighboring ground has all been raised in similar proportion, the several streets which run into the Forum, would have to rush down a most inconvenient, not to say dangerous, steep, were it dug out to its ancient depth. At the same time, the churches and shops which line it in the direction of the Via Sacra would be bared to their foundations, and deprived of their present entrances. The government, therefore, has preferred, for the present at least, to make large excavations round the principal ruins, leaving a raised causeway between them, sometimes permitting communication through arches under it. The work of excavation was begun by the French, and continued under the papal government. The labor of the French went no further than cutting a trench or pit round the triumphal arch of Septimius Severus (No. 13), as well as round that of Constantine, which is beyond the precincts at present under examination. The work has been continued unremittingly, though

slowly, till the present day. The following is a general view of the excavations as they at present exist. The entire space between the Capitol and the arch of Severus is laid bare, so that the area covered by Nos. 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 13, 14, 15, and 17, with the intermediate streets, are now laid completely open. Another considerable excavation surrounds the column of Phocas, with the three adjoining bases (No. 22), as far as No. 16. This communicates by means of arches with the foremention ed one, from which it is separated by a causeway. The remaining area of the Forum, properly so called, is yet covered up, being traversed from the arch of Severus to that of Titus by an alley of trees.* There is, however, a partial excavation at No. 33, to discover the bases of the three columns there standing. The portico of the Temple of Antoninus and Faustina (No. 36) is completely laid open; and as a small church had been built on, or in, the temple itself, the front door which was at the modern level, was seen for many years after the excavation, elevated like a window above the new level discovered. Lately a bridge has been thrown over the chasm, and has made the church once more accessible through the front. At this point the Forum ends; but the excavations have been carried on more extensively and completely beyond its limits. The Temple of Peace, as it is commonly

* [Cut down by the late republicans! to the great disfigurement, as well as discomfort, of the road.]

called (No. 56), has been cleared out completely, and railed in; the platform of the double Temple of Rome and Venus, has been laid bare, with the steps that led to it (No. 57). The Arch of Titus (No. 58) has been cleared of all later incumbrances, one of which at least, the Turris Chartularia, would, in our judgment, have been better spared demolition, and thoroughly repaired, and from it to the Colosseum, and beyond the Arch of Constantine, you walk pretty nearly on the ancient level.

We have perhaps delayed too long giving our readers some information concerning the plan annexed to this article. Having found that it would be hopeless to think of giving any account of the works before us, and of the interesting part of antiquarian topography to which they refer, without some graphic representation, we had no choice except either to give them the bare surface of the Forum, broken only by such monuments as actually remain, or else to select one of the many plans published with the works reviewed, although necessarily executed for a particular system. Having preferred the latter method as more interesting, and as presenting a better guide to the eye for forming an easier idea of the *possible* distribution of this magnificent spot, we could not long hesitate which to select. That of Chev. Bunsen, in 1836, of which ours is an extract reduced to half its dimensions, is at once the most modern, and in point of measurement, we believe, the most accu-

rate. It has been made with great diligence by G. Angelhard, a German architect of great ability. We have called ours an extract from this; because the original contains not only the Roman Forum, but the adjoining ones, now almost entirely built over, of Trajan, Nerva, Augustus, and Julius Cæsar, with the Forum Transitorium, which connected them with the Roman. These lay to the north and northeast of the latter, and were built upon more regular plans and with greater magnificence. But it would lead us too far to attempt any account of them, or of the theories concerning them. We may observe, that the plan we have followed, though bearing the date of 1836, was not published till the following year. Nor does it extend beyond the Basilica of Constantine, or Temple, or Forum of Peace (No. 56), which, in reality, is beyond the limits of the Roman Forum. But still we have thought it right to extend it to the Arch of Titus (No. 58), both because the writers on the Forum generally include the ground thus far, and because it forms the modern limit of the area commonly known by that name. The preceding remarks will have sufficiently cautioned our readers against imagining that all or great part of the buildings designed on it actually exist, or even may be discovered by their remains. Beyond those already mentioned as excavated, there is only the round temple (No. 55), now the church of Saints Cosmas and Damian, or rather a vestibule to it, that yet stands. We have marked by darker lines in our

plan, what remains from antiquity in the buildings laid down in it.

The dimensions of the Roman Forum, at first sight, strike the spectator as inadequate to the purposes for which it was set aside. For, beginning to reckon from the Arch of Severus (No. 13) to the Temple of Antoninus (No. 26), or the Arch of Fabius, opposite to it (No. 46), now destroyed, which all allow to have been the extent of the area in this direction, we have only a length of 630 Paris feet, equal to 590 English feet. As to the other dimension, it would seem probable that it could not extend farther than the Palatine hill, on one side, and the line of buildings on the other, and this will give us a breadth narrowing from 190 to 110 Paris, or from 178 to 103 English, feet. Professor Nibby, as well as Fea, considers what we have called the length to be the breadth of the Forum, which, therefore, stretched considerably farther on one side, so as to be a square, according to Vitruvius's rule. But the position of the Palatine hill, and the lines of ancient streets discovered in the excavations, seem to forbid the admission of this theory. Yet not even the whole of this space, small as it must seem for a city so populous as ancient Rome, was available for the purposes of public assemblies. Of the two compartments marked on the area of the Forum, that numbered 41 is supposed by M. Bunsen to be the Comitium, where assemblies for religious and political purposes were held. This was not a building, but

only an allotted space. The other (No. 21) is the Forum properly so called, which was given up to the ordinary concerns of life, as a public square. Both the Comitium and the Forum were encumbered by public monuments, which tended greatly to reduce their space. They were naturally the growth of ages; but even from the earliest times the obstruction must have been great. For in the Comitium there were the sepulchre of Romulus (No. 42), the statue of Accius Navius (No. 38), the Ruminal Fig-tree (No. 39), the statues of the Wolf (No. 43), and of Cloacina (No. 37), and at its upper extremity the tribunal for the hearing of causes, with the altar known by the name of the Puteal Libonis (Nos. 43, 44). Such at least are the positions assigned to these monuments by M. Bunsen in his *last* plan. The Forum, in like manner, was occupied by statues raised in honor of different commanders, which must have greatly narrowed its precincts. Still we believe that the disappointment of a stranger is as great, when, after having read so much in the papers of the electioneering scenes of Covent-garden, he discovers, on first visiting it, how small is the space on which the assembled thousands of Westminster have to hear the rostral eloquence of their candidates.

We now proceed to the buildings, and principal monuments that surrounded and adorned the Roman Forum; and first we will clear the way by enumerating those which may be considered as

certain, or at least admitted by all antiquarians. Their number will indeed be found very small.

No. 1. The *Clivus Asyli*, or descent from the Capitol to the Forum.

No. 2. The *Tabularium* and *Ærarium*, or national archives and treasury. It exists under the modern buildings of the Capitol, and is in great measure cleared out.

No. 3. Temple of Concord. Inscriptions, as well as topographical descriptions of the ancients leave no doubt respecting this being the true site of this building. Its area or pavement is uncovered, so far as the modern way from the Capitol will allow.

No. 5. *Schola Xantha.* The term *Schola* applied to these ruins lately uncovered, must be taken in the sense of chambers, in the occupation of notaries, writers, and cursitors, attached to the ediles, and other forensic functionaries. These remains had formerly been laid open, and then had an inscription with the title now given them, which was derived from A. Fabius Xanthus, who repaired the building.

No. 6. *Porticus Clivi.* Tacitus and Livy mention the existence of a portico in this spot, and the late excavations have discovered it. Offices similar to the former probably existed under it.

No. 8. The Mamertine Prison.

No. 13. Triumphal arch of Septimius Severus. The monument being entire, its inscription baf-

fles antiquarian ingenuity to change its denomination.

Thus far we have been engaged rather with the Clivus Capitolinus than with the Forum itself; which as we shall see is much poorer in sure monuments. Two interesting monuments, lately discovered, meet us at this point.

No. 14 is a circular base, bearing a smaller pedestal, on which was a short thick column, found near it, once evidently covered with metal. This, Canina and Bunsen, we think with every probability, determined to have been the *Milliarium Aureum*, so called from the circumstance of its having been gilt. It held the place of Hyde Park Corner, or St. Giles's Pound, in ancient Rome, being the point of departure from which all the miles were measured, on the various roads leading from the Capitol. But as some antiquarians yet dissent from this opinion, we will not venture to class it among decidedly certain monuments.

No. 15. The line indicated by this number represents the remains of a rostrum or tribune for harangues, decorated with pilasters. Canina most happily applied to its illustration a basso-rilievo of Constantine's triumphal arch, in which the emperor is represented as addressing the people from a low hustings, having a low balustrade in front, except in the very middle, where the speaker stands. The arches of Tiberius and of Severus are clearly represented, as is, perhaps, the *Tabularium*. All which answer precisely to this spot

of the Forum and to no other. Neither would the form of the platform suit the ancient rostra, of which a clear representation has been preserved for us on a medal of Palikanus.

No. 22. Column of Phocas. This monument of a barbarous age, and of a most undeserving person, stands in the centre of the Forum, as if to mock at the stability of nobler works, and at the vagaries of antiquaries. As the pillar had been stolen from some ancient monument, and was covered above its base by the earth, it had all the appearance of belonging to an edifice; and thus greatly puzzled older antiquaries. The excavations disclosed the inscription on its base, and for once gave them the comfort of certainty and unanimity in their decision.

No. 36. Temple of Antoninus and Faustina. Here again an inscription in large letters on the entablature of the portico yet standing, leaves no room for antiquarian squabbles.

No. 57. The Temple of Rome and Venus, out of the precincts of the Forum, may be considered as tolerably certain. The double cella is sufficiently entire, and the groundwork, thanks to judicious excavations, may be accurately traced.

No. 58. The Arch of Titus. The same may be said of this monument, so interesting to Christian faith, from its bearing the sculptured representation of the Jewish spoils borne in triumph, after not a stone had been left upon a stone, of the devoted temple.

Here we close our lists of certain monuments, a poor proportion to those that remain as yet undecided, matter for endless contests and bewildering theories. The student of Roman antiquities must after this small gleaning from the numerous buildings of the Forum, be content to wander in the dark; or at least renounce all hope of ever coming to any end of his scholarship. About a dozen monuments, out of nearly sixty, may be considered as settled, and almost every one of these by means of inscriptions, remaining upon them, or found amidst their ruins. The earth has been turned up round them all, so as to leave small hope of farther discoveries for most of them; so that we fear we must come to the inevitable conclusion, that wherever we are left to the forming of our decisions only on the comparison of classical testimonies, we shall have little or no chance of unanimity or security. Let us take an instance or two.

The three columns at the angle of No. 4 had been always called the Temple of Jupiter Tonans. The arguments for this nomenclature were such as might, at first sight, appear satisfactory. First, we knew from Suetonius, that Augustus erected a temple to this deity, in consequence of a wonderful escape from lightning in Spain. The architecture of this temple is precisely of the age of that emperor. Secondly, Victor, one of the *Regionarii*, or writers who have given lists of the buildings existing in the different districts or *Re-*

giones of Rome, tells us that he erected it on the Clivus Capitolinus. This temple stands precisely on that spot. Thirdly, a medal of Augustus represents it as fronted by a portico of six columns of the Corinthian order, and the remains of this building exhibit precisely both characteristics. Fourthly, the cornice is decorated by the cap of the priests of Jupiter, crowned with thunderbolts; a device most applicable to such a building, and hardly to any other. Upon the strength of these arguments every writer of any weight upon the Forum had declared the three columns to belong to the Thunderer's temple. But in 1835, M. Bunsen rejected, at least tacitly, all these arguments, and, we think upon rather vague grounds, declared the pillars to be a part of that of Saturn. That there was such a temple *ante clivum Capitolinum, juxta Concordiæ templum*, according to Servius, cannot be denied. But is this assertion sufficient to countervail the various arguments which support the older, and more general, opinion? Of the inscriptions upon the three temples on the Clivus (Nos. 3, 4, 17), given by the Anonymous of Einsiedlin, in the eighth century, two give the titles of the buildings on which they were placed, the temples of Vespasian and Concord, but the third only mentions the restoration of the edifice, without naming it. As a question, therefore, of evidence, so far as it is before the public, we are not satisfied that there is ground to change the old name of this ruin. But the consequences of

such conflicting opinions go far beyond the individual building they immediately affect, and carry the confusion into all its vicinity. Thus Tacitus tells us that the Arch of Tiberius was near Saturn's temple, and consequently the plan of Chev. Bunsen places it across the street, at No. 9, although not the slightest trace is to be found, in the pavement or excavations, of any triumphal arch having stood there. On the other hand Nibby having called the three columns the Temple of Jupiter, has plausible arguments for calling the eight Ionic pillars of No. 17 (now called by Bunsen the Temple of Vespasian), the Temple of Fortune. For this is mentioned as being near that of the Thunderer, in an old inscription; and it was burnt and repaired under Maxentius, to whose time these columns may well belong, being rudely put together; and, moreover, it is near other points determined by old writers.

However, a natural question presents itself here: where have the latter theorists placed the Temple of Jupiter? We answer, they have given it no place at all in the Forum. Now this seems to afford ground for still more serious doubts as to the possibility of any final adjustment of claims between the occupiers of the Roman Forum; for the preliminary step to such settlement seems naturally to be, what buildings are to be admitted into, and what excluded from, its hallowed precincts. It is true that the Temple of Jupiter Tonans is spoken of by Pliny and Suetonius as being *in Capitolio*,

but others say it was on the Clivus, and the former expression will apply to the latter situation, though this will hardly allow us to place the temple on the hill itself. But what hope can we have that antiquaries will finally agree in allocating the various edifices which adorned the Forum, upon any comparison of classical authorities, so long as these do not bring them to accordance, respecting their very existence in its area? Every side of the Forum will afford us sufficient examples of this strange uncertainty. Fea calls the eight columns of No. 17 the Temple of Juno Moneta, of which no trace is to be found in the plans of Bunsen, Nibby, or Canina. Some consider the *Milliarium aureum*, and what was called the *Umbilicus Romæ*, the centre of Rome, as two different objects; others identify them. Fea places the *Templum Martis Ultoris* in the Forum, at No. 11; Bunsen locates it in another Forum; and neither Nibby nor Canina give it any place in their Roman Forum. The arches and temples of Janus in and about this place form another fruitful source of dispute; no two agree, even about the number of these buildings to be admitted within it. The basilicas which surrounded the Forum are far from being decided. The general position of the Basilica Julia (No. 29), on the south side of the Forum, seems pretty well agreed on; but the exact locality differs in every plan. Those of the northern side are more disputed, and give rise to complicated arguments. The reasoning of M. Bunsen, by which the Basilica Fulvia and

Æmilia (No. 20) is only one building, and distinct from a second Basilica Æmilia (No. 30), yet so that these two communicated together, and might be called a single edifice (No. 19), under the denomination of the Basilica Pauli, is ingenious, and receives confirmation from the Capitoline fragments of the plan of Rome, which have preserved the form of this double basilica. But it is, we think, a bold theory, likely to be severely contested. At least it gets rid of part of a serious difficulty in Roman topography—the disposal of so many basilicas as are placed by ancient writers round the Forum.

To give, by mere description, an adequate idea of the various schemes of the Forum Romanum, would be an endless and difficult task. We have, therefore, preferred to give our readers a tabular view, referable to the plan we have presented. By it they will in a short time be able to trace the differences between different writers; remembering always that each one of course gives a different disposition to the buildings, as he does a different name. The first column contains Bunsen's plan of 1836, which we give reduced; the second his of the preceding year; the third Canina's of 1834; the forth Fea's of 1827; and the fifth Nibby's of 1819. We have thrown into another column the opinions of older writers, inclusive of Piale's, whose researches were too limited to fill a separate column. Where the allocation of any building in one of the plans did not correspond ex-

actly to an edifice marked in the plan, it is distinguished by an asterisk, to signify that it is placed by the author in the vicinity of that numbered opposite to it in the table; and the letters A, B, R, L, which follow the sign, denote the edifice in question to be situated *above*, *below*, to the *right*, or to the *left*, of the one indicated by the number.*

Our readers are now in possession of all the information that a limited article could convey, concerning the various theories to which this most fruitful field of speculation has given rise. We shall appear to have written rather as sceptics than as enthusiasts upon the subject; as inclined more to halt undecided between the many systems, than to yield ourselves up to the partisanship of any. We have been duped too often to act otherwise We have indulged too frequently in admiration and romance, based upon theories which have proved false, not rather to ground our feelings, for the future, upon the grander consciousness that we have walked over the tomb of the republic's liberties and of the empire's magnificence, than upon the more curious fancies, that we this day stood in the ruins of the senate-house, or that day meditated upon a broken column of some individual temple. When a philosopher paces the field of former battles, he would be teazed by the petty

* Vide table, which accompanies the plan of the Forum, as shown at page 35.

impertinence of one who ever wished to learn whether each mound contained the ashes of a greater officer or of a common soldier. The scenes which one day passed upon the spot, its ardent passions, its desperate struggles, its numerous death-gasps, its unheeded miseries; then its boisterous exultation and its triumphal shouts, contrasted with the mournful silence to which all has been reduced, and the quiet ascendancy which a higher order of laws has once more gained, making that very ruin of so many subservient to the increase of the fertility they regulate—would exclude from his mind all desire to obtain minute acquaintance with details, that could diminish his impressions, by distracting and bewildering his mind. In this spirit we would advise the traveller to contemplate the ruins of ancient Rome, and particularly its Forum. Let him meditate rather than theorize, reflect more than study. To us a broken pillar is more eloquent than the entire Rostra, and the roofless area of a senate-house speaks better than the tongue of Tullius, when he declaimed amidst the assembled fathers. The very consideration how the most magnificent buildings have lost even their names is to us worth a volume of discoveries; for it is the greatest of possible triumphs obtained by the destroying power over the ambition of man. How could this anxious feeling have better hoped to secure its memorials than by inscribing them in bronze letters upon marble entablatures? Yet both inscription and building shortly fell, and left

the proud and magnificent erection without a record! And had not religion interposed between time and its legitimate prey, scarcely a trace would now have remained to draw the traveller over the Capitol. The few fragments that remain she snatched out of its very jaws, and saved by consecrating to her own uses. Such her might ever appears, as that of a preserving power, a repairer of devastation, and the builder-up of ruins which men's evil passions have made.

CHRISTIAN ART.

[From the *Dublin Review* for June, 1847.]

ART. X.—1. *Sketches of the History of Christian Art.* By LORD LINDSAY. 3 vols. Murray, 1847.
2. *The Exhibition of the Royal Academy*, 1847. (*Catalogue.*)

THE pages of our Review have been more than once devoted to the subject of Christian art. Both directly and indirectly, we have sought to excite an interest in it, and to explain its principles. And we have many reasons, for believing that we have not labored in vain. We do not pretend to have produced a painting by anything that we may have written, nor even perhaps to have laid down a single new principle. But, debarred as Englishmen have been from acquaintance with an art essentially religious, and from the power of contemplating its results—unconscious as English Catholics necessarily were of the artistic power of principles and doctrines, rites and practices of their Church, from not having witnessed their fruits—the first step towards creating a school of English religious art, naturally was to bring before the mind such general information on the subject as would excite curiosity, and such

more definite views as would give rise to hopes at least, and even to endeavors.

Besides, therefore, articles devoted expressly to this matter, we have never failed to embrace any opportunity that presented itself, of pointing out the beauties and artistic elements of the Catholic ceremonial, as well as the poetry of our ritual and forms of prayer, all eminently conducive to the creation of religious art. Many considerations have now brought us to the conclusion, that the time is at length come for practice rather than theory; and that we must earnestly think of embodying in actual representation those forms of beauty, which we have till now contemplated as either reflections of past realities, or as shadows of possible futurities. If it has been given to this Review to lead forward the Catholic mind to higher and better views, upon the more *æsthetic* parts of ecclesiastical and religious institutions; if its mission had been in the past to open brighter prospects, which have not been disappointed; if it has successfully seconded and promoted the ecclesiological movement, such as it has been among us, and the theological movement, which has been without, we feel that it is only fulfilling a portion of its duty as an exponent of Catholic feeling and Catholic truth, by turning the minds of our fellow Catholics to a more practical realization of what till now have been but hopes, of the foundation of a religious school of design and art in England.

We have uniformly observed, that in our age as in every other, indefinite instincts precede clear indications of great beneficial changes; there is a silent yearning, a consciousness of want, before active measures are even thought of; a discontent of the past and actual state of things, before plans are gone into for the future. We could illustrate this course of things in various ways, having reference to the religious occurrences of the last few years. But in regard to religious art, we think the manifestations of desire for better things are very clear, and sufficiently strong to make us think of how they may be attained.

First, there has been more knowledge obtained and diffused among the people in general, and among Catholics in particular, on the existence, and perhaps the characteristics, of Christian art. Many have become acquainted with them by travelling, and more works have been lately written on the subject. The one before us is a remarkable one, not as a popular, but as a very learned and diligent, and often even eloquent, book, though far from Catholic. But we will reserve remarks on it to a later portion of our article. At present we will content ourselves with remarking that the names of Christian artists, dead and living, have become much more familiar to us than they used to be. Catholics, even the less learned in such things, would know, if they were told of a painting of the Blessed Angelico or Overbeck, that there would be necessarily a religious tone

and character in it, such as they would never expect to find in one by West or Sir Joshua Reynolds.

But secondly, our taste has as much to do in the matter as our knowledge. We have learnt what *is* a religious tone and character. A few years ago, specimens of art, worthy of the name, were not within our reach. A few costly engravings of older masters might indeed be found in the portfolios of rich *connoisseurs*, from which the character of Christian artists might be studied; but nothing could be more paltry, more degrading to their subjects, than the majority of prints furnished by France, or by our own country, to the bulk of our people. Wretched in design as in execution, devoid of all feeling, of all expression, of all mere beauty even, they were calculated only to give the idea that religious representations stood below, rather than above, every other department of art. Tawdrily-colored prints ill-defined mezzotintos, or rude etchings of meanly-imagined figures, formed the staple of decorations for the room, or of illustrations for the prayer-book. Neither devotion nor even a pious thought could be inspired by such abortions of art. By degrees, however, engravings of a superior style have found their way from France and Germany. The Academy of Düsseldorf has become the regenerator of religious taste all over Europe. The beautiful designs of Overbeck, Deger, the two Müllers, and other artists, have been exquisitely

engraved by Keller and his school; and, through the modern machinery of an association, have been scattered on every side at the lowest price; a price which would bring them within the reach of the poorest peasant in this country, but for the barbarous duty, which is fully equal to the cost of the print.* The importation of these admirable specimens of religious art, has led to a successful imitation, or rather copying, both of their subjects and style, in England. Mr. Dolman reproduced Curmer's designs from Overbeck (which, though published in Paris, were executed at Düsseldorf), with great success; and most of the Düsseldorf Society's series has been re-engraved, at Derby, and published by Messrs. Richardson, with their usual spirit.

The effect of these publications has been very important; they have, as we have observed, brought home to the eyes and feelings of Catholics of every rank, specimens of real Christian art. Few, perhaps, can judge of the accuracy of the design, or the delicacy of the engraving; but every one can *feel* the accordance between the expression and ideas and sentiments, which his

* While on every other article subject to duty, 10 per cent. is the average rate of duty, on prints it still continues to be a penny each. This is a trifle upon large and expensive engravings, but on the Düsseldorf prints, which cost only one penny, it amounts to 100 per cent. Having imported a large number, chiefly for distribution among the poor, we had to pay £25 for duty, and appealed, in vain, to the inexorable Vandalism of financial officials.

heart tells him are good and holy. Instead of the vague stare of a figure, which but for a pair of keys or a sword in its hand, might as well represent Pontius Pilate as an apostle, one now expects dignity of attitude, nobleness of features, holiness of expression, majesty of action. Instead of the unmeaning beauty of feature (if even this) by which the best attempts at a *Madonna* were characterized, no one is satisfied without an approach at least to the sweetness, the grace, the purity, and the queenly grandeur, that befit the Virgin-Mother of God. In like manner we now desire and expect to see, in the representation of sacred histories, the simplicity of action, naturalness of arrangement, and power of expression, which enables the eye to read them, and the feelings to apprehend them—the truest test of real religious art. We are alive to that holy, calm, and quiet beauty which pervades the compositions of the older Italian, and modern German, masters, where one can almost divine what each person is saying and thinking, as well as one can see what he is doing.

It may be said that all these observations apply only to Catholics, and afford no indication of a similar taste springing up in the country in general. Perhaps not; although at the same time we sincerely believe that symptoms of it are appearing among the people in general. We shall have more to say presently on the subject. But, first, we are anxious to express our opinion on some

matters connected with our topic; premising that we are most anxious to avoid every cause of offence. We must observe, therefore, that we are writing entirely about the arts of design, and principally on painting and drawing, though many of our observations will apply likewise to sculpture and carving. We say, then, that the taste and feeling for Christian art, to which we have alluded, must not be confounded with the architectural movement, which, however valuable in itself, goes upon different principles, and, in some respects, may be considered as discouraging of what we wish to see revived in art. The *tendency* of architectural movements is to return to given models, and to reproduce, as nearly as possible, the works of other times. This is the case with every sort of architecture. If a man revive Egyptian patterns, he must needs introduce sphinxes and hieroglyphics, though they are worse than absolute nonsense; and the restorers of Grecian architecture give us most punctually the wreathed skulls of victims, the pateræ, and other heathen symbols, devoid of meaning, and of beauty too, when out of place. The better ecclesiological movement which has taken place in England (most happily, we own) has a similar, though better-directed tendency to produce the rudenesses, and even deformities, of past ages. It so happened, by a very obvious process, that the various branches of what are called the fine arts did not develop equally in any country; that while architecture, for instance, in Eng-

land and France had reached its prime of matchless beauty, drawing and painting were not equally advanced: hence, splendid canopies overshadow but indifferent figures, and the few remains which we have of painting generally present but inferior specimens of conception or design. Unfortunately, in copying, as they deserve, the architectural monuments of our forefathers, we have taken to admire, and even to copy, their very unequal embellishments in the way of sculpture and drawing.

But this is not even the worst: we have almost canonized defects, and sanctified monstrosities. What was the result of ignorance or unskilfulness, we attribute to some mysterious influence, or deep design. A few terms give sanction and authority to any outrageousness in form, anatomy, or position; to stiffness, hardness, meagreness, unexpressiveness—nay, to impossibilities in the present structure of the human frame. Feet twisted round, fingers in wrong order on the hand, heads inverted on their shoulders, distorted features, squinting eyes, grotesque postures, bodies stretched out as if taken from the rack, enormously elongated extremities, grimness of features, fierceness of expression, and an atrocious contradiction to the anatomical structure of man,—where this is displayed, are not only allowed to pass current, but are published in the transactions of societies, are copied into stained glass, images, and prints, and are called "mystical," or "symbolical," or "con-

ventional" forms and representations. And this is enough to get things praised and admired, which can barely be tolerated by allowance for the rudeness of their own age. We have seen representations of saints such as we honestly declare we should be sorry to meet in flesh and blood, with the reality of their emblematic sword or club about them, on the highway at evening. And because these were the productions of an *age* eminently Catholic, they are considered as the types of an *art* equally so. But religious art does not look at time, but at nature, which changes not, and at religion, which is equally immutable. To make rude carvings, because the building on which they are placed is Norman, or to make a stiff design because the glass is framed in Early English tracery, may be all quite characteristic, but it is not artistic. The object of all art is to speak to the eye, and, through it, to the feelings; and the object of religious art is consequently to excite, through the sight, religious emotions adequate to the subjects or persons represented. It is not intended that the spectators should have to say, "How well the Norman style is carried out even in the carvings!" or, "How admirably the glass of Edward the Fourth's time has been imitated!" or, "One could really fancy that crucifixion to have been painted in the thirteenth century!" but it is to be desired and aimed at, that the beholder, antiquarian or simple, scholar or peasant, should at once feel himself penetrated with a

sense of the beautifully holy, be enamored of the virtues which beam from the face, and seem to clothe the form of the figure before him; that from earthly comeliness his thoughts should rise to the contemplation of heavenly charms; that he should at once weep or exult, be humble or gain confidence, as he gazes—not to study or criticise, but to feel.

While, therefore, we will join to the full pitch of our voice in the cry of condemnation that has been raised against all that is frivolous, trumpery, and trivial in sacred art; while we utterly anathematize all representations of the Immaculate Mother in modern Parisian fashions, and of angels in the attitudes of a posture-master, we are not prepared to admire a figure of the former merely because enveloped in a diapered mantle, nor of the latter simply because he wears a cope. We want more than these accessaries, however valuable; we want truth, according to our noblest conceptions. The devout mind loves to contemplate the Incarnate Glory of heaven as the type of dignified and hallowed beauty—as the "*speciosus forma præ filiis hominum*," figuring in Himself all that humanity could ever contain of outward comeliness as expressive of inward perfection. He was a man—"*in similitudinem hominum factus, et habitu inventus ut homo*"—and therefore he is to be represented with features, limbs, bones, muscles, and sinews like those of other men. But whether as an infant, or as a youth, or as grown to full manhood

—at Bethlehem, Nazareth, Jerusalem, or Calvary —His effigy must be to the eye (so far as art can portray it) what loving thought of Him is to the soul, the combination of all that is nobly beautiful. Even in the agonies of death, even extended on the cross, the eye of faith, and consequently the eye of Christian art, cannot contemplate Him otherwise. We are repulsed, therefore, rather than attracted, by those mediæval representations of Him, which place before us a body painfully extenuated, with ill-proportioned or distorted limbs, and with a haggard, if not an ill-favored countenance; nor are we gained to admiration by being told, that such an effigy is more mystical or symbolical. For we cannot see how mysticism should require that which is supremely fair to be set forth as ugly, nor how external disproportion or uncomeliness should be the rightful symbol of what is infinite perfection,—

"Quæcumque ostendis mihi sic incredulus odi."

And in like manner, we have no toleration for any intended likeness of His Virgin Mother, which exhibits her other than as the "*tota pulchra Maria*" of the Church's song. Sweet, graceful, maidenly in countenance and carriage we wish to see her ever represented; full of peace, benignity, and cheering joy, whether smiling on her own infant or on us; blending the Mother and the Virgin only by the tempering with majesty of the unfading bloom of celestial charms.

Strange indeed, it may seem, that while the mental type of this unparalleled being should have been so clearly, so sublimely brought out by a Bernard, its artistic type should have been locked up in the hard and dark delineations of the Byzantine school, waiting as it were for a germ of life to bring them into the warm and bright existence of the Christian school. But this only proves what we have before remarked, that the various arts developed at different periods, and thus the poetry of religion opened into blossom before its painting.

What we have already written may suffice to explain our conviction, that if a Catholic school of art has to be raised in England, it must not only be independent of the architectural school which has been formed, but must rest on principles totally different from those on which this is based. First, it must not set out with the idea of mere reproduction, or of copying older masters, or of having a warrant and authority for everything it does. In other words, a school of Christian art, to succeed, must not be an antiquarian establishment. It must start on the principle that it is essentially a creative art, that it must invent as well as the old masters did, that it must study them and cull out their excellencies, but must not servilely copy them: it may imitate, but not transcribe. Hence we must have no Saxon, or Mediæval, or Gothic, or Cinquecento styles, but a pure Christian style, wherever and whenever it has to be used.

Secondly, the work must begin from the beginning. Till now, we have taken an old brass, or an old window,* or an old statue; we have rubbed the one, traced the other, and pressed or moulded the third; and have got artists that could copy exactly. But this is not art. We can thus indeed create clever workmen, and accurate imitators; but we give them no principles, and they can never materially get beyond what they find. The study of Christian art must begin where every other branch begins,—by accurate drawing, by studies from nature, and then by studying and copying the best models, chastening and purifying as it proceeds, the mere animal forms and traits, and drawing out, and learning to embody, those characters, expressions, and feelings, which belong to religion as distinct from nature, and to the inward, rather than to the outward, life.

Now this last can only be done by three different means combined. The first is the study, to which we have already alluded, of the great Catholic masters of every country, particularly of Italy. The second is the use of proper models. Academical models will do well enough for anat-

* We must gratefully acknowledge, however, that a great improvement has been visible of late in the stained glass, in respect to accurate drawing, breadth and expression, especially in that designed by Mr. Pugin, and executed by Mr. Hardman, of Birmingham. Still much remains to be done.

omy and attitude; and a lay figure will answer for hanging on drapery; but the living characteristics of Christian art, expression not merely of features, but of form, must be sought among those whose lives exhibit the practice, and consequently whose exterior presents the type, of the virtues to be represented. For, as was intimated above, truth must be the aim of art; and, thank God, in the Catholic Church the type of art is not ideal, in a strict sense, but real. The older artists may have elevated and purified the models which they used, but they nevertheless did not invent them. They found them in the Church, and they formed their style upon them; and in the same place the Catholic artist must look for the same guidance. He will still find his St. Brunos, as Zurbeyran did, among his disciples the Carthusians, and his St. Bernards among the Cistercians; and he will be surprised to see again and again, before and round the altar, the attitudes, the arrangements, and even the countenances and bearing of figures and groups, which have appeared to him masterly inventions, when seen in the old masters.

But the third means, and the principal one, by which any one can hope to attain the true principles and practice of religious art, is meditation and devout study of its objects, joined to holiness of life, and the attempt, at least, to realize in himself the character that he wishes to depict. Without this, all other efforts are vain. We wish the full extent of the cost to be known by those who

may be gloriously bold enough to bid for this crown. We may easily have a school of religious naturalists, such as interrupted the succession of great artists in Italy, and such as France now has; men who, by combining natural beauty with studied attitude, have fancied, if they thought at all about it, that they were painting saints. Such men may call themselves religious and Catholic artists, but they will never accomplish anything worthy of the name: they will be cold, insipid, and eventually mannered. We have been struck with the character and even appearance of the modern Catholic artists of Germany: no one can know them without seeing at once that they believe in all that they express, that their hearts go with their hands in their work, that they are impressed with the feeling that what they are doing is a holy thing. It would be invidious, and hardly delicate, to mention names: but let any one make the acquaintance of the principal Catholic painters at Rome; or let any lover of the arts, who is making the usual trip of the Rhine, stop to visit the splendid church built by Count Fürstenberg at Apollinarisberg, near Bonn, and converse with the Düsseldorf academicians engaged on its beautiful frescoes, and we are sure he will be satisfied, that the work which he admires is the fruit of sincere faith and religious meditation.

But if the artist look back for his models among the great religious painters of the Middle

Ages, he will find, not mere piety, but absolute sanctity become the guarantee of success in its perfection. The connection between the two—between perfection in virtue (where abilities are not deficient) and perfection in Christian art—becomes demonstrated, as well as exhibited, in the Blessed Giovanni, or, as he is oftener called, Angelico da Fiesoli. We will quote his character as given by Vasari, whose own style, life, and disposition, were diametrically opposite to his.

"He was simple, and most holy in his manners,—and let this serve for token of his simplicity, that Pope Nicholas one morning offering him refreshment, he scrupled to eat flesh without the license of his superior, forgetful for the moment of the dispensing authority of the pontiff. He shunned altogether the commerce of the world, and living in holiness and in purity, was as loving towards the poor on earth as I think his soul must now be in heaven. He worked incessantly at his art, nor would he ever paint other than sacred subjects. He might have been rich, but cared not to be so, saying that true riches consisted rather in being content with little. He might have ruled over many, but willed it not, saying there was less trouble and hazard of sin in obeying others. Dignity and authority were within his grasp, but he disregarded them, affirming that he sought no other advancement than to escape Hell and draw near to Paradise. He was most meek and temperate, and by a chaste life loosened himself from the snares of the world, oft-times saying that the student of painting had need of quiet and to live without anxiety, and that the dealer in the things of Christ ought to dwell habitually with Christ. Never was he seen in anger with the brethren, which appears to me a thing most marvellous, and all but incredible; his admonitions to his friends were simple, and always softened by a smile. Whoever sought to employ him, he answered with

the utmost courtesy, that he would do his part willingly so the prior were content. In sum, this never sufficiently to be lauded father was most humble and modest in all his words and deeds, and in his paintings graceful and devout, and the saints which he painted have more of the air and aspect of saints than those of any other artist. He was wont never to retouch or amend any of his paintings, but left them always as they had come from his hand at first; believing, as he said, that such was the will of God. Some say that he never took up his pencils without previous prayer. He never painted a crucifix without tears bathing his cheeks; and throughout his works, in the countenance and attitude of all his figures, the correspondent impress of his sincere and exalted appreciation of the Christian religion is recognizable. Such, adds Vasari, "was this very angelic father, who spent the whole of his time in the service of God and in doing good to the world and to his neighbor. And truly a gift [virtú] like his could not descend on any but a man of most saintly life; for a painter must be holy himself before he can depict holiness."—Pp. 195-6-7.

We have given this character by Vasari from Lord Lindsay's work; and we are sure we shall further illustrate our subject by another extract, in which the noble author describes the results of the saintly character, as exhibited on the artist's canvas. The following is his description of B. Angelico's chief excellence:—

"Expression, accordingly—the special exponent of Spirit, as Form is of Intellect, and Color of Sense—is the peculiar prerogative of Fra Angelico. Ecstasy and enthusiasm were his native element, and the emotions of his heart animated his pencil with a tenderness and repose, a love and a peace in which no one has yet excelled or even equalled him. These are the unvarying characteristics of the Madonna in his paintings. The true theory of her likeness presumes

her outward form to have been so exquisitely moulded and etherealized by inward purity and habitual converse with heaven, that Gabriel might have known her among mankind by her face alone, had he been in search of her, with no other token. Subsequently to the Nativity, the mother's love must be supposed to blend with the innocence of the Virgin, and a beauty to result from the union, combining the holiness and purity of both estates, as inconceivable as that union itself was supernatural. Hence, evidently, an ideal for the artist's imagination, impossible of attainment, but which he will ever seek after, whether by spiritualizing the lineaments of her most dear to him, or by appropriating and reanimating some one of the many ancient portraitures of the Virgin,—for there is no one fixed traditional resemblance, as of our Saviour. Every great painter, accordingly, has his distinctive type, born (for the most part) of his domestic affections,—daughters of loveliness are they, sweet as the rose, pure as the dew, capable of the holiest and loftiest of thoughts, but in almost every instance marked with an individuality which distresses the imagination, while the absence of that individuality as invariably infers vagueness and insipidity. Now the peculiarity and merit (as it appears to me) of Fra Angelico is, that his Virgins are neither vague nor individual,—even while doing nothing, they breathe of heaven in their repose—they are visible incarnations of the beauty of holiness, and yet not mere abstractions—they are most emphatically feminine—the ideal of womanhood as the chosen temple of the Trinity: they are to the Madonnas of other painters what Eve may be supposed to have been to her daughters before the Fall—their lineaments seem to include all other likenesses, to assume to each several votary the semblance he loves most to gaze upon. It was because Fra Angelico's whole life was love—diverted by his vow of celibacy from any specific object, that his imagination thus sought for and found inspiration in heaven. Next to the Madonna, I may mention the heads of our Saviour, of the apostles and saints in Fra Angelico's pictures, as excelling in expression and beauty, as well as those of the elect,

in his representations of the Last Judgment ; his delineations of the worldly, the wicked, the reprobate, are uniformly feeble and inadequate ; his success or failure is always proportioned to his moral sympathy or distaste." *—Pp. 191-2-3.

Let us, then, at once draw our conclusion. We must not expect, nor ought we to desire, the formation of a religious school of art otherwise than by the formation of a school of *religious artists ;* that is, of men who will do their work with faith and for love, whose outward performances will be only counterparts of an inward devotion ; so that what they strive to represent in form and color shall be the visions of their own pious meditations, and the fruit of their constant conversation with things spiritual and holy.

We have before said, that a school of Christian art must spring up under the conviction that this is creative, and not merely imitative ; and this may call for some explanation here. There is a medium to be kept, not binding on the pursuer of any other branch of art : the one between traditional modes and original ideas. Here, too, we are in danger of being cramped by prejudices in favor of the mere antique. It is certain, indeed, that the first revivers of painting, how much soever

* One of the most beautiful productions of B. Angelico's pencil is his Last Judgment, in the gallery of the late Cardinal Fesch. Lord Lindsay has described it (vol. iii. p. 187). It was bought in, at the sale of the cardinal's pictures, by his nephew, the prince of Canino ; and has just been purchased from him by Lord Ward. This will be a most valuable addition to the small share of specimens of Christian art possessed by England.

they cultivated and perfected design, coloring, and expression, allowed themselves to be severely fettered in composition, by the standard or traditionary manner of representing given subjects; so as to have departed but slowly and cautiously from the stiff and formal arrangement of a preceding period. This is easily accounted for. They painted essentially *for the people*. Let that never be forgotten. Their pictures might be ordered by a prince or a wealthy merchant; but it was never with a view of putting them into a gallery, only to be opened by a ticket or a shilling, but to be hung over some altar, or to adorn the walls of a cloister, or perhaps a public hall. They painted, therefore, so that the people should at once understand their pictures; and therefore, as they had been accustomed to see the subjects treated. To have left out, or violently displaced, figures which always formed part of a subject, would have been to disturb the habitual train of thought, and consequently the devotion of those who came to be edified, and to pray before them. And here let us pause for one moment, to express our feeling, of how glorious a sight must have been presented by one of the churches of Florence or Siena (and we might add other cities), when the altar-pieces of the old masters, which yet in part adorn them, were all fresh, not merely in their gold and paint, but in that heavenly sweetness of expression which, even in their present faded state, beams from their panels. But, still, the observer will

note the formality of composition that gives them a family resemblance, though otherwise belonging to different authors, nay, to different schools and ages. For, from Giotto to Pietro Perugino, the same rules for this portion of art prevailed.

The reason which we have given will sufficiently account for this. At the same time it is clear that every advance in correctness of design, beauty, and harmony of color, and above all in perfection of expression, would please naturally, even those who could not discover the cause of their emotions, or would only increase and deepen those feelings which the same subject inferiorly treated had before produced. No one would quarrel with a picture because the Blessed Virgin in it was more lovely, or the infant on her knees more divine, or the saints on either side more devout; but many would have perhaps murmured had a change taken place in the ordinary disposition of these figures, and had the mother and child been transferred from the post of honor to one side of the composition, as we find it later in Correggio or Guido. But these traditions of ancient Christian art have been totally broken, and there are no associations in existing monuments around us, and before the people, nor in devotional forms of conception familiar through preaching or meditation, to give them now any particular empire over the affections of beholders, or over the standard rules of composition. To bind Christian art, on its revival, to the conventional forms of representation admitted

in old times, would be a groundless tyranny, and in fact would tend to strangle it in its very cradle. In this respect we think the Germans have given us a useful lesson, and we should be prepared to follow it. We have no hesitation in stating our conviction, that however short the best modern Catholic artists may fall, in giving that truly devout and heavenly character to individual figures, which belongs to the older masters, they have gained upon them (regard being had to the character of our age), in the giving of more action and more varied expression to subjects that naturally require it, in bringing forward as subjects for art, events and circumstances which, for the reasons above given, were not handled by the more ancient artists; and finally, in conceiving new and often most exquisite representations of subjects often before treated. We shall perhaps shock the antiquarian artist by such an avowal; but we shall do no good with art in this country till many prejudices are broken down. We will put one case. Let a modern artist be desired to paint the *Sposalizio*, or espousal of Mary to Joseph, and that for a public church. Would he venture to take the old type, such as Pietro and Raffaello have given it, in their exquisite pictures of this subject, based, that is, on the traditional history of the blossoming rod of Joseph? Would he introduce the youth breaking his barren rod over his knee? If he did, who in a thousand, that looked on it, would understand it? And if a long explanation were given, would that

move to piety which is not based on any belief? At the time, and in the country, of those older artists, the history was at any rate known; the tradition was alive, the spectators understood the meaning of each circumstance. Now and here, the chain has been broken, and would it be profitable to reconnect it? Nay, could one hope to gain any advancement in piety and faith, by endeavoring to revive the knowledge of an uncertain legend? But who could fail to understand and to appreciate, nay to be moved by, Overbeck's conception of the subject; espousals so pure and so unearthly, that no witnesses are there but angels, so that the whole function is one of heaven heavenly, without example and without imitation? We could multiply instances of what will be admitted by all to be purer and sublimer conceptions of scenes in our Saviour's life by modern than by older artists, but we remember having given several in one of our first numbers.* Then as to new subjects, not anciently treated, but worked out by meditation and earnest thoughtfulness, the illustrious artist already mentioned and his many followers, among whom Steinle must hold a distinguished place, would furnish us with abundant examples; but fortunately we have one to our purpose nearer home. This year's Catalogue of the Royal Academy's annual exhibition, contains a picture (No. 130), which cannot fail to arrest the eye of every visitor of that collection. It is Mr. Herbert's picture of our Saviour,

* Vol. i. p. 459.

subject to His parents at Nazareth. It represents a circumstance, which, though not historical, is not merely possible, but highly probable. Some wood, thrown on the ground beside Joseph's humble workshop, has formed a cross. This naturally lights up a train of thought in the mind of the Divine Youth, who stands for a moment as if fixed in a painful trance, while His Mother, who lays up every look, as every word, in her heart, gazes on Him, with work suspended, in intense and loving, and therefore sympathizing, interest.* Here is a subject which every one will at once acknowledge to be worthy of the pencil of any truly Christian artist. To the mere Bible Christian it may appear fanciful: but not so to the Catholic. Long before Mr. Herbert's successful attempt to give it outward life by design and color it had suggested itself to the devout meditation of the most tender, the most poetical, and the most sweetly loving of the ancient Fathers, St. Ephrem the Syrian. It will not be long, we trust, before we call our reader's attention to the admirable and most learned translation of his Rhythms, just published by the Rev. J. B. Morris, late of Exeter College, Oxford, and now St. Mary's, Oscott; but we trust

* [The picture was described in the Exhibition Catalogue by the following verses, written at the artist's request:—

"Perhaps the Cross, which chance would oft design,
Upon the floor of Joseph's humble shed,
Across Thy brow serene, and heart divine,
A passing cloud of Golgotha would spread."]

that, in the mean time, no Catholic who can procure the book will fail to feast his devotion on its delightful stores of spiritual refreshment. In the seventeenth Rhythm we meet with this remarkable passage: "Hail! Son of the Creator! hail to the Son of the carpenter! who, when creating, created everything in the mystery of the cross. And haply, even in the house of Joseph that carpenter, with the cross He was busied all the day."* Thus we have a Father of the fourth century considering it probable that our Blessed Saviour, from passing his early youth in a carpenter's house, would have the thought of the cross constantly brought before His mind.

Such is the subject on which Mr. Herbert has happily seized, though unconscious of so early a precedent; and the concurrent voice of artists and critics gives evidence of his success. Nothing can be more simple than the the composition of the picture: there is no effort at strong effects by combinations. Each figure is apart, detached, so as to claim, and actually receive, separate and successive attention. The attitudes are singularly simple, natural, and unstudied; drawn and painted with a delicate accuracy, not merely of outline, but of fold, feature, and smallest lineament—a precaution absolutely necessary, where the artist invites the eye to the careful observation of each figure in its detail. Nor is there anything in the accessories to divide

* Select Works of St. Ephrem the Syrian; Oxford, Parker, 1847, p. 164.

the attention. The landscape, copied from the present arid reality of Nazareth, is stern, unvaried, and undistracting: so that the entire attention is concentrated on the figures, and principally on One. The expression of this is, to our minds, a little too overcast with pain; but this is a comparatively slight defect amidst the beauties of the piece. Its great merit is decidedly the direct appeal which it makes, through expression, to religious feelings, while it simply tells its whole history to the observer, and enables him to enter fully into the part acted by each person represented. It requires no book-learning to understand, to comprehend, and to feel it; it cannot make any but one impression, a tender and devout one; it will leave a quiet and calm reflection of itself on the mind, which will not be effaced by the ghastly brilliancy of Turner's incomprehensible dreams, nor by the warm and feeling exhibition of religious chivalry in Etty's noble painting. All this is in accordance with what we wish to see, in a true religious school of art.

But we have almost lost sight of the subject more immediately in view, at the time that we mentioned Mr. Herbert's picture; though our reason for entering so fully into it will appear just now. We were anxious to impress upon our readers the importance of looking upon religious art as a creative power, not as a servile imitator of what have been called "conventional," or "traditional," forms. This picture we quoted as an instance of the possibility, even in this degenerate age, of

finding subjects not treated before, and making them fit vehicles for the conveying to the mind of believers most religious impressions. We repeat, therefore, that to such traditional forms as belong purely to art and not to religion, in other words, to traditions for which there is not any doctrine, or even pious belief handed down by the Church, but merely a practice of copying from an antecedent and ruder period, we do not think that artists should be bound in a country like ours, where the very existence of such traditions has been lost, and where the reproduction could only cause misunderstanding, and would be equivalent to a new creation.

But, as we remarked, it is necessary to keep a medium; so as not to depart too far from certain forms and modes of representation—such, that is, as have a ground in ecclesiastical learning, and have a truth about them that would soon be intelligible. And this, we conceive, would be one of the advantages of a recognized Catholic school of art in England, as it certainly has been in Germany: that many being trained on given principles, they would have their individual fancies checked; and gradually, such forms and characters of religious representations would be established, as would at once be intelligible to all, and yet be conformable to all real traditions, and even to all well-grounded conventions, in matters where some rule is necessary. Perhaps a few examples will best explain our meaning. 1. We would, then, for instance,

have strict regard paid to the symbols of the saints, such as, partly history, and partly tradition, has appointed them. The instruments of their martyrdom, the emblems of their dignity, the representation of some great work (as a church), or an object allusive to their occupation, are fitting modes of giving those holy personages individual character. St. Peter should not be deprived of his keys, nor St. Lawrence of his gridiron, nor St. Catherine of her wheel, nor St. Agnes of her lamb, nor St. Jerome of his lion, by any innovation of art. Such symbolism is at once natural, intelligible, and historical. We believe that these saints, were they to appear in vision, would make themselves cognizable by these, their respective, badges. 2. The same we would say respecting the insignia of office or robes, distinctive of ecclesiastical dignity. Too severe an attention to historical costume would be pedantic, fatiguing, and perplexing. It is true, a bishop of the third century did not wear a cope and mitre of the same form as now are in use; but these have become the well-known emblems and garments of persons in that office, and as such should be given to pontiffs who, though they lived ages ago on earth, are represented to the piety of the faithful as living in heaven now.

In the public square at Milan is a statue in marble, of modern sculpture, representing a person in a Roman toga; and we remember being almost shocked on being told, in answer to an inquiry, that it represented St. Ambrose. We could

not give assent to our friendly and learned guide's arguments, that this was the *truer* representation. We could not bear to see the saint otherwise than as a bishop. In like manner, we would have the raiment of the celestial hierarchy, where they appear upon earth, copied from that of the Church here below. For the angels are represented to us as ministering at the altar in heaven, and our faith teaches us to consider the triumphant and the militant, but as portions of one indivisible Church, and those blessed spirits as fellow-ministers with our visible priesthood. Moreover, the eye of the faithful is accustomed to consider the ecclesiastical garments, used only at the altar, as the most sacred of outward apparel, and more dignified, in truth, than the most splendid distinctions of mere secular rank.

3. We would have due observance of the appropriation of established colors in the draperies of Our Divine Saviour, our Blessed Lady, and other saints. For the eye has been accustomed to the choice, and it is in itself appropriate; and every one would be offended at mixed and fancy colors being applied to such figures. In the same manner, we should never object (in pictures not meant for historical, but for devotional), to a richness being given to these accessories of a picture, such as certainly never existed. But in this respect too, we would have great sobriety of taste.

4. Where there is no certain belief or tradition to guide us, and the one followed by old artists is

natural and devout, we should deprecate departure from this. For instance, in the Annunciation, the Blessed Virgin is always represented as at prayer, or as rising from prayer, when the angel enters. We should be sorry to see an attempt to alter this, and to have the mystery take place, while any meaner or more homely occupation was going on. But we cannot reconcile ourselves to adherence to certain forms, merely because they are old; as our Saviour, at his resurrection, springing from a coffin which could not hold half His body; or as an infant attended by an ox and an ass of most extraordinary species, not larger than lapdogs; or standing in the air, of which we have specimens at hand. Nor can we tolerate the transit of our Lady made like the death-bed of one whose salvation might be doubtful, where every appliance of anxious piety is made by the attendant apostles, instead of them and us gazing in silent awe and edification at the passage of that sinless soul from its spotless tabernacle to the bosom of its Lord. No amount of precedent even from the most hallowed names, will ever make us submit to such traditionary modes.

Our readers will however see, that our concessions to established usages, are sufficiently ample to secure their being preserved, where intelligible and really good.

Having now discharged our consciences of what perhaps many will not wholly approve, but

having at the same time, we are sure, cleared the ground of prejudices, which have stood powerfully in the way of engaging real artists to attempt the foundation of a religious school, we proceed to a more pleasing portion of our undertaking.

We stated, almost at the outset, that we thought there were indications of a rising feeling for true religious art among the people. Though the evidences may appear slight, it is fair to state them. First, the reference which we have made to Mr. Herbert's picture affords us one. It must have struck every one, who follows the course of public opinion on such matters, that this painting has met with universal, and almost with unbounded, praise. Without distinction of religious character, every paper that has mentioned it, has spoken of it as one of the most beautiful in the exhibition. Nor is this all; it has riveted the gaze, and won the admiration, of the multitudes that have flocked around it; nor have we heard of any feelings expressed before it, but such as proved how completely it addressed itself at once to the minds and hearts of the people. This we own has given us almost our first ray of hope, on the practical possibility of establishing a Catholic school of art. When there is sentiment enough in the people to appreciate so peculiar a subject, treated so quietly, so differently from what they are accustomed to on the walls of the Royal Academy, we have secured to us the basis, the *priming*, if we may so speak, upon which Christian art can work.

But further let us remark, that similar taste has been shown in other ways. Thus we have been struck with the evident manner in which the splendid Francias in the National Gallery arrests the eye of those who visit that collection, although they present neither intensity of action, nay, nor action at all, nor subjects with which the English mind is familiar. But while passing by the awful and stern magnificence of Sebastiano's masterpiece, which few can prize, we see young and old won by the soft and sweet radiance of the angels mourning over the sacred corpse of their Lord, feeling, if they do not fully comprehend, the essentially Catholic spirituality of the scene, and the deep mysteries which it conceals.

We could add some other reasons for our opinion; but it is not necessary.* For it would be folly to expect any strong demonstration in favor of a branch of art, which does not as yet exist on a scale to permit it. Not one Englishman in ten thousand has an opportunity of seeing a truly religious painting; not one in ten times that number, of seeing so many and such as can form his taste, and enable him to appreciate this highest department of art. All that we can reasonably

* [Since this was written, what is called the Pre-Raphælite school has arisen, and made a progress, which may one day, under the religious influences, which it clearly wants, become the germ of a truly Christian school of art. At present with some exceptions, it stands to real Christian art, as the works of Niccolò di Fuligno do to those of Beato Angelico.]

expect, therefore, is that, in proportion as opportunities are afforded for trial, the result should be favorable; and the instances mentioned are enough for this. Development must be the work of time. Let us but give to the English public but one such chance of showing its taste, as the king of Bavaria has done at Munich, or is doing at Spire; let us throw open one good church, glowing from its ceiling to its lower panelling, not with diaper and mere color, not even with single figures in separate compartments, but with a series of large and simple histories, comprising the chief Gospel mysteries and the life of the Blessed Virgin or any other great saint; let expression of the most refined and dignified character reign in every head and countenance; let the tints be harmonious, grave, yet warm and bright; let holiness and calm reign through every part; and we shall soon see, first, whether the English heart is not as fully attuned to the sentiment of the beautiful and delicate in art, as that of any other nation; and, secondly, whether encouragement will not spring up on all sides for this higher sphere of art, enough both to give employment to all formed artists, and to enkindle genius, that otherwise might for ever have wanted life. To expect more than this would be as absurd as to suppose, that a love of naval life and glory could exist in an inland tribe of Africa, that had never seen a ship.

Now comes the great question, Is this practicable? Is it hopeful? How is this first effort to

be made? How is this first specimen to be given? We could answer by following up our illustration; and say, "Do as the Romans did when they determined to rival the Carthaginians at sea. They took the wreck of a galley cast on their shore, and copied it, and they trained their future sailors on dry land. Begin by imitating the works of others; take your models and examples from abroad. *Fiat experimentum in corpore vili;* try on a small scale, and produce something less perfect to begin with." But this will never do. We must begin with something great and noble at once. Christian art must not come out before the public, for the first time, mean and imperfect. Her unfledged efforts at flight must be sacred, in the retreat of the academy or the *studio*. On the walls of the sanctuary she must appear bright, golden, queen-like, from the first, fit associate for adoring angels and heavenly mysteries. Are we, then, dreaming of some chimera, the brood of an over-heated imagination? On the contrary, we are writing on what we believe—dare we say, intend?—to be a most practical and a most certain result.

Lord Lindsay, at the conclusion of his work, asks this significant question: "And why despair of this" (of painting like Raphael and Michael Angelo), "or even of shaming the Vatican? For with genius and God's blessing nothing is impossible." (Vol. iii. p. 420.) Now to this we answer, that without presumption it may be really said,

that the blessing of genius for Christian art is not one which it has pleased the Almighty to give out of the Catholic Church. No Protestant country has yet produced a religious artist of any sort; every Catholic one has produced a school. Account for it as you please, the fact stands hard and incontrovertible; and as such it has two faces —it looks to the future as well as to the past. Protestantism is barren as to religious art; and Lord Lindsay's book gives us additional proof, if we wanted it, of this truth. We shall not be departing from our subject by a few paragraphs in evidence of this.

Protestantism is essentially irreverent; and Lord Lindsay's work, great as is its merit, shows it. He begins it by a long preface on "Christian *Mythology*." And this is synonymous with "the materials of Christian art during the middle ages." Imagine the possibility of a school of art springing up among a sect, who, while they pretend to copy or rival old art, consider its materials—a *mythology!* Can their artists be expected to look on it with more reverence, or to treat its subjects with more feeling, than they would those of Grecian or of Egyptian mythology? But just let us look at some of these mythologies. The torments of hell, as painted in the middle ages, were suggested by Buddhist doctrines. (Vol. i. p. xxxiii.) The origin of the nine orders or choirs that compose the heavenly hierarchy, from seraphim to angels (though each is mentioned by St. Paul, and

from him the order is drawn by the Fathers), "must be sought for apparently in the remote east, among the Chaldeans and Medo-Persians!" (p. xxxiv.) The Nativity and Presentation of the Blessed Virgin (p. xl), her woes at the foot of the Cross (p. l.) are all mythologies! as is her Assumption! (p. lxii.) The same is to be said of the Discovery of the Cross, of its Exaltation, and of many other historical subjects. But we are not left merely to induction for our conclusion that Protestantism is void of that reverence, which is as necessary an ingredient in religious art, as oil, or some other vehicle, is in the composition of its colors. Lord Lindsay's language in speaking of these subjects is blasphemously irreverent, nay even to Anglicanism heterodox. He tells us that the apocryphal gospels may be traced to Leucius, a Gnostic heretic, who forged them chiefly "with a view of supporting *the peculiar tenets of the sect*, namely . . . . . *that the Blessed Mary was ever Virgin*," etc. "The *early* Church," he adds, "in rejecting the leading principle of the heresy, and condemning the heretics, sanctioned, or at least winked at, the circulation of the fables devised by them in its support, and these have become the mythology of Christianity . . . . . while many of the dogmas which they were grounded upon have crept into the faith." (p. xl.) The belief therefore in the perpetual virginity of the Blessed Mother of God is, according to Lord Lindsay, a *peculiar tenet* of Gnosticism, which has crept into

the Church! Again, "The transfer to her" (the Blessed Virgin) "of the popular veneration for a female deity, whether Diana, Astarte, or Isis, universally current among the southern nations, is the key to the whole mystery of her various representation in early art." (p. lxiii.) We pass over other similarly afflicting passages; for these will suffice. If the enthusiastic admirer of early Christian art can thus think of all that inspired it, and looks upon it with the irreverent eyes, and speaks of it with the flippant tongue, wherewith he might approach the abominations of heathen fable, what hope can there be that the religion (*sit verbo venia*) which can generate such feelings, will ever give birth to any noble or tender inspirations of that very art! In the next place, Protestantism, as regards art, is essentially unholy. Two characteristics of holiness pervade pictorial art, which at once distinguish its figures from those of its profane or secular sister—austerity and purity. The entire outline of body is corrected and etherealized by the former, the countenance is sweetened and irradiated by the latter. Disconnect the idea of holiness from these; assume that a saint is not of necessity a mortified and self-denying character, and that chastity or purity is not the virtue which makes angels of men, and you may indeed have a school of religious painting, that will riot in masses of gross flesh and most unsaintly countenances, like Rubens, but not what Lord Lindsay asks for, men who will paint like Pietro Perugino and Luca

Signorelli. Now his lordship, speaking, no doubt, the language of the future patrons of English Christian art, has clearly recorded his own views on the subject of these very virtues. In the passage above quoted, the doctrine of mortification is enumerated among Gnostic errors. But further on, the whole Catholic doctrine of "the ascetic or angelic life" is characterized in terms of opprobrious condemnation (p. civ.), which we will attribute to ignorance of its true nature, rather than to any worse motive. But his attack upon the Catholic virtue of chastity will at once satisfy us of the utter hopelessness of the revival which he contemplates. It is as follows:—

"This fresco needs little comment. I need not remind you that the chastity thus commended is that which brands our wives and mothers with a slur—nor dwell upon the melancholy consequences to human virtue and happiness entailed by the fatal and most unscriptural restriction of the idea, and the term, to virginity and celibacy,—a delusion of most ancient date, and inherited alike by the Mystics of the East and the West, the Buddhists and the Gnostics,—the latter of whom, more especially, referred the origin of sin to the creation of matter, the creation of matter to the evil principle—and identified that evil principle with Jehovah! St. Francis shared to the full in the agonies of the early ascetics,*—it is a subject that can but be alluded to.—May God in His mercy shield us from such horrors in England!" —Vol. ii. p. 225.

Let any artist imbued with these notions sit down to meditate upon the countenance which he would give to a "Virgin-Saint," whose chief char-

* Vita, p. 43.

acteristic must be the virtue thus unchristianly denounced, beaming from every feature. As to his attempting to depict the Queen of Virgins, to set forth the lily, after he has scorned its whiteness, we defy him.

Furthermore, Protestantism presents no types of Christian art. It has destroyed the types of the past. It excludes as legendary all the most beautiful histories of the early saints: it has quenched all sympathy for the favorite themes of mediæval painting, the Fathers of the desert, St. Benedict, and the great monastic heroes, and still more, the inspirer and the maturer of art, and of its poetry, the glorious St. Francis of Assisium. And as to the present, it allows no communion with saints in heaven, and consequently no interest in having their effigies before our eyes: no loving intercourse with blessed spirits, and therefore no right to bring them visibly into action. All ecstasy, supernatural contemplation, vision, and rapturous prayer, with the only approach to heavenly expression that earth can give; all miracles and marvellous occurrences, with the store of incident which they supply; all mingling, in any one scene, of the living and the Blessed, the past and the present—in fine, all the poetry of art is coldly cut out, nay, strangled and quenched by the hard hand of Protestantism.

And as to the living types which the Catholic Church supplies, where is Anglicanism to find them? The Catholic artist can unfold the most

noble characters or scenes of the past, by representing them as they would be found now in the Church. He would put St. Cuthbert or St. Thomas in cope and mitre, such as may be seen on any high festival in the church of Birmingham or Oscott; he would place an angel by his side in the alb and cincture which any minister could wear in a church of London or Bristol, and clothe the attendant monks in habits still worn at Downside or in Charnwood Forest. All would be new and yet fully represent the old, as nobly and as perfectly as it can be done. Let an Anglican artist try to establish the same links, and observe the same truthfulness; let him endeavor thus, through the eye, to convince Protestant beholders, that these venerable personages are fully represented by their modern counterparts. Will he venture to vest the Anglo-Saxon bishop in lawn sleeves and wig, or the angel in a chorister's surplice, or the monks in the cap and gown of a university proctor, or Head of a House?

We might further add that Protestantism lacks essentially all religious tenderness and affectionateness. It has no sympathies with the mysteries that touch the feelings. The crucifix is, to it, what it was in St. Paul's time dividedly to Jew and Gentile, both a stumbling-block and foolishness; the Mother of sevenfold grief is a superstition. Meditation on the infancy or passion of our Lord is not part of youthful training in its schools; it has not produced a tender writer on these subjects.

Now from all this, what are we to conclude? Not merely that Protestantism will never give reality to Lord Lindsay's day-dreams, on the revival of Christian art in England, not merely that it is effete for all artistic purposes; but that Christian art is a noble and a divine existence, not to be commanded by patronage, not to be bought by wealth, not to be coaxed by flattery, not even to be wooed and won by genius. It must spring up, either like the phœnix, from the ashes of its great predecessors,—and this it may do in Italy,—or like the first light, by creation, from the void of a preceding chaos. Protestantism has neither a smouldering spark nor a creative vigor, to quicken it; but the Catholic Church has it everywhere, and therefore here. And this is our answer to our former queries. The time is come; and Catholic art is even now ready to spring into life. We are sure, we know it as a certainty, that there are at this moment in England, artists of the highest name and character ready to lend the powerful guidance of their abilities and experience, towards directing the formation of such a school. We know, too, that there are not wanting youthful artists ready to constitute its body under such guidance; men full of confidence, because full of faith; enamored of all that the Church teaches them to love as well as to believe; admirers of all that is truly beautiful in ancient art and in living virtue; trained already, and skilled in the mechanism and material portion of their art; and what

is more important than all, inured to the exclusively Catholic principle of self-devotion, self-dedication to what is fair, good, and holy, for its own sake. Here is all ready, the materials are compounded; only the quickening touch is wanted, and all will burst into life. Let it not be thought that we are basing our conclusions on vague data or uncertain conjecture; that our wishes are the only groundwork for our assertions. We have carefully weighed the whole matter; we have within reach all that we have reckoned on; we have every evidence that can promise certain results before us, and we are sure that the Catholic public is but little aware of the number of religious artists existing in the country, of their talents, of their zeal, and of their earnest desire to create and perpetuate a school of genuine religious art. Let only what we have written produce an echo in the Catholic mind; let us feel that the ground is secure under our feet; let us learn that a practical effort to produce and to show forth all that we have promised will be generously seconded and supported, and we will engage that what we have written shall not be a dead letter, but shall mark the era of the rise, or at least the planting, of a flourishing and fruitful institution.

We have till now had occasion to speak of Lord Lindsay's work, more in the way of reprehension than of praise. We should be sorry, however, to dismiss it thus. It is, without exception, the most elaborate, the most intelligent, and the

most complete work on Christian art, which English literature contains. Lord Lindsay has travelled through Italy with the eye of a connoisseur and the admiration of an enthusiast. He has traced, as far as possible by his works, the history of each great master, followed his influence through the various schools, and endeavored to make out the filiations and connections of these. Any one travelling into Italy for artistic purposes, will find this work not merely a useful, but an indispensable, companion. Besides the more serious faults which regard religion, and are painful to a Catholic reader, it has many lesser blemishes and mistakes, which a second edition will probably correct. We have not made any regular note of these, but a few examples may serve to direct the author's eye to others. Vol. i. p. 33, S. Stefano in Rotondo is described as an ancient baptistery; of which there is no evidence,—in fact, it was originally an open portico, perhaps a public hall. Page 78, the mosaic on the triumphal arch of the Basilica of St. Paul, near Rome, fortunately was not destroyed. It was taken down after the fire, and carefully repaired, to be again replaced. Page 86 (note,) we are told that "of the intermediate Dedication" (Presentation) "of the Virgin (her ascent of the steps of the temple when a child) there certainly existed a traditional representation in the tenth and eleventh centuries; but it is very rare and of inferior merit, and was never, that I am aware of, copied by Italian artists." We are

writing this almost at the foot of a painting, most probably by Giotto, representing this very subject. Page 86, the mosaic of our Lord's Baptism at Ravenna is said to be probably the original of the traditional representation of this subject. We can refer further back to the painting over an ancient font of living water in the Catacombs, in the cemetery of Pontianus, out of the Porta Portese. Page 99 we have the two usual male figures, engaged in the Deposition from the Cross, described as "Joseph and Nathaniel." In vol. ii. p. 192, the same two persons are called "Nicodemus and Nathaniel." We need not observe that the second name in each enumeration is an error, and that Nicodemus and Joseph of Arimathea should stand together in both places. Page 159, St. Nicholas of Myra and St. Nicholas of Bari are made two distinct persons, uncle and nephew. But the great archbishop of the East is the same whose body now reposes at Bari, from which he consequently has taken his name.

These, however, are small inaccuracies compared with one which pervades the work—the German theorizing spirit in which the author attempts to explain the characteristics of different schools, or of different epochs of art, by the greater prevalence of ethnographical influences, the disproportionate intermixture of given races. This is useless as it is fanciful; and in reading a work where one naturally looks for information, for principles, and occasionally for eloquent descrip-

tion or bursts of feeling, one is only annoyed, and almost disgusted, to find the Hindoo, or the Medo-Persian, or the Teutonic element of art brought in to account for results which can have no connection with any of them. Nay, this is carried so far, that we are gravely told that, to understand the reason why the Greek Church turned their churches towards the east, and the Roman towards the west, "we should recollect that Byzantium was a Dorian city, that Roman civilization was of Ionian origin, and that the Dorians and Ionians, the types respectively of conservation and progression, entered their temples, the former from the west, the latter from the east—the former bending their eye for ever on the world they had left behind, the latter pressing eagerly forward in search of novelty and change." (Vol. i. p. 19.) Surely this is but solemn trifling at the best.

We will now draw our remarks to a conclusion We believe Lord Lindsay's work calculated to do much good; to awake thought, and to excite good desires, on the subject of Christian art. Many passages, too, there are in it which will gratify every Catholic, from the candid testimony which they bear to the privileges, if not to the truths, of his religion. We will conclude with one extract, which will show his opinion on the ecclesiological movement in the Anglican Church.

"I much fear that Mr. Pugin is right—that it is 'as utterly impossible to square a Catholic building with the present rites as to mingle oil with water,'—that 'those who

think merely to build chancels without reviving the ancient faith, will be miserably deceived in their expectation,'—'the study of ancient church architecture' (in such an exclusive spirit) 'is an admirable preparation for the old faith,'—and that 'if the present revival of Catholic antiquity is suffered to proceed much farther, it will be seen that either the Common Prayer or the ancient models must be abandoned.' (*Ecclesiastical Antiquities*, pp. 130, 137, etc.) But what is the alternative? the meeting-house? By no means. The Church of England is neither Catholic nor Protestant—she does not, with the Catholics, exalt imagination and repudiate reason, nor, with the Protestants, exalt reason and repudiate imagination; but includes them both, harmoniously opposed, within her constitution, so as to preserve the balance of truth, and point out the true 'via media' between superstition on the one hand and scepticism on the other, thus approximating (in degree) to the ideal of human nature, Christ Incarnate, of whom the Church is the Body, and ought to be the Likeness and the Image. This, then, is the problem—England wants a new architecture, expressive of the epoch, of her Anglican faith, and of the human mind as balanced in her development, as heir of the past and trustee for the future—a modification, it may be, of the Gothic, but not otherwise so than as the Gothic was a modification of the Lombard, the Lombard of the Byzantine and Roman, the Byzantine and Roman of the Classic Greek, the Classic Greek of the Egyptian. We have a right to expect this from the importance of the epoch, and I see no reason why the man to create it, the Buschetto of the nineteenth century, may not be among us at this moment, although we know it not."—Vol. ii. p. 29, note.

What chance is there for Christian painting in the Church which has not yet raised fitting walls on which it can be executed?

SPANISH

AND

ENGLISH NATIONAL ART.

[From the *Dublin Review* for Dec. 1848.]

ART. X.—1. *Annals of the Artists of Spain.* By WILLIAM STIRLING, M. A. 3 vols. 8vo. London: Ollivier, 1858.
2. *Reports of the Commissioners on the Fine Arts; 5th, 6th, and 7th.* London, 1846-7.

THE ignorance about Spain which prevails in every other country of Europe is certainly wonderful. Many regions of Asia have been better explored. That the religious jealousy of its people, and some additional vague fears connected with it, have kept the prying eye of English travellers from its boundaries, we cannot doubt; but even France, except in the shape of a hostile invasion, has seldom penetrated beyond that huge mountain-wall, which sunders—pity it has not done so more effectually—these two neighboring lands. This utter separation of Spain from the rest of Europe, for several centuries, extends to what might be considered a neutral ground,—the vast domain of art. The first work before us, which

fills up an immense gap in our literature, gives, in the preface, abundant evidence of this. In a rapid analysis of the labors of his predecessors, in England and on the continent, Mr. Stirling has shown how little has been known of Spanish painting until very lately, and how inaccurate that little has been. And even at the very present moment, we should doubt whether many, besides a few professed picture-collectors, have any distinct idea of more than three Spanish painters of eminence,—Murillo, Velasques, and Ribera, under his Italian *soubriquet* of *Spagnoletto*. Yet one single Italian city has produced a greater number of artists, whose names are familiar to all that prate about painting. For instance, the three Caraccis, Dominichino, Guido, Albani, and Guercino, have given a celebrity to the school of Bologna alone, which all the painters of Castile and Andalusia, with Valencia and Estramadura to boot, have not yet procured for the arts of the Peninsula. In addition to the first reason given, of its seclusion from the beat of travellers and collectors, we may account for this on another ground. The patronage of Italian art was much more secular than that under which Spanish art has ever flourished—secular as to persons, places, subjects, and motives. The stern simplicity of Spanish dwellings and Spanish habits, contrasts strongly with the luxurious apartments and splendid galleries of Italian palaces. Hence artists painted for these and for their owners. In other words, the subjects which they too

often treated, were in accordance with the voluptuous thoughts of any age or country; and their paintings were liable to all vicissitudes of other private property, and might be sold, or seized, or exchanged, or pilfered, or turned into securities in a thousand ways, which would transfer them to other owners. The cabinet, or gallery, pictures of Italy have thus travelled over Europe, and have made every lover of art acquainted with their authors. And this had taken place already before the great displacer of men and things—foreign invasion—had made wholesale clearances of palaces and churches. But in Spain it could not be so. From Rincon to Murillo, with the exception of the royal painters, whose works were not exposed to commercial risks, the Spanish artists devoted themselves almost entirely to the service of the Church. The architect displayed his skill in raising the splendid cathedrals, Cartujas (*Chartreuses*,) or other conventual buildings, which formed the glory of old Spain. The sculptor, who, in modern phrase, would be rather called a carver—for wood was his ordinary material—profaned not his chisel by producing lascivious, or even profane, forms, but labored his life long on sacred images, or the storied panels of a choir, and produced those life-like, speaking representations of holy persons, which strike one with awe in the Spanish churches. And another branch of this art is peculiar to Spain. The silversmiths, or, as Mr. Stirling truly calls them, "sculptors and architects in plate" (p. 159), in-

stead of manufacturing, like Cellini, mythological saltcellars, passed their lives in elaborating those magnificent *Custodias*, or Remonstrances, of which a few yet remain to astonish the traveller, and which are nowhere else to be found.

It required nothing short of sacrilege, carried on by men utterly reckless of its extent, to dislodge these treasures of art; and, unfortunately for Spain, the two most effectual instruments of the crime have been let loose upon her. First, the foreign foe came, not merely as a despoiler, to pillage and ruin, but like a calculating burglar, who, before he breaks into a house, has ascertained the value of the plate and money within, and where it is kept; and so, coolly executes his scheme of plunder. Never before did a picture-dealer go through a province at the head of twenty or thirty thousand men, with his list prepared of what paintings he would purchase, and diffident of the success of his profession as a soldier, rely upon the security of his trade as a broker. Soult pulled down his Murillos at the head of his troops, but, under the shadow of their bayonets, took care to make a regular deed of contract with their trustees, in which the buyer had the dictation of his own terms. And after the heartless soldier of the Revolution, who cared little for the curses of the poor whom he spoiled, came the soulless politician of the modern continental school, who minded as little for their prayers. The suppression of the religious orders, the sale of church property, and

the spoliation and ruin, which followed as a consequence, of magnificent ecclesiastical edifices and establishments, have led to a still further dispersion of the monuments of Spanish art. But there has been one poor compensation in this second and domestic act of Vandalism. The paintings or sculptures thus carried away from their original positions have not been sent abroad, but have been preserved in the country. Miserably placed, badly lighted, wretchedly framed, often horribly neglected, and surrounded with trash of every description, the master-pieces of Spanish art are now to be seen, in the principal cities, collected into what is called a gallery, but what was a church, or a refectory, or a cloister of some convent,—never intended, and therefore totally unfitted, for their reception.

In Italy, too, the same error has been committed, and has been copied everywhere, of tearing away the artist's work from the spot for which he designed, toned, and proportioned it, where it was surrounded by accessories to which it was adapted, or which were made expressly to heighten its effect, and of hanging it on the walls of a hall or gallery, where a painting with colossal figures by Caravaggio is placed perhaps above a minutely-finished Breugel, because the two fit to the place, but not certainly to the eye, or its laws of vision. But at any rate in other parts of Europe some little care has been taken to make the gallery suited to the specimens which it contains; and

often costly buildings have been erected for their preservation. The unsettled state of Spain, which has not yet allowed the roads to be mended, has not permitted this attention, at least in the provinces, to the splendid productions of its artists. And greatly do we fear, that, as prosperity returns to that long-agitated nation, its first efforts will be manifested far more by an ambition to raise cotton-mills and iron foundries, than to erect *pinacotheks* and *glyptotheks* for its master-pieces of art. Indeed, more important duties of restoration than this, weigh on the national conscience. And bad as is the present position of paintings in what are now called their galleries, besides the convenience for inspecting them which is afforded, we rejoice that the churches are spared the profanation to which the curiosity of the picture-gazer generally subjects the house of God.

But to return. Spanish art is, more eminently than any other, the daughter of Religion; because, unlike the Italian or Flemish schools, she never turned her back upon her mother, nor called down her censures on herself; but to the end remained her child and handmaid, working faithfully for her, and on her own principles. There never has been in Spain a profane, or to speak more tenderly, a *classical* school of art; a school of nudities, that is, of mythologies, of heathenism, and of the vices. Nay, even more. The extra-religious domain of Spanish painting would naturally be the same as of its poetry,—not the classical, but the romantic,

world. In a nation which, up to the very moment when its arts reached a great development, was still engaged in the Christian war against the Moslem, in which the spirit of chivalry had been prolonged by its two chief sources, great courage animated by strong religious feeling, we should hardly have been surprised to see the great deeds of the Campeador and his brother heroes immortalized by the pencil, while Mars or Brutus might have been easily despised, beside real, and recent, and virtuous, feats of war. But even in the face of these more national and noble themes, painting has remained, in Spain, true to her maiden love of the celestial alone; she has given them up to poetry, and she has disdained aught less elevated than the glory of God and His saints.

But Mr. Stirling has expressed all this in language which, as coming from one by no means partial to the Catholic religion, will be more striking and convincing than anything that we can say. We must therefore make room for a long passage from him :—

"Spanish art, like Spanish nature, is in the highest degree national and peculiar. Its three principal schools of painting differ in style from each other, but they all agree in the great features which distinguish them from the other schools of Europe. The same deeply-religious tone is common to all. In Spain alone can painting be said to have drawn all its inspiration from Christian fountains, and, like the architecture of the Middle Ages, to be an exponent of a people's faith. Its first professors, indeed, acquired their skill by the study of Italian models, and by communion with

Italian minds. But the skill which at Florence and Venice would have been chiefly employed to adorn palace halls with the adventures of pious Æneas, or ladies' bowers with passages from the Art of Love,—at Toledo, Seville, and Valencia was usually dedicated to the service of God and the Church. Spanish painters are very rarely to be found in the regions of history or classical mythology. Sion Hill delights them more than the Aonian Mount, and Siloa's brook than ancient Tiber or the laurel-shaded Orontes. Their pastoral scenes are laid, not in the vales of Arcady, but in the fields of Judea, where Ruth gleaned after the reapers of Boaz, and where Bethlehem shepherds watched their flocks on the night of the Nativity. In their landscapes it is a musing hermit, or, perhaps, a company of monks, that moves through the forest solitude, or reposes by the brink of the torrent: not there

"'Gratia cum Nymphis geminisque sororibus audet
Ducere nuda choros.'*

"Their fancy loves best to deal with the legendary history of the [B.] Virgin, and the life and passion of the Redeemer, with the glorious company of apostles, the goodly fellowship of prophets, and the noble army of martyrs and saints; and they tread this sacred ground with habitual solemnity and decorum. . . . . Far different" (from those of the Italian artists) "were the themes on which Murillo put forth his highest powers. After the 'Mystery of the Immaculate Conception,' he repeated, probably more frequently than any other subject, the 'Charity of St. Thomas of Villanueva;' and it was his finest picture of that good prelate, inimitable for simplicity and grandeur, that he was wont to call emphatically 'his own.'†

"The sobriety and purity of manner which distinguished the Spanish painters is mainly to be attributed to the restraining influence of the Inquisition. Palamino‡ quotes a decree of that tribunal, forbidding the making or exposing

* Horat. Carm. lib. iv. 8; v. 5, 6.

† Chap. xii. p. 876.

‡ Pal. tom. ii. p. 138.

of immodest paintings and sculptures, on pain of excommunication, a fine of fifteen hundred ducats, and a year's exile. The holy office also appointed inspectors, whose duty it was to see that no works of that kind were exposed to view in churches and other public places. Pacheco, the painter and historian of art, held this post at Seville, and Palamino himself at Madrid. . . . . Another cause of the severity and decency of Spanish art, is to be found in the character of the Spanish people. The proverbial gravity—which distinguishes the Spaniard, like his cloak—which appears in his manner of address, and in the common phrases of his speech is but an index of his earnest and thoughtful nature. The Faith of the Cross, nourished with the blood of Moor and Christian, nowhere struck its roots so deep, or spread them so wide, as in Spain. Pious enthusiasm pervaded all orders of men: the noble and learned as well as the vulgar. The wisdom of antiquity could not sap the creed of Alcala or Salamanca, nor the style of Plato or Cicero seduce their scholars into any leaning to the religion of Greece or Rome . . . . . After all the revolutions and convulsions of Spain, where episcopal crosses have been coined into dollars to pay for the bayoneting of friars militant on the hills of Biscay, and the primacy has become a smaller ecclesiastical prize than our Sodor and Man; it is still in Spain—constant, when seeming most false—religious, when seeming careless of all creeds—that the pious Catholic looks hopefully to see the Faith of Rome rise, refreshed, regenerate, and irresistible.* Nurtured in so devout a land, it was but natural that

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* "See the able article on 'Spain,' in the *Dublin Review*, No. xxxvi. art. 4, containing an interesting sketch of the present state of the Spanish Church, which, though drawn by the too favorable hand of an enthusiastic partisan, displays that knowledge of the subject in which some zealous Protestant travellers who have lately written books about it, are so lamentably deficient, and the absence of which few of their Protestant readers ever seem to detect."—[Mr. Stirling's note.]

Spanish art should show itself devout. The painter was early secured to the service of religion. His first inspiration was drawn from the pictured walls of the churches or cloisters of his native place, where he had knelt a wondering child beside his mother, where he had loitered or begged when a boy; to their embellishment his earliest efforts were dedicated, out of gratitude, perhaps, to the kindly Carmelite or Cordelier who had taught him to read, or fed him with bread and soup on the days of dole; or who had first noticed the impulse of his boyish fancy, and guided 'his desperate charcoal round the convent walls.' As his skill improved, he would receive orders from neighboring convents, and some gracious friar would introduce him to the notice of the bishop or the tasteful grandee of the province. The fairest creations of his matured genius then went to enrich the cathedral or the royal abbey, or found their way into the gallery of the sovereign, to bloom in the gardens of Flemish and Italian art. Throughout his whole career the Church was his best and surest patron. Nor was he the least important or popular of her ministers. His art was not merely decorative and delightful, but it was exercised to instruct the young and the ignorant; that is, the great body of worshippers, in the scenes of the Gospel history, and in the awful and touching legends of the saints, whom they were taught from the cradle to revere. 'For the learned and the lettered,' says Don Juan de Butron, a writer on art in the reign of Philip IV., 'written knowledge may suffice; but for the ignorant, what master is like painting? They may read their duty in a picture, although they cannot search for it in books.' * The painter became, therefore, in some sort a preacher; and his works were standing homilies, more attractive, and perhaps more intelligible, than those usually delivered from the pulpit. The quiet pathos, the expressive silence of the picture, might fix the eye that would drop to sleep beneath the glozing of the Jesuit, and melt hearts that would remain untouched by all the thunders of the Dominican."—Vol. i. pp. 10-16.

* Discursos Apolegeticos. Madrid, 1626, 4to. p. 36.

But we feel sure that our readers will desire us to expatiate on this topic even further. It is our earnest wish to encourage the feeling, or rather to establish the principle, that religious art will make religious artists, and cannot be carried on without them. It is well known that early Italian art was not only eminently Christian, but either produced, or nourished in holiness, such men as the Beato Angelico, Simone Memmi, and Fra Bartolomeo. Spanish art will be found to have done the same. We will begin with an illustrious example. But first we must give some account of the rise of art in Valencia, to the school of which it belongs. Mr. Stirling thus describes it:—

"The city of Valencia, so full of beauty and delight, says the local proverb, that a Jew might there forget Jerusalem, was equally prolific of artists, of saints, and of men of letters. Its fine school of painting first grew into notice under the enlightened care of the good archbishop, [St.] Thomas of Villanueva. Illustrious for birth, piety, and benevolence, and admitted after his death to the honors of the Roman Calendar, this excellent prelate, once a favorite preacher of the Emperor Charles V., became a favorite saint of the south, rivalling St. Vincent Ferrer, and receiving, as it were, a new canonization from the pencils of Valencia and Seville. There were few churches or convents, on the sunny side of Sierra Morena, without some memorial picture of the holy man, with whom almsgiving had been a passion from the cradle, who, as a child, was wont furtively to feed the hungry with his mother's flour and chickens, and, as an archbishop, lived like a mendicant friar, and, being at the point of death, divided among the poor all his worldly goods, except only the pallet whereon he lay. These pictorial distinctions were due not only to his boundless charities, but to

his munificent patronage of art, which he employed, not to swell his archiepiscopal state, but to embellish his cathedral, and to instruct and improve his flock."—Vol. i. pp. 353-4.

A saint then has the honor of being the founder and patron of the school of Valencia; and we need not be surprised if it had saints among its artists. One of its greatest ornaments, both in skill and in virtue, was Vincente de Juanes, more generally known by the name of Juan de Juanes. Mr. Stirling shall once more speak for himself, and give an account of this great artist:—

"Being a man of a grave and devout disposition, his fine pencil was never employed in secular subjects, nor in the service of the laity, but wholly dedicated to religion and the Church. Cumberland, in 1827, doubted if any of his pictures were even then in lay hands. With this pious master, enthusiasm for art was inspiration from above, painting a solemn exercise, and the studio an oratory, where each new work was begun with fasting and prayers. His holy zeal was rewarded by the favor of the doctors and dignitaries of the Church. For the archbishop he designed a series of tapestries on the life of the Virgin, which were wrought for the cathedral in the looms of Flanders. He was largely employed by the chapter, and for most of the parish churches of the city; and many of his works adorned the monasteries of the Carmelites, Dominicans, Jesuits, Franciscans, and Jeronymites. . . . . He was also honored by commands far higher than those of abbots and archbishops, and which were among the highest marks of heavenly favor that could be given to the devout artist. On the evening of an Assumption-day, the Blessed Virgin revealed herself to Fray Martin Alberto, a Jesuit of Valencia, and commanded that her picture should be painted as she then appeared, attired in a white robe and blue mantle, and standing on the crescent-moon; above her was to float the mystic dove, and the

Father Eternal was to be seen leaning from the clouds, while her Divine Son placed a crown upon her head. To execute this honorable, but arduous task, the Jesuit selected Juanes, whose confessor he was, and described to him with great minuteness his glorious vision. The first sketches were, however, unsuccessful; and the skill of the painter fell short of the brilliant dream of the friar. Both, therefore, betook themselves to religious exercises, and to their prayers were added those of other holy men. Every day the artist confessed and communicated before commencing his labors: and he would often stand for whole hours with his pencils and palette in his hand, but without touching the divine figure, until his spirit was quickened within him by the fervency of his prayers. His piety and perseverance at last overcame all difficulties; and he produced a noble picture of our Lady, exactly conformable to the vision, which long adorned the altar of the 'Immaculate Conception' in the Jesuits' convent, and became famous among artists for its excellence, and among friars for its miraculous powers. In Valencia it enjoyed the title of 'La Purisima,' and was widely known by an engraving; after the expulsion of the Jesuits, it remained in their church till the War of Independence; but its subsequent fate has not been recorded."—Vol. i. pp. 356-8.

But Spain has, in the truest sense of the word, given birth to a painter-saint. His life is in every respect so beautiful, that though it occupies a considerable space, we cannot resist the temptation of giving it at length, as abridged by Mr. Stirling; premising only that we do not thereby mean approval of some levities to be found in the narrative:—

"Although Spain has produced many devout artists, clerical as well as laic, to Pedro Nicolas Factor alone have the honors of canonization been accorded. His Father, Vincente Factor, was a native of Sicily, and by trade a tailor;

and coming to Valencia to seek his fortunes, he there fixed his abode, and married Ursula Estana. The first fruit of this union was a son named Bautista, who afterwards became a grave and learned doctor of law at Xativa; the second was Pedro Nicolas, who was so called because he was born on St. Peter's day, 1520, and because his father regarded St. Nicolas with peculiar devotion. This auspicious birth took place in a house adjoining, and afterwards taken into, the Augustine convent, and in a chamber occupying the spot where the Host was afterwards kept. In honor of the event, the tailor and his wife were wont, in after years, to wash the feet of twelve poor men and a priest every St. Nicolas's day, and gave them a meal, and two reals each in money. The saintly and artistic tendencies of their second son soon began to develop themselves. While yet a child, he took great delight in fasting; his parents' oratory was his favorite haunt, and to make little altars and images of saints his favorite pastime. Neglecting his lessons one day at school, the fact was maliciously pointed out by another boy to the master, whose leathern thong, which served him for a birch, immediately descended on the shoulders of the future saint and called forth, not only renewed application, but a display of Christian meekness very rare among boys or men: for the sufferer, as soon as the pedagogue's back was turned, instead of doing battle with the traitor, humbly kissed his hand, and thanked him for his good offices. His food and clothes were frequently given to the poor, and much of his time was spent in the hospitals, and in attendance on the sick, especially those affected with leprosy and other loathsome diseases. Meanwhile he prosecuted his theological studies with great ardor; and he also acquired a knowledge of painting, although the name of his master has not been recorded. His father, who seems to have thriven by the needle, wished to set him up in trade as a dealer in cloth, and even offered him one thousand ducats for this purpose; but the monk being strong within him, he resisted the parental entreaties, and entered the Franciscan convent of St. Maria de Jesus, a quarter of a league distant from Valen-

cia, in his seventeenth year. There he became distinguished during his noviciate for his rigorous observance of the rules of the order, and he took the final vows on the first Sunday of Advent, 1538. His life was henceforth devoted to the earnest discharge of all the duties, and to the practice of every austerity which, in the eyes of his country and Church, could elevate and adorn the character of a mendicant friar.

"As soon as he was of sufficient age, he received priest's orders, and was ordained a preacher at the Franciscan convent at Chelva, a house not unknown to legendary fame. In its garden no sparrows were ever seen, although the adjacent walls swarmed with them, because, in former times, a pious gardener-monk, whose potherbs had suffered, and whose soul was vexed by their depredations, had prayed for their perpetual banishment. Among the groves, too, of this garden was a cave, called the Cave of Martyrs, because it had been the favorite oratory of two religious, who were afterwards put to death by the infidels of Granada. In these sparrowless shades, Factor spent much of his time: and in this cavern, being unable to discipline himself to his own satisfaction, he caused a novice to flog him until his body was lacerated and empurpled to his heart's content. His zeal for his own flagellation was extraordinary. When he held the post of master of the novices, who were twenty-two in number, in the Franciscan convent of Valencia, reversing the usual position of novice and master, he frequently caused them to flog him by turns, ordering one to give him a dozen lashes for the twelve apostles, another fifteen for the fifteen steps of the temple, and the rest other numbers on similar pretexts, until he had received chastisement from them all. If compelled to inflict the scourge with his own hands, he accompanied the strokes with a solemn chant. In the choir, at the altar, and in the pulpit, he was equally unwearied in the performance of his sacred functions. Being a good musician, his services were highly valued in the musical parts of worship; and his fame for sanctity attracted many people to the church where he officiated. While engaged in public or private prayer, he frequently fell into ecstasies or

raptures, sometimes of long duration, in which he was so unconscious of material things, that sceptical bystanders sometimes thrust pins into his flesh, without exciting his attention thereby. As a preacher, his eloquence and earnestness gained him a high reputation. In the pulpit, his face often became radiant with supernatural light; and, on one occasion, a hen and chickens straying into the church, stood motionless at his feet, as if he had been another St. Anthony, 'which,' says his biographer gravely, 'all men took for a miracle.' His humility was so great, that he would frequently lie down in the cloister, or even in the street, to kiss the feet of the passers-by. His charity was unbounded, and he was rarely seen with any other clothing but his brown frock, because he could not refrain from giving away the under garments with which his friends provided him; and one of his few recreations was to stand, ladle in hand, at his convent door, dispensing soup and '*olla*,' and spiritual counsel to the mendicant throng. No saint in the calendar ever fasted more rigorously; or more rigidly went barefoot, and dieted to bread and water. Like his great chief, St. Francis de Paula,* he was a determined woman-hater; but in spite of his labors, his mortifications, and his prayers, he was sometimes, like other holy men, tempted by demons in fair, seducing shapes. His severest trial of this kind took place in his own cell on a St. Ursula's night, when he was in great danger of being worsted, had not that Virgin Martyr appeared in a flood of glory, and scared the tempter away.

"In painting, his favorite subject was the Passion of our Lord, on which he endeavored to model his own life, and which sometimes so powerfully affected his fancy, that he used to retire to solitary spots among the hills, to meditate on it with tears. He painted many representations of this religious mystery in his own convent of Santa Maria de Jesus, where the greater part of his life seems to have been spent. He frequently, however, visited other religious houses, especially those to which he was guardian, as those

* St. Francis of Assisium.

of Chelva, Val de Jesus, and Gandia. For these establishments he executed pictures, sometimes in fresco, and not unfrequently illustrated and explained by pious verses of his own composition.

"His reputation for sanctity having spread far and wide, on the establishment of the royal Convent of Barefooted Nuns at Madrid, in 1559, its founder, the Infanta Juana, with the consent of the king, appointed him confessor to the sisterhood. In this nunnery, rich in reliques presented by kings and popes, he executed a picture of 'Christ at the column.' But the ceremonial and distractions of a court-life soon vexed his austere soul, and led him to determine on returning to the quiet of his Valencian cloister. With his staff in his hand, and his loins girded for the journey, he passed the avenues of the Prado and the gate of Atocha, and turned aside to offer up a prayer in the stately church dedicated to the Virgin of Atocha, one of the oldest and holiest effigies in Castile. As he knelt at her splendid shrine, beneath its lamps of silver, where so many crowned heads before and since have bowed, it is recorded that the image miraculously addressed him in these words: 'Fray Nicolas, why dost thou depart, and forsake the brides of my Son?' (Porque te vas y dexas solas las esposas de mi Hijo?) Amazed and terrified by the portent, the poor confessor remained speechless and trembling until the Virgin, who seems to have spoken merely to try his faith, reassured him by adding 'Go in peace' (Vete in buen hora), which he accordingly did, and arrived safely beneath the shade of his native palm-trees in the garden of Valencia.

"The remainder of his life was spent for the most part at the convent of Sta Maria de Jesus, where he painted the 'Triumph of the Archangel Michael' in the cloister, and enriched the choir books with illuminations, and became more and more distinguished among his fellow friars for spiritual gifts, frequently holding mysterious colloquies with the image of Our Lady, and 'shining forth in miracles and holiness, like the sun among stars.'

"In 1582 he undertook a journey to Catalonia, where he

resided for eighteen months, visiting the various convents, and preaching in the principal cities. On his return to Valencia, in November, 1583, he was seized with a fever, which, acting on a frame already exhausted by labors and privation, carried him off on the 23d of December, in the sixty-third year of his age. On his death-bed he displayed the same humility and devotion, and enjoyed the spiritual distinction for which he had been remarkable through life; his last wish was to be buried in a dunghill, and the midnight before his decease sounds of celestial music proceeded from his cell. His body being laid out to public view, was visited by the Grand Master of Montesa, many of the nobles, and all the clergy of Valencia; and reliques of the dead friar were so eagerly sought for, that a poor student, under pretence of kissing his feet, actually bit off two of its toes before the corpse was consigned to its sumptuous tomb in the chapel. All his sayings and doings were diligently chronicled; and his friend, Fray Cristoval Moreno, despatched a monk to Catalonia, to collect the particulars of his last journey, which were afterwards recorded in the life published in 1588 by authority of the Patriarch Juan de Ribera. Numberless examples were there cited of his prophetic and miraculous powers, in which he rivalled his friend, Luis Beltran, who likewise became a saint of great fame at Valencia. Hearing a report of the king's death during the sitting of the Cortes at Moncon, in 1563, Factor is said to have retired to his cell, and after inflicting grievous self-chastisement, to have received a communication from heaven, that the report was groundless, as it turned out to be. The victory at Lepanto and the death of Queen Anna were announced to him at Valencia at the very time that these events were taking place,—the one in the Gulf of Corinth, and the other in the capital of Spain. Countless sick persons were restored to health through his prayers; and by virtue of a lock of his hair, a hosier's wife at Barcelona obtained a safe and easy delivery, and a rector of the same city was cured of gout in his legs. Witnesses were found to make oath, that they had seen on the friar's hands

the stigmata, or marks of the nails, like those of our Lord and of St. Francis de Paula (of Assisium). These and similar prodigies at length obtained for Factor the honors of canonization from Pope Pius VI., who, on the 17th of August, 1786, declared him a 'beato,' or saint of the second order. In 1787, a medal, bearing his head, was struck in his honor at Valencia by the Royal Academy of San Carlos; and in 1789, a small engraving of the new saint was executed by Moles.

"'Factor's pictures,' says Cean Bermudez, 'although somewhat poor in coloring, displayed considerable skill in drawing;' and they were full of that devotional expression and feeling that belongs to the pencil that speaks out of the fulness of a pious heart. Unhappily, none of his works are now known to exist, either in the Museum of Valencia, or in the Royal Gallery at Madrid; perhaps none of them have survived the fall of the convents. . . . . Ponz esteemed the 'Triumph of the Archangel Michael,' in the cloister of Santa Maria de Jesus, as the painter's best work, praising it as worthy of the school of Michael Angelo, and deploring the injuries which it had sustained both from time and neglect.

"Moreno has preserved some fragments of Factor's writings, both in prose and verse. The former consist chiefly of letters addressed to nuns. There is likewise a curious 'Spiritual Alphabet' (*Abecedario Espiritual*), in which each letter begins with a name or title of the Supreme Being,—as A. *Amor mio*, B. *Bien mio*, C. *Criador mio*, and the like. The verses are devotional hymns on the 'Love of God,' the 'Union of the Soul with God,' and similar subjects."—Pp. 368-79.

Many other instances may be collected of the piety of Spanish artists. Mr. Stirling thus describes Vargas, an eminent painter:—

"Vargas died at Seville in 1568, with the reputation of a great painter and a good and amiable man. To a natural modesty and kindness of disposition, he added that sincere and fervent piety not uncommon among the artists of the age, and so well befitting one whose daily calling lay among

the sublime mysteries of religion, and required him to fix his contemplations on things above. After his decease there were found in his chamber the scourges with which he practiced self-flagellation, and a coffin wherein he was wont to lie down in the hours of solitude and repose, and consider his latter end. Notwithstanding these secret austerities, he was a man of wit and humor withal; as appears by his reply to a brother painter, who desired his opinion of a bad picture of 'Our Saviour on the Cross;' 'Methinks,' answered Vargas, 'he is saying, "Forgive them, Lord, for they know not what they do."'"—P. 313.

Again, Nicholas Borras was not only a painter of great ability, but a religious "of scrupulous piety, and austere habits."* Fray Juan Sanchez Cotan was another very eminent religious painter. He was hardly known till his forty-third year, when he became a Carthusian monk in 1604.

"This step," says Cean Bermudez, "greatly aided his progress both in virtue and in painting, and like other holy artists, he found in prayer his best inspiration. . . . . Fray Juan, at his death, which took place at Granada, in 1627, was reckoned 'one of the most venerable monks, as well as one of the best painters in Spain.' 'He had preserved,' says Palomino, 'his baptismal grace and virgin purity;' his brethren were wont to call him 'the holy friar Juan.'" †

One of the strangest characters in the history of art is certainly Alonzo Cano, a mixture of cleverness in his profession, eccentricity of conduct, and goodness of heart. He was made a canon of Granada, without being in orders, and the violence of his temper involved him in all sorts of mishaps. But after having been deposed, and reinstated,

* Vol. i. p. 380. † Pp. 436, 439

through royal patronage, never in Spain refused to art, "the remainder of his life was chiefly devoted to pious exercises and works of charity. Poverty and wretchedness never appealed to him in vain, and his gains, as soon as won, were divided among widows and orphans. His purse was, therefore, often empty; and on these occasions, if he met a beggar in the street, whose story touched him, he would go into the next shop, and asking for pen and paper, sketch a head, a figure, or an architectural design, and give it as his alms, with direction for finding a purchaser, at a price which he affixed to it. His benevolence of heart being equalled by his readiness of hand, these eleemosynary drawings were rapidly multiplied, and a large collection of them came into the possession of Palomino."*

His death-bed was most exemplary and edifying, but not without a dash of his two other characteristics—his artistic feeling, and eccentricity of mind. He would not be attended by his own curate, because he ascertained from him that he had given communion to converted Jews, for whom he had an abhorrence almost amounting to a mania, ludicrous in its manifestation. And when the person selected by him to attend him, held before him, in his dying moments, a wretchedly-executed crucifix, Cano, with his feeble hand, put it aside. The good man was shocked, and reminded him what it was, saying: "My son, what are

* Vol. ii. p. 791.

you doing? This is the image of our Lord, the Redeemer, by whom alone you can be saved." "So I do believe, father," said the dying man," "yet vex me not with this thing; but give me a simple cross, that I may adore Him, both as He is in Himself and as I can figure Him in my mind."* No one who has seen Alonzo Cano's own representation of the Crucifixion will be astonished at his fastidiousness; we never recollect seeing a picture of it more forcible and striking than one by him at Seville.

But we have in the account of Alonzo Cano's death, another trait which we would not gladly pass over. He had been most unacceptable to the chapter of Granada, upon whom he was thrust by Philip IV.: he had been in a perpetual quarrel with them, he was at last expelled by them, and reinstated against their will, and we are told that "he never forgave the chapter for the attempt to depose him." (P. 795.) Yet when he was taken ill, the chapter, as appears from entries in its books, not only voted 500 reals on the 11th of August "to the canon Cano, being sick and very poor and without means to pay the doctor," but eight days after made a further grant of 200, to buy him "*poultry* and *sweetmeats!*" It surely was not what we call *charity*, but what *is* charity,

* Page 798. We have changed the neuter in Mr. Stirling's translation into the masculine. The Spanish would be either, but the last clause shows that the words must refer to our Lord, and not to the cross.

that dictated this dulcet vote so very unlike that of a modern corporation in favor of a decayed brother.

Similarly distinguished in the twofold sphere of religion and art, were Pacheco, Carducho, Cespedes, the greatest artistic genius perhaps of Spain; and if we may judge from their choice of abode and favorite subjects, Morales "the divine," and Zurbaran. But our readers will be more anxious to know what was the moral and religious character of the prince of Spanish painters, Murillo. We think the inscription chosen by himself for his tomb, as the motto of his life, will, better than many words, describe his principles. It was—

"VIVE MORITURUS."

"Live as one who hath to die." The friend," writes Mr. Stirling, "of good Miguel Manara, and the votary of the holy Almoner," (St. Thomas) "of Valencia, he practiced the charity which his pencil preached; and his funeral was hallowed by the prayers and tears of the poor, who had partaken of his bounties. His story justifies the hortatory motto graven on his tomb; he had lived as one about to die."* In fact, his sacred pictures are so many evidences of his deep religious sentiments.

We have not troubled ourselves, in this review of Mr. Stirling's work, with mere artistic details. For these we must refer our readers to the book

* Vol. ii. p. 901.

itself. It contains inaccuracies, where religious topics are concerned; and, like all Protestant works on Spain, there are to be found in it the common-places of "superstition," "priestcraft," "idolatry," and so forth. But the extracts which we have given will show, that in spite of all that prejudice (too vulgar now to have been expected in a refined and warm-hearted lover of art), he fully bears testimony to the high religious and moral tone of Spanish artists, as of Spanish art. Independently of this, Mr. Stirling has given us the first work worthy of its subject which English literature possesses. He has not found much that was new, nor was it to be expected. Diligent searchers had gone before him, and had collected valuable materials, which Mr. Stirling has ably digested, and most pleasingly rendered and arranged. The dictionary of Cean Bermudez is a vast storehouse of the literature of Spanish art, and must form the groundwork of any attempt at its history. But besides this, Mr. S. has scrupulously sought out, and diligently employed, every other work, or scattered document, that can further illustrate the style, character, or performances of each great artist. Heartily, therefore, do we recommend his work, and hope to see it, on that very account, purged of those blemishes, which, while they grievously pain every Catholic reader, offend no less against good taste, no mean requisite in a writer upon art.

While we have been perusing Mr. Stirling's volumes, and indulging in pleasing musings concerning them, they have almost unwittingly brought our thoughts to a subject, not unconnected with their theme. Here we see the natural growth of a grand national school of art, starting with great principles, with recognized types, with sublime, but understood, subjects, with defined limits for the imaginative and inventive powers; and by ever adhering to all these, while every accessory changed with time, producing, with due variety, a unity of purpose, of thought, and of effect, which makes it, essentially and exclusively, the school of a people. Here the mind at once seizes upon the controlling and modifying power that has effected this: the only real unity of thought, and mind, and of the affections—religion. As it created, so it gave growth to, Spanish art. It began and it perfected. The principles, the types, the subjects, the boundaries, all were her prescriptions.

Now *we* are about to make a great experiment, in connection with art, upon which posterity will have to pronounce, whether it has been a grand triumph or a most egregious failure. In the first place, we are going to apply to art the power of huge mechanical pressure, the grand discovery of our age. The ancient Roman slowly carved and polished his column out of porphyry, by steel and sand: we should blow it out of the rock by gunpowder, and cut it like chalk with a steam-saw. The Greek patiently sculptured his statues from

the obstinate marble; we squeeze ours in *carton-pierre*, or cast them in pottery, and nickname it *Parian*. We cut iron bars as our forefathers cut paper; we shape anything out of anything—out of glass, or gutta percha, or papier-maché, or iron, or felt, or zinc, or clay; material is nothing, if enough pressure can be applied to it. So far it has succeeded, and we are determined to push our principle into the domain of art. What generations of men did it not require to erect one great cathedral! Its upheaving from the soil was the work of centuries; so that the laws which directed it, became one after the other obsolete, and each edifice stands the built-up chronicle of national architecture, on which, from crypt to spire, are recorded in plain hieroglyphics, the revolutions of taste, and the developments of mechanical skill. But now in a few years of an architect's life, the Thames sees its banks crowned by an edifice of the dimensions of six or more cathedrals, one in plan, in design, in materials, and in execution. The palace of Westminster is a phenomenon such as the world has not seen, since the days of Roman edification. How the old crane on the top of Cologne Cathedral would stare, could it stretch its neck far enough, at the aerial railways that bestride the English building, project pensile over its loftiest towers; and marvel at seeing a boy quietly raise to the top, and deposit on its exact bed, a mass which would have made its poor sides ache for half an hour to get up, and much more

to steer to its destination! Thanks to our mechanical skill and power for this.

Having thus, as if by magic, erected the building, we are going to try if we cannot succeed in the same manner with pictorial art, to decorate it. Avowedly we have no British school of painting. We have probably the first animal painter, and the best marine painter, and some of the best landscape and portrait-painters in Europe. But even so we have no school. Landseer and Stanfield stand alone; our portrait-painters make likenesses but not pictures. Our historical painters, though belonging to the same academy, copying the same models, and living in the same city, form nothing that approaches to a school. Let any one remember Herbert's House of Nazareth and Etty's Joan of Arc, hanging together on the wall, and say what they had in common. Well—having neglected to form and train a national school of art, we are going to try if we cannot create one. On a sudden our usual process is to be undertaken; vast spaces are to be covered with frescoes, beyond what Italy or Spain ever opened to its artists; and the first manifestation of high art is to be, in our country, not a rude embryo, or a promise of greater things, but a magnificent and finished production, embracing every department of sacred and profane, ancient and modern, sea and land, war and peace, fabulous and historical, from Arthur, Prince of the Round Table, to Arthur Duke of Wellington. All this and much

more is, in a moment, to be brought into life, there, where Europe, present and future, will be best able to judge us. Can the sudden pressure of ambition, or of gold, produce artistic genius, or at once ripen it, if not before cultivated? Has this ever yet proved a hot-bed plant, and submitted to be forced? This is our first great experiment.

The second, to our minds, is still more serious. In describing, a few sentences back, the range of the subjects adapted for the decoration of the parliamentary edifice, we were obliged to omit one class—the religious. We may truly say that this is necessarily excluded. It is not for a moment our opinion, that strictly religious subjects could have been introduced into the series. But this is our point. It is the first time that an attempt has been made to form a great school of art, by the State and not by the Church, through the agency of the head without the heart, with exclusion of the only principle which can give unity of purpose, or of manner. In other words, no artist (and certainly no school of artists) has ever reached grandeur in depicting the real, who has not deeply imbued himself with enthusiasm from the ideal. And where is this to be found? Greece or Rome found it in nymphs, or Cupids, or Apollos, or other abstract types of beauty and grace. But these cannot now act on the imagination or affection of any, Christian or infidel. The type to us is

as cold as the marble, or as dull as the bronze which embodies it.

The Catholic Church unveiled to art a new world of the ideal, in two marvellous unions of what before had been incompatible—the union of beauty with purity, and the union of sorrow with divinity. Upon these art has fed and grown till now, wherever it has attained true greatness; we are going to experimentalize, whether she can be made to do so now without them. The separation, in mind and imagination, of perfect beauty from all that is voluptuous and earthly, the effort by art to represent this faultless image, this stainless conception, is surely the most refining process through which the mind can pass, in its preparations for giving life to all that is tender, gentle, fair, and sweet. It is the milk wherewith infant art should first be nourished; it should be the youthful artist's dream, as it was Raffaele's when he painted the Madonna of San Sisto. And in her alone, whom he thus portrayed, has this graceful and sublime abstraction of beauty been fulfilled. If this study is necessary for the tender, the other is no less so for the heroic. The perfection of the heroic is innocent suffering. Yet sorrow, bodily pain, and the outward marks of insult, are of themselves but poor subjects for art. They are opposed to the natural estimate of the sublime; they are mean in the hands, and in the eyes, of unchristian art. No *man* could ennoble them. Among the works of

the ancients, is there one in which even the effort is made to give dignity—not to deep tragic grief, but to abjection, poverty, or sufferings of a criminal? The so-called dying gladiator, with the form of a hero, an attitude of consummate skill, and one single wound, comes nearest to the attempt; and yet it is incapable of moving any tender emotion. We admire indeed; then we pass on to another. But, in fact, so unnatural in ancient art is the idea of exciting any feelings at all, by one belonging to the class of a slave, that antiquarians consider the statue to represent a warrior, and not a prize-fighter. Now on the other hand, let us consider what the Christian artist is taught to do. First, he has to imagine wretchedness as deep as may befal man, poverty, scorn, universal dereliction, calumny; mental anguish, agony, a crushed soul, and a wrung heart; bruises, buffets, wounds, the halter round the neck, the thorns round the brow, the scourge upon the back, and the cross on the shoulder; all these in one person combined; and then he has to depict him, not dignified, not of noble bearing, not raised in mind, by haughty abstraction, over his woes, but looking out from the midst of them upon you so sweet, so solemn, so tender and so benign, that you weep, and love, and burn, in looking upon Him. The painter must have come up to the conception of the truth, but to his mind the ideal of the sublime in suffering: the extreme of griefs borne as none but God could bear

them. Morales has done this, and has been therefore called the "divine."*

If the study of the Madonna is the most perfect initiation into the tender, that of Our Lord is the surest instruction in the sublime, in art. But where these are not subjects of thought and of frequent representation, neither can they be modes of training, or exercises of the powers. It is not the study of such subjects in the works of other artists, it is not the abstract belief in such themes, it is not even the mere artistic or romantic enthusiasm respecting them, that will give inspiration; it is only the firm and devout conviction of the reality of our types, produced by their being familiar objects of daily thought, or rather meditation, that will gradually purify the image of all that is terrestrial, and make it the die which impresses our work with its own faithful likeness. Where devotion is precluded and unknown, towards the two most perfect models of artistic beauty and grandeur, there cannot ever be a school of Christian art. And as there never yet has been a great historical school formed saved by this, we repeat, an experiment of a novel character is about to be made, the erection of a national school without the aid of religion.

But there is another difficulty in the way of

* In the Church of the Capuchins at Bruges will be found an exquisite Morales, given to it by Mr. Steinmetz, of that city, under such conditions as prevents it ever being sold or removed. Mr. Stirling does not mention this picture.

arriving at anything complete in this new effort to develop art. History in every age comes in contact with religion; and many of the noblest scenes in our annals, as in those of every Christian country, must present many religious and ecclesiastical elements. Yet the traditions which connect the present generation with them have been completely broken, and whatever they contained of the picturesque and the sacred has been ruthlessly consigned to the regions of the legendary and the superstitious. Is this feeling to be persisted in, or is it to be reversed? Let us see the consequences of the former alternative, by two or three examples.

Let us imagine that a great national building in France had to be decorated by the combined genius and skill of its great painters; and that the general scheme was to comprise all that was great and noble in the annals of the country, in men and in events. Could we imagine it possible that St. Louis of France would be totally omitted in the pictorial annals thus designed?—that he would not once appear, whether as the sovereign seated beneath the oak, and dispensing justice or favor to every petitioner, or as the soldier of Christ, taking the cross with his nobles (a splendid scene), or dying of the plague resigned and patient—kingly and saintly in an ignoble death? Now the place which St. Louis held in the estimation of *his* countrymen, St. Edward the Confessor held in that of *ours*. The laws of good King Edward were the

standard of our forefathers' ideas of legislation. His reign was in fact the dawn of peaceful rule. In it was performed the most important and difficult of all social operations, the complete absorption of one race into another, like that of the Lombards into the Italian, or the Visigoths into the Spanish. The Danes, after forty years of intolerable tyranny, gradually, under his mild sway, melted into the population, and disappeared from the eye of the law. But independent of the importance of his reign in a political point of view, the personal character and incidents of this prince afford a merited, and a most hopeful theme for pictorial art. His wonderful escapes in infancy and in youth from the fate of his murdered brother, his mild and wise legislation, the death of Godwin, his death with the miraculous token that forewarned him, are all admirable passages for the pencil. But there are two which we should still more like. If, as we hope, this national palace is to be accessible to the people, and its walls are to teach them lessons of virtue united with greatness, would not a salutary one be given to noble and to simple, by the picture of good St. Edward distributing his alms, with his own hands, among the poor? Or would the lesson be too stern for the one, and too suggestive of regret for the past in the other? Again, they who have seen in the old frescoes of Italy what a beautiful and solemn scene is the enshrining, or bearing to the tomb of one whom all men have loved in life, and revere as a saint, after

death, will easily understand what a splendid and instructive painting the burial, or later enshrining of St. Edward would make. But really we feel quite ashamed of ourselves, in the face of foreign nations and of posterity, to see this great and holy king totally omitted in the Walhalla of English royalty; while Queen Boadicea, about whose very reality no one cares a rush, and Raleigh throwing his cloak for Elizabeth to walk on, and the murder of Rizzio, are to figure in the Royal Gallery or the Royal Antechamber.

But connected intimately with this saintly monarch is another important consideration. Here we are building or rebuilding and decorating—what? why his own very palace or abbey. That noble minster to which this edifice will and can be only an adjunct, as its very name testifies, was his foundation, originally built, endowed, and named by himself. Within a few yards of the palace stands his tomb, desecrated without, inviolate within, stripped of its gold and pearls, but rich with his holy remains; by it stands his chair, on which every monarch of this realm has been careful to be crowned, as though anxious to inherit his spirit with his throne; surely as a matter of history and of justice the very founder of the place deserves commemoration. The account of the event furnishes a series of beautiful subjects, illustrative of the manners and feelings of the time. 1. The king announces to his council his intention of fulfilling his vow, made when in distress, to go

on pilgrimage to St. Peter's shrine at Rome. The assembled prelates and nobles entreat him not to leave his kingdom. 2. An embassy composed of bishops is sent to the Pope, who substitutes for the pilgrimage, the foundation or restoration of a church and abbey, in honor of the Prince of the Apostles. 3. The king consequently repairs to the small abbey of Thorney, ruined by the Danes, and on its site erects the church which received the name of Westminster. If no other subject is admitted, surely the commencement of what is growing up into one of the grandest groups of buildings in the world, ought to be commemorated in it.

But this brings before our minds another very important omission in the proposed scheme of decoration. There is not one single picture illustrative of the rise or progress of the very arts here employed, or of literature of any sort. And indeed how could such be introduced, without shocking every English sense of propriety? For you must throw open to the spectator the interior of monastic life. You must show the aged monk in a nook of his abbey-library engaged in writing, or in illuminating the great choral books of his church. You must in another compartment, exhibit the monastic workshop. There the thoughtful and intelligent designer stands with his novices, in the midst of shrines and reliquaries, and pyxes of quaint forms and precious materials; here one is busy engraving the pure gold chalice, there

another is fitting the alternate jewels and glowing enamels in the costly reliquary; while the heavier metal work of tomb and altar-screen lies scattered about. In another place you will see the religious artificers conducting the whole manufactory of their glorious glass pictures from the furnace to the window, coloring, drawing, and tinting, with pencils that might have been dipped in the rainbow, figures to which heaven's sun was to give life and glory. Again, the carver should be seen, artfully extracting from the gnarled oak features of graceful sweetness, and forcing the rocky stone to yield the image of compassionate sorrow to stand beneath the rood. In fact, to build these very houses of parliament, every old church has been ransacked for models, and thousands of casts have been taken from the works of monastic hands; and not a throne or a gate, scarcely even a lock or a door handle, has been admitted, which has not been copied from the metal work of those ages, preserved in collections.

Now surely it would be graceful, if not even just, to make due acknowledgment to those to whose ingenuity we owe the first introduction of every fine art, and to whose industry we are indebted for the abundant monuments of labor and skill by which we are now enabled to perpetuate it. But here the difficulty meets us: must this be done at the expense of three centuries of false teaching of the people, concerning the "dark ages of monkish ignorance," and must we open to the

public gaze, fervid with toil and ingenious production as the beehive, those religious retreats, which they have been taught to consider as only the receptacles of lazy drones, who were well smoked out, if not occasionally burnt, with the faggot of Harry's orthodoxy? We fear that this consideration, this very shame of having told lies so long, will deter the nation from admitting the history of art into the very palace consecrated to its development. For our part we should say, let tardy justice be done, and let us not be ashamed to own, that when at last, in the middle of the nineteenth century, Great Britain resolves to erect the most sumptuous public building in Europe, she is compelled, for ensuring perfection to the work, to borrow every detail, as well as every feature and proportion, from those calumniated ages; so that no spire, nor tracery, nor buttress, nor niche, nor canopy, nor crocket, nor jamb, nor panel, nor boss, nor bit of metal-work, has been admitted, which could not be justified by monastic, or ecclesiastical, models of Catholic times.

What we have said of the decorative arts, may be said of every other branch. How will you represent the rise of architecture (our *Baukunst* rather) better than as Overbeck has done, in his magnificent composition of the arts rising under the auspices of religion? He has introduced the architect of St. Stephen's at Vienna, explaining his plans to his pupils; and how could the same be represented in England, except by some one

like St. Edward at Westminster, or St. Wilfrid at Ripon, or William of Wickham at Winchester, planning or watching the erection of our ancient cathedrals, either in their rude germs or in their grander expansion? How could you show the rise of national music but as the same great artist has done it, or as was done in a picture now in the Royal Academy, only that instead of St. Gregory, we should have St. Osmund, instructing his choristers in his Sarum chant? How should the first dawn of experimental science be exhibited, but by a peep into the laboratory of Friar Bacon? How the rise of agriculture better than by the monks of Crowland draining the morass, and changing it into a paradise? How, in fine, the rise of our great cities more picturesquely than by the good Fathers of Lindisfarne, with their treasure of St. Cuthbert's body, settling on the sedgy banks now crowned by Durham's awful minster? But in fact on every side, in whatever relates to the social, moral, or literary history of England, we are met by the bugbear of religious prejudices, and by the real difficulties of religious art; by subjects for which there is no preparation in the artist's training; no store of images or recollections in his mind, no affection or veneration in his heart. They must therefore be set aside.

We are naturally led, by the consideration of this subject, to say a few words on the work already executed in the new Houses of Parliament;

because it partly affords a test of the truth of our allegations. The central picture in the House of Lords represents a religious subject, on the "Baptism of Ethelbert," and has a counterpart opposite in "The Spirit of Religion." These pictures, especially the first, have received high commendation; and it must be observed, that every design having passed the ordeal of a Royal Commission, composed of noble patrons, and acknowledged admirers, of art, they must be considered as sanctioned by authority, and evidences to the world of the public taste in this country. We are not now looking at our subject with a technical eye; we do not speak of the drawing, or the coloring, or the execution as fresco, of the work; Mr. Dyce will meet with far better judges than ourselves in these artistic matters. We deal with the case as one of higher interest. Has the baptism of Ethelbert succeeded as a great work of historico-religious art? In spite of the many excellences of the work, we must answer negatively. It does not come up to the grandeur of the subject. The artist was cramped, for he *could* have done it more justice: but he had the fear of a commission before his eyes. We will not find fault with secondary points—as the king being in an attitude and in an attire which reminds one forcibly of the ancient representations of Henry II., undergoing his penance at St. Thomas's shrine: and yet having on his head his kingly crown, the only part of his royal array that must have been indispensably

laid aside, for baptism to be administered, as is represented, by affusion; or as the pontiff, on the other hand, being without his mitre, in an act in which it is expressly prescribed. Catholic eyes seize on such defects easily, and perhaps posterity may again look at paintings with Catholic eyes. But what we really miss throughout the picture, is "The Spirit of Religion," such as should have dispensed with the composition opposite altogether. The day of allegorical paintings is gone by; the world was surfeited of them by the *seicentisti* and the puerilities of Louis the Fourteenth's artists. They belong to Versailles and *rococo*, not to the palace of Westminster and Gothic compartments. Never was there a more splendid reality embodying "The Spirit of Religion," than the historical baptism of Ethelbert. There is Religion, come several thousand miles over sea and Alp, and through many unsettled regions, to bring to an almost unknown race, the knowledge of her sublime truths, and various learning, and with these the blessing, not of civilization, but of *debarbarization*, the arts of more advanced nations, the virtue of social life, and the beauties of peaceful sway and loving subjection. And this Religion comes, the first unarmed invader of the English shore, yet a bannered host. A band of meek, and black-robed recluses from the ruins of the Cœlian hill, have undertaken the conquest, and have marched into Kent, bearing before them, as Venerable Bede informs us, the image of our Redeemer, and His

saving Cross. But chiefly she comes in the person of their leader, the bishop of the picture, on whose figure and countenance should be impressed the training of long years of austerity, the noble bearing of the Roman citizen, and the beaming enthusiasm inspired by the consciousness of the sublimity of his mission, and of his present act. While Religion thus presents herself in the likeness of her highest minister, she comes not unattended by the symbols of her gifts and her authority. From St. Gregory's Epistles we learn how careful he was to furnish his missionaries with all the requisites for the splendid performance of every religious function; and no doubt on occasion of the first, and a royal, baptism in England, nothing would be wanting to give it solemnity and even magnificence. We have therefore, on the one side, all the barbaric pomp of the Saxon Bretwalda brought forth, to honor a state festival; then the rugged features, the stalwart frames, the gold and steel armor of the Saxon thanes; men who never before experienced awe or deep reverence, now at last subdued in mind and attitude, expressing wonder at the mystic rite, amazement at their sovereign's submission, a half superstitious veneration of the mysterious strangers who so calmly exercise their power, and a subdued curiosity about the rich and novel appurtenances of the new worship. And on the other side, we have the might of Religion displayed in its gentle majesty, subduing yet winning, humbling the pride of race and of rude

strength, and the boast of warlike glory, but enriching tenfold by nobler arts and unseen blessings, and opening to the intelligent eye of the barbarian, brighter visions of hope, and sublimer domains of thought, than it had ever before contemplated. By the mysterious rite performed, the king is put in possession of fellowship with the Christian monarchs of Europe, baptism is the gate at once into the Church and into civilization. And all that, by contrast, indicates the superior culture, and the higher refinement of the Roman churchmen, and the messengers of the Supreme Pontiff, should surround them; that array of ministers and those symbolical adjuncts which always accompanied a bishop in so great a function, ought to have been present. Again we repeat, that in the whole range of our history, there is not a scene which, painted, could more perfectly have exhibited "The Spirit of Religion" than this which soars over the royal throne in the House of Lords. But Mr. Dyce has chosen, or has been compelled, only to record with his pencil, the simple fact, that King Ethelbert was baptized.

Turning now to what is intended to represent "The Spirit of Religion," we must be content to say that we do not understand it accurately. A bishop seems to be instructing a monarch in the Bible. The prelate is certainly of the earth earthly, a solid mundane frame in an inaccurate cope; very different from the sweet and noble, bearded saints that we see in our good old masters. Al-

though the commissioners, in giving the subjects for painting, do not explain what they mean by "The Spirit of Religion," or "of Chivalry," we cannot be wrong in thereby understanding "the principle or power existing in these influences, which, when animating the breast of man, can make him perform heroic and almost superhuman things for their sake." Thus "The Spirit of Chivalry" would nerve the true knight to encounter any risk or danger, and rush upon an entire host of foes, to rescue an oppressed or captive damsel; or to face Mahound and Termagaunt themselves, in obedience to her chaste command, if free; or would impel him to take the cross, and endure famine, and plague, and war, in paynim land, to rescue the sepulchre of his Lord. And thus "The Spirit of Religion" is that still sublimer inspiration which, for the sake of higher rewards, will make a man brave danger or suffering, or despise greatness and wealth, and urge him on to marvellous deeds. It is the spirit of the martyr, and no less of the humble friar, who alone lands on the coast of Africa to redeem, or free by exchange, his fellow Christian slaves; it is the principle which has made the monarch resign his crown for God's sake. In Mr. Horsley's picture, the king's crown is not on his head: is it to signify that he has so laid it down? If so, let us be allowed to say, that the symbolism of the power required to effect this is wanting. Never yet has Bible-text, or Bible-comment, acted thus upon the mind and

feelings of a royal scholar. No crown was ever yet laid down at the foot of the Bible. If the power of Religion to work this wonder had to be expressed, there *is* a symbol that would have shown at once to the eye, the motive, the power, and the effect. The bishop should hold in his hand, not a book, but a crucifix.

The want of a religious school of art, or rather of a school with religious traditions in concert with the great themes on which it has to be exercised, is thus clearly seen in what has already been done. We may perhaps be glad, in some respects, that such subjects as we have before touched upon should have been omitted, because we could hardly hope that the great body of English artists would give their souls to the execution of them, with the feeling they would require. Hence, the commissioners have been justly cautious not to trench upon the doubtful ground of the Reformation, or other religious crises: and the only pictures which can be called strictly religious (except the scriptural ones in the peers' robing-room) are "The Conversion of the Anglo-Saxons by St. Augustine's preaching," and "The Reformation," symbolized by "Queen Elizabeth receiving the Bible in Cheapside." And if by this latter picture it is meant to convey the impression, that till this event occurred, the Bible was not known in England in the vernacular tongue, it will tell a simple untruth; a thing to be avoided in painting as much as in words.

We have sufficiently expressed our fear respecting the success of the experiment about to be tried, of suddenly creating a national school of high art, without the aid of the religious element. But we must further express our regret that some of the arrangements made by the commissioners are only likely still further to hamper art, and what is worse, to restrain and limit the great moral results, which might be anticipated from so extensive a pictorial undertaking. We will venture to make some remarks upon this subject.

We assume that the greater part of the paintings will be accessible to the public. The great galleries, and corridors, and waiting rooms must be decidedly so. We do not suppose that an attorney's clerk, carrying a bag for Scotch appeals, or a barrister hastening to argue a peerage case before a committee of privilege, will loiter to look at the pictures; but we hope that the people, women and children too, will be admitted as they are to the Museum, to enjoy a sight of so glorious a national work. If none are to look at it but peers and commons, we certainly grudge its expense. Now, one of the first rules in painting for the public on a great scale is, that all should be simple and intelligible. This should be the case in regard to order and choice of subjects, to composition and to details. The great axiom should never be forgotten, that pictures are the books of the ignorant. Yet, let any one examine the subjects chosen for the various passages and corridors,

and see what amount of information or moral impression will be communicated to the beholders by the paintings on their walls. It will not be like the rudely storied bridges of Lucerne, where the peasant can read the history of every remarkable event in his country's history in successive pictures, nor like the more finished portico at Munich similarly decorated; but it will be so many broken sets of historical matters, not one complete, and each returning back over the same period, so that no unity of plan or object can be discernible. For instance, St. Stephen's Hall has to illustrate "some of the greatest epochs in our constitutional, social, and ecclesiastical history, from the time when the Anglo-Saxon nation embraced Christianity, to the accession of the house of Stuart." (7th Report, p. 10.) The ecclesiastical epochs are the two just mentioned. The others contain some fine subjects, but some that will afford little scope for intelligible impression. For example, "A Sitting of the Wittena-gemot" can present little that is real; nor will it be easy to impress any distinct character on "An Early Trial by Jury." Then, afterwards, the central corridor takes us back to "The Phœnicians in Cornwall," and "A Druidical Sacrifice," and "The English Captives in the Slave Market at Rome." These are chosen by way of contrast with some very modern subjects, "Cook in Otaheite," a "Suttee Sacrifice Stopped," and "Negro Emancipation." But the very key to the selection is too ingenious to be

easily grasped by a common spectator, and it will require a Felix Summerly to write a hand-book of the paintings in Westminster palace, and a man at the gate to sell it, for the understanding of what a brief inscription and a date ought to make intelligible to every Englishman.*

But the taste for contrasts seems to us to have betrayed the Commissioners into a decided immorality. The "Peers' and Commons' corridors" contain sixteen compartments for paintings, and the subject for this noble and important space seems, to our humble judgment, strangely chosen. The whole is to be devoted to the unhappy and inauspicious reigns of the Stuarts, commencing with the Long Parliament, and ending with 1689. But the selection of the particular subjects is made upon a principle still more difficult to approve. It is expressed in these words: "It will be seen that the subjects have been selected on the principle of parallelism, *and that an attempt has been made to do justice to the heroic virtues which were displayed on both sides.*" (P. 10.) When the Commissioners on the Fine Arts received their

* Again, we must go back to "the Norman Porch" for "Canute reproving his Courtiers," a pendant for "Elizabeth at the Sea-side, after the Defeat of the Armada." Now both these, especially the first, are necessarily low pictures. The sea will not admit of a high back-ground, nor of trees to fill up the upper space. Canute must even be seated, and so lower the line of figures. Yet to this subject has been allotted a space 18 feet 2 inches high, by 10 feet 10 inches wide!

appointment, they accepted the office of public instructors, by all that they should bring to act upon the public mind. In every great struggle for mastery there will be heroic *deeds* on both sides, and individual acts of a generous nature; but surely on the one side these will be, at best, the fruit of a mistaken conscience acting honestly in a bad cause; often they will be the result of personal generosity or better impulses, which only lend a false lustre to that cause. But after all, there is a right and a wrong side in the contest; and they should be boldly discriminated. Men should be taught that no amount of heroism, or of individual excellence, can sanction a cause which is wrong in principle, and so vitiated in its very root. Now, let us imagine a Chartist taking his son to the Peers' corridor, to indoctrinate him in the "heroic virtues" of those who expelled "the fellows of a college in Oxford," and beheaded Charles I.* He may tell him that the Commissioners of the crown, so far from wishing to condemn the rebels, as they have been called, and give any preference to their cavalier opponents, have expressly aimed in those grand corridors, to put them on a footing of perfect equality, and do justice to the heroic virtues of both. This, surely, is not a principle to be thus publicly avowed.

We have said that genius must be hampered by the plan pursued, because little or no scope is

* His burial is the subject given, but this of course intimates his violent death.

given for the greater faculties of invention and arrangement. There should doubtless be a controlling power; but much more ought to be left to the artist than is now done. Mr. Dyce, by some signal good fortune, is the only one who has had fair play. The queen's robing-room is to be decorated with the history of Arthur and his knights, and the entire management is in his hands, of principals and accessories. This gives a good artist a fair chance. He can select such subjects as well as harmonize and yet contrast, and make an epic of his work. This *tocador de la Reyna** will be the only apartment in which unity of idea will prevail. But how much better would it be, if this principle were further extended. In one small room are to be crowded our eight principal poets: how can justice be done to them, by one picture for each? In the Villa Massino at Rome, three German painters were engaged by the late prince, to illustrate by their pencils the three great poets of Italy. Overbeck, Cornelius, and Veith were the artists; but to each was entrusted a separate room, and Dante, Tasso, and Ariosto have space enough, each to display his various charms. The selection and combination of the subjects exhibits each artist's genius even more than his execution. Shakspeare cannot be represented by any one picture. His versatility, and immense scope, require a series of paintings to do him justice. He has indeed fallen into good hands; and we are

* The name of a delicate *boudoir* in the Alhambra.

much mistaken if the public does not regret, on seeing Mr. Herbert's Lear, that he was not allowed room enough to display the poet in more than one mood. The artist has not only chosen a grand subject, but he has treated it with a solemnity, a sternness, which almost elevates it to a sacred character. His picture adheres to the wall, as fresco should, not merely by the firmness of the *intonaco*, and the tenacity of the colors, but by its accurate fitting to the space, to its light, to its lines, and to its materials. It is a part of the building: not an easel painting transferred to the wall. In like manner we would much rather give one artist a room or a gallery to himself, and let him plan the paintings that are to adorn it, than follow the present method of crowding several into one room, and producing a patchy and ill-harmonized collection, rather than series, of pictures.*

There is one other point to which we wish to draw attention, and we will conclude. It is to the distribution of subjects with consideration of their age. We cannot but think that the eye will look for some proportion between the architecture and the style of art. It is true that we shall never be able to disguise the fact, that we are in an edifice raised in the nineteenth, and not in the fifteenth, century; but even so there will be certain incon-

* [Since the above was written, Mr. Herbert has had allotted to him a grand work; a large hall to be painted with scriptural subjects, in which his genius will have fair play, and will, no doubt, brilliantly display itself.]

gruities that will shock too much. For instance, the Royal Gallery will have pictures beginning with Queen Boadicea, and ending with the Death of Nelson, and the Meeting of Wellington and Blucher at Waterloo. There will also be the Death of Wolfe, and Lord Cornwallis receiving the Sons of Tippoo. The gallery itself is to be dedicated "to the military history and glory" of Great Britain. If we must needs show forth the glory of our country in the field, by scenes of bloody encounter, why not commemorate Cressy, and Agincourt, and Poitiers, where the mailed warriors and unerring bowmen of old England would agree much better with the rich Gothic decorations of the apartment? The introduction of files of red-coated guards charging with bayonets, or uncoated tars working their guns, would be utterly unsuited to the place. Some of the subjects too have been so vulgarized, by mean representations for years, that they could hardly be brought up again to the heroic standard. But the committee-rooms may be considered as the modern every-day rooms of the building. They are plain square apartments, with immense wall-spaces; with no more than simple decoration; while their furniture, occupants, and purposes, belong to the life of the age. Here modern subjects might be introduced in perfect keeping, and with great effect. There would be room, if one pleases, for the whole Peninsular war, and, what would be still more appropriate, for the commemoration of

great legislative measures, which are generally the result of the patient labor of the committee-room. But the Royal Gallery we would have filled with the choicest deeds of true greatness in the annals of our country, in those ages which preceded the architectural age of the building. We would have that apartment, beyond others, to be the gallery of British virtue, whether shown forth in feats of chivalry, or in generous acts of virtue, whether foreign or domestic. Several such have been chosen, as the actions of Alfred, Bruce, and Philippa. But what has the buccaneer Blake to do in such a place, or the marriage of Henry V.? Then, when we get nearer our times, we have nothing but a series of battles fought amidst clouds of "villanous saltpetre," in no less villanous costumes. These will no doubt rivet the attention of the passer-by: but they will not be the instructive lessons of an age of peace. A grand episode in a battle may be made a moral lecture; but the din of war itself, the strife, and the agony, the gashing and the blood-pouring of the field, are not good to be paraded before a nation, which hails a victory not as an arch of triumph, but as the gate of peace. Again we most fervently trust, that this gallery, and indeed every other nobler part of this magnificent palace, may be dedicated to the truly great, the truly glorious, and only to the truly good. Let the history of England be read on its walls, even by the unlettered beholder. Show him nothing but what you

would inspire him to imitate, or what at least you would not be sorry to hear him praise. Let the arrangement of subjects be more simple and more intelligible. In rooms particular ideas or points may be illustrated, but the corridors, and waiting-rooms, and lobbies, must be for the people, and brought to their level. If we are making a new experiment in art, we were also making one in its effects. For the first time we are going to instruct by pictures. Let not the chance be lost, by over ingenuity, or complex efforts. A chronological arrangement will give every variety, and be most intelligible.

We know how difficult it is, in England, to obtain a hearing, unless some privilege of name or of position gives one a title to it. We have no doubt the nation considers the whole matter of the edifice as one belonging to "the Woods and Forests," just as building a new seventy-four does to the Admiralty; and it does not see why it should trouble itself about the painting of the one, any more than about the decoration of the state-cabin of the other. It is somebody's place to look after each, and John Bull's yearly to grumble at the estimates for both. Each may be a failure in the end—the one may lag miles behind its experimental squadron, and have to be cut down; the other may be pronounced by foreigners and good judges an abortive effort in regard to art. However, they have been duly paid for, and there is an end of the matter. We trust, however, that

the apathy which has been shown till now on the subject of the national palace, as the great field and monument of national art, will not continue. We sincerely hope that men of intelligence and of public standing will take the matter up, and that artists in particular will give their views openly and boldly. For we are sure that the Royal Commission is formed of men too high-minded to be unfavorably biassed in their award of the commissions still at their disposal, by any candid and open remonstrances or appeals. Their reputation individually, as well as the glory of national art is at stake: and mistakes, in great works like these, are irreparable. Such an opportunity as the present will not return. If it does, it must and only can, be by some grand Catholic undertaking.

SUPERFICIAL TRAVELLING.

[From the *Dublin Review* for Feb. 1843.]

ART. VIII.—1. *American Notes for General Circulation.* 2 vols. 8vo. By CHARLES DICKENS. 1842.
2. *A Visit to Italy.* 2 vols. 8vo. By MRS. TROLLOPE. 1842.

IF we wish to describe two countries standing in strong contrast one with the other, we think they might not unfairly be described something in this manner: the first should bear an impression of antiquity in all its parts; the other of novelty. There, old cities, and the ruins of their predecessors, memorials of people beyond people, back into days of fable; here, all of yesterday, log-houses smoking through the exhalations of a newly-cleared morass, and towns composed of "white wooden houses, sprinkled and dropped about, without seeming to have any root in the ground,"* the mushroom growth of a *monumentless* people. In one the arts of refined life should have their home, painting and sculpture, and poetry of every class, a history and a literature perfectly national; in the other the utilities should be supposed to

* Dickens, vol. i. p. 61.

domineer over the graces, and the practical over the imaginative. This one should have its governments right royally established, the monarchical principle consecrated in every way, by venerable descents and by sacerdotal election, illustrated by every variety of name and title, from the imperial diadem to the ducal coronet; and the other should be the very type of democracy and ideal liberty—from the fireside at home, to the national government, which should be a great compound republic, containing other republics, and they again subdivisible, according to the laws of matter, into homogeneous particles *ad infinitum*. In fine, not to carry our contrasts on for ever, we should see in one country a religious principle, and one, too, both stringent, practical, and universal, which pervades institutions, customs, feelings, the inside and outside of things, the higher and the lower, the general and the particular; while the other should be perfectly untrammelled by any such bond, and neither law nor usage require the stamp of such a principle to give worth to any act; nor the constitution of the country much distinguish between Turk and Christian, infidel and believer.

Now if we wish to propose such a contrast, it would not be at all necessary to draw upon the imagination for it. We have it in truth, in actual existence; and the two works which we have joined together at the head of our article, do really affect to describe them. Italy and America present every one of the points of comparison enu-

merated in the preceding paragraph. And for this very reason it is, that they are the favorite fields of writing tourists, gentlemen and ladies, who perambulate the land, pencil in hand, to the consternation of the inhabitants, and the plague of all quiet people. America is fertile from its very novelty; Italy from its long cultivation. In the former, the traveller, who boldly strikes into its interior, has a good chance of alighting on a new *city* just starting from the mud, with some magnisonant name from Egypt or Greece, which the last publishing traveller (two years before) never heard of; or he may even get within the frontiers of a new state, only staked out a few months before, but already an infant Hercules, speaking big words, and ready to go to war with all the world, and over head and ears in debt—without, perhaps, much intention of paying it. In Italy, on the contrary, though there is much that would be new to the touring world, if it chose to look for it, no one thinks of going out of the rich beaten path, where all think they can pick up something new, where the herbage is abundant from ages of tillage, and the soil seems inexhaustible, from the very abundance which it yields. Along this beaten path all hurry, one after the other; till at last—neither the words nor application are our own—"the land will not bear a blade of decent grass, or even a thistle, for any stray donkey that may be passing! It must be a bold donkey," continues our lady tourist, after quoting

the above from Capt. Hall, "you will say, who, after this, will venture to bray about Italy? .... But ...." (Vol. i. p. 2.) In truth the danger is, that such roadsters, with abundance of untouched food around them, will persevere in tossing over and over the provender which hundreds have been busy at before them, or will try to crop and nibble exactly where all has been clean shaved to the root. Almost every page of Mrs. Trollope's work would give us an illustration of this remark.

But why, it may be asked, bring these two writers together under one classification, when the scenes of their adventures are so far asunder, and of such different characters? Because, in truth, they both belong to one very common class of travellers; of travellers who skim over the surface of the land, who see it out of carriage windows, and visit its sights by the guide-book, who penetrate no further than the very shell and outside of things, get no deeper than the paint upon the buildings, or the coat upon their inhabitants; who give us, indeed, often their own notions of things, but not the things themselves; tell us what *they* thought and felt, but can have no serious intention that we should think or feel as they did.

Thus, Mr. Dickens has produced a book, which undoubtedly must be termed *amusing*. It is very pleasant reading; it is lively and clever. But we plodding people look into a book of travels in hopes of making the acquaintance of men and

things in foreign lands; we are dull enough to look, among all the amusement, for some information. While he writes for us under his monosyllabic name, we are content to take him for what he professes to be, an amusing writer; a caterer to the monthly craving after a new chapter and two engravings; and when the lunar divisions have run up into a yearly cycle, as the author of a lively and interesting romance. But when he comes forward by his own proper title, and sits deliberately down to write, not a fiction, but truth, what he has himself seen and heard, we begin to look serious, and expect a specimen of his mind, rather than of his imagination. We wish to see how he has looked and listened, as well as what he has seen and heard. We may pardon a smart and witty repartee to a domino, though we know who it is, which we might resent from the same gentleman in his own frock-coat. And so we look for different manners from Dickens than we care about in "Boz." Now, we think the *tour de force* of his travels, the great effort of his genius in the work before us, has been to produce two volumes upon a civilized country, from which we can gather no notion whatever as to whether or no there be in that country any religion, science, literature, or fine arts; any army or navy; any agriculture, commerce, or trade; any income, expenditure, or taxation; any great men or good men, any professions, or ranks, or states (save those of slave and master); any education

(except for the deaf and dumb), moral instruction, religious, or professional; any magistracy, municipal, or provincial government; any codes or forms of law (beyond imprisoning); any progress or decrease in states, in opinions, or in creeds; such things as riches or poverty, success or failure, and in what proportion; in fine, from which has been carefully excluded anything illustrating, or improving our acquaintance with, the geography, the natural history, the productions, the politics, the prospects of the immense and highly interesting country, which he has visited. Something, indeed, we learn; yea, all about some things. We know all about American travelling in great and rich variety, steamboats and railways, omnibuses and stage-coaches; we know what is to be had for breakfast in each and every sort of travelling; we make acquaintance with a certain quantity of unknown and nameless individuals, generally of a low comical character; we are initiated into the whole mystery of the least sufferable of American peculiarities, the mastication of the "vile weed," and its consequent abominations. We have, moreover, some light and gay descriptions of cities, especially at the outset, which are clever and amusing. And, as a redeeming trait, we must not omit the notice of some charitable establishments at Boston, and some very painful accounts of prisons and houses of correction. The gem of Mr. Dickens's work is in his narrative of a deaf, dumb, and blind girl's instruction and education. Sim-

ilar cases, we know, have occurred in other countries, as in Belgium, for instance,* but still we are thankful for any account of such interesting matters.

We do not think we have been unjust in thus epitomizing the contents of Mr. Dickens's work: we mean of course with reference to the amount of information which it contains. As a piece of writing we mean not to speak of it. The style is not what we like. An immense quantity of words to express a very simple thought, and a most studiously grotesque imagery, that is, the comparison of one thing with some other the most dissimilar possible, are defects which weary one when encumbering two volumes. We may be amused for once; but simplicity and naturalness can alone carry us through a long string of trifles, and make us interested in adventures of an every-day and every-hour character.

Indeed we always observe that these '*outside* travellers have an irresistible impulse to make out adventures from incidents, which those who do not keep journals would never dream of. If one read their narratives (otherwise, that is, than as *travellers*' accounts), one would indeed be warranted in concluding that the public is most ungracious and most ungrateful, in its estimation of their services. To think that Mr. Dickens expos-

* [With one in the Abbe Carton's establishment at Bruges, I had afterwards full opportunity of becoming acquainted.]

ed himself to such terrible dangers as those of twice crossing the Atlantic, of being frequently blown up in high-pressure boats, of being tumbled over precipices on the Alleghany mountains, or of being swallowed up in the quagmires of a Virginian road, not from any ambitious views, nor for the sake of traffic, nor to procure a settlement in the backwoods, nor yet from any thirst of knowledge, or for any other flighty aim, but simply and expressly for the amusement of his English readers; to see how Mrs. Trollope consented to encounter terrible perils on the roads to that unknown part of the world, Vallombrosa (by the by, she is not the *first* lady, nor the hundredth we suspect, that has got up there); how she could allow herself to be almost broiled alive among the Appenines, or fatigued to death in the desperate attempt to ascend the portico of our Lady's Church at Bologna, or almost drowned in crossing the Po in the public ferry-boat; or, still more, risk to be buried in a snow-drift on Mont Cenis, in the unheard-of enterprise of crossing it, when the couriers could do so; and all this in order to write a book for our entertainment, one cannot but feel that such heroic devotion, not for our interest or good, but for our very idlest amusement, deserves a public crown, or some other attestation of our generous sensibilities. And this feeling ought surely to be enhanced by the consideration, of how, not magnanimously only, but light-heartedly, nay, how thoughtfully of us, such perils were en-

countered! For if the storms which Mr. Dickens suffered on his outward passage were such as he describes, if the conflict of the elements was so terrific, the writhings and convulsions of the frail bark so like that of a mortal agony as he represents them—perhaps over the silent grave of the hapless "President," itself a catacomb below the waters—one cannot but admire, though unenvious, the thoughts which could be occupied, at such a time, in dressing out its horrors in a playful garb, and which could see, for our sakes, "who sit at home, at ease," nothing but the ludicrous and the laughable, in its dismal circumstances. And so likewise one is necessarily led to admiration of the lady's taking care to be "not wholly insensible to the strange magnificence of the scene," while she was "seriously frightened" (ii. p. 394), and noting down all the terrible adventures of the awful passage over the mountain; although, strange to say, our alarm having been greatly excited, on reading that it was the heaviest fall of snow known for years, "and that the conductor looked sadly pale," and the *cantonniers* refused to say that the road was safe, and uttered mysterious hints about avalanches, and how she heard not a sound while this "race of giants," these "friendly monsters" (the scene is in *Italy*), "set to work" with their "enormous wooden spades," and shovelled our adventurous traveller out of her difficulties, we were much relieved, and brought down to our ordinary scale of nervous tension, on finding, at the end of

the narrative, that all the way soldiers were quietly marching on the road, which we had thought almost impassable for horses and sledges, aided by an escort of gentle giants! "Poor fellows!" exclaims our traveller, speaking of the soldiers: "they looked miserable enough! Yet I felt, as I watched them, that they probably felt much more at their ease than I did." (P. 395.) No doubt they did—*they* were not going to publish their travels. In fact, this sort of "romance of travel" is very much cut up by one's knowing that every year, A. and B. and C. have gone just over the same ground, or the same water, or the same snow, and yet have met nothing particular in the way of adventure, but have had a mere ordinary guide-book journey; little thinking how much might have been made of a puff of wind, or a fall of snow, or deep ruts, or—a powerful imagination, in dishing up their tour, had they been so disposed, for the public.

We know not whether Mr. Dickens will follow Mrs. Trollope from America to Italy: they have served their travelling apprenticeship in the same country, but we hope the ill success of the one, in her further prosecution of the business, will deter the other from continuing it.* Before, however, taking leave of Mr. Dickens, with what probably is the extent of acknowledgment which he expects from his readers, that we have been, if not in-

* [The reader well knows that he did, and with the ill-success here prognosticated.]

structed, at least amused by his book, we must express feelings of the most decidedly opposite character, regarding one passage of his work, which is a dark foul blot upon it, an odious contradiction to the general humane and good-natured tone of this, as of his other writings. The passage to which we allude is the following :—

"Looming in the distance, as we rode along, was another of the ancient Indian burial-places, called the Monk's Mound; in memory of a body of fanatics, of the order of La Trappe, who founded a desolate convent there, many years ago, when there were no settlers within a thousand miles, and were all swept off by the pernicious climate; in which lamentable fatality few rational people will suppose, perhaps, that society experienced any very severe deprivation."—Vol. ii. p. 139.

And again :—

"In due time we mustered once again before the merchant-tailor's, and, having done so, crossed over to the city in the ferryboat: passing, on the way, a spot called Bloody Island, the duelling-ground of St. Louis, and so designated in honor of the last fatal combat fought there, which was with pistols, breast to breast. Both combatants fell dead upon the ground; and, possibly, some rational people may think of them, as of the gloomy madmen on Monk's Mound that they were no great loss to the community."—P. 140.

So that, in Mr. Dickens's estimation, there is little difference between the ruffian, who murdering is murdered, and the inoffensive recluse who is willing to act as the pioneer of civilization, and devotedly throws himself forward as the forlorn hope of an advancing colony. Whatever Mr

Dickens's notions may be about "lazy monks," etc., he knows, or ought to know, that the Cistercian, or Trappist order, is essentially an agricultural one; it consists, in fact, of a monastic peasantry, who differ from the ordinary cultivators of the soil, not by less diligence, or intelligence, but by their expecting no profit; by their selecting always those very spots from which money-seeking enterprise would turn away in disdain; by their ever feeding the poor around them, and receiving hospitably every stranger; and, in fine, by their sanctifying the labor of their hands by prayer and sacred psalmody.* For the "merchant-tailor," who sets up his watch-box on the edge of a noisome morass, Mr. Dickens has not a word of reprobation; for the settlers who go, axe in hand, into the backwoods, and clear them, in order to make a fortune, he has no hard words; but for the representatives of those who, by patient toil, made Crowland from a fen become a garden; who are now, with thankless labor, driving the plough into the granite ribs of the Charnwood Forest, he has no better name than "fanatics," no more sympathy or regrets, than for the double murderer! In humanity's name, let Mr. Dickens never again write anything but fiction. In *that*, at least, he shows he has better feelings.

* The French government is at this moment sending out a community of Trappists into Algeria, as the best way of establishing an agricultural colony. The Sardinian government has taken a similar step in the island of Sardinia.

But now let us return over the Atlantic, and follow Mrs. Trollope over the beauties of Italy. We never read a work which, professing to be gossip, seemed to us to be more an effort than hers. She has, as we before remarked, chosen the beaten track; and yet she always wants to say something new on it. The moment she gets before a statue or a picture, a hundred times described, her mind seems thrown into a working fermentation, out of which issues a world of frothy crudities, generally composed either of exaggerated amazements, or of unexpected disappointments. She owns herself ignorant, very ignorant; her senses are quite bewildered; she trembles, or shudders, or weeps, before the production of art; and words heaped together in every ejaculatory variety of phrase, are all that we, at a distance, can get for our sympathy.

Now, were Mrs. Trollope's peculiar mode of seeing and describing confined to such objects as the Medicean goddess (which, in a manner that to us sounds profane, she compares with a representation of the purest and holiest of Eve's daughters —vol. i. p. 160), we should never have thought it worth while speaking so severely. But when we find her carrying her light and supercilious observations into more sacred ground, and talking of the religion which forms our happiness, at once with ignorance and with flippancy, we must not allow ourselves the pleasure of being lenient, but must speak out plain.

Thus she writes of the sacred temples of the living God:—"*The pleasantest morning lounges now are the churches;* for there, comparatively speaking, the air is cool; and it is possible, when you can stand no longer, to sit down, which *is not the case at the Medicean gallery.*" (Ibid. p. 204.) Again: describing a picnic party to the convent of St. Gallicano, she tells us of one young lady who retreated into the church for shade "with such an air of lovely, languid gentleness, that, could the remote shrine have ever possessed *such an image*, a vast deal of pilgrim idolatry must have been the consequence" (what follows is too gross for our pages); when 'two of the cavaliers entering the church after her, the one bearing in his hand a bottle of wine, the other furnished with a crystal cup, sparkling half way to the brim with the precious treasure of the rocky spring; but ere the tempting draught was mingled and tasted, murmurs anent '*desecration of the church*' made themselves heard from the lips of some stray brother of the much-reduced society, who had seen the somewhat unusual entry of the gentlemen: but an immediate retreat perfectly satisfied the good monk." (P. 325.) Such is her idea, and such her feelings, about a bacchanalian party trying to make a *cabaret* of the place in which those whose property they sacrilegiously invaded, believed that the Holy of holies and the Lord of lords corporally resides! This is the way in which the most sacred feelings of those meek men are outraged and trampled on,

Now, if the two gentlemen had been put into the stocks, or the whole party driven down the hill again by a few sturdy peasants, they would not have got more than they deserved. And yet Mrs. Trollope is severe, and we thank her sincerely for *that* part of her work, upon our countrymen who so shamefully misbehave in the Roman churches. Is such behavior wonderful, when its very censurer seems to think so little of the house of God?

In the same tone does she ever speak of our holiest functions. First, she evidently knows nothing about them: she acknowledges herself unable to appreciate the splendid music of Palestrina. (P. 270.) The matter which seems to have most engaged her attention, in the majestic services of the Papal chapel, was the homage of the cardinals. Twice she speaks feelingly on the subject. Thus, of the Sixtine chapel she says: "I cannot say that I was greatly edified by the peculiar ceremonies of this papal worship (I speak as a heretic), but I could not admire or approve the disproportion which seemed to exist between the time bestowed on prayer, and that devoted to the homage offered by each cardinal to the pope." (P. 270.) And of the high mass on Christmas day, she makes a similar remark: "The religious part of the ceremony," she writes, "bears no proportion to it" (the homage). (P. 365.) What on earth she means we are at a loss to comprehend. If the pontifical mass at St. Peter's lasts two hours,

the homage does not occupy above ten minutes, during which the solemn function is *not* interrupted. But manifestly she does not know what the mass is, nor what prayers are recited in it, nor what is the meaning of its ceremonial.

But, besides not knowing anything on the subject whereon she writes, Mrs. Trollope is too manifestly unable to appreciate any religious function. It is not in her way. She can understand a drive in the Cascina at Florence, or eating "ices and strawberries," quite a standing dish with her, or going to a concert or a theatre; but for the truly picturesque, venerable, moving, and holy offices of the Church, she has certainly no sort of feeling. Mass is to her a musical performance; and her judgments pronounced on it are whether it was long or short, and the music good or bad—that is, according to *her* taste.

As to the Papal government and the practical morality of the Catholic Church, all she knows is, that she utterly condemns them. No one can doubt that she was perfectly capable of judging on such subjects, and that she took great pains to collect information on them, when we see how well she understood what was passing about her, and what everybody knows. Thus, she found out that "the reverend court of cardinals" is "called the *Propaganda*" (p. 274), and that cardinals are not paid up their salaries on account of "the poverty of the *Propaganda* coffers." (P. 367.) And as to cardinals, she makes them at pleasure; for she

transforms, by the stroke of her pen, the good Trappist monk, father Géramb, into one (p. 368), and tells us most satisfactorily, that among several new cardinals about to be made was "an English gentleman of the name of Weld" (p. 366); that said "gentleman" having already been cardinal, and having departed several years before, to receive, we trust, the full reward of a most virtuous life. And so, with equal felicity, she elevates the learned principal of the English college to the episcopal rank.* (P. 300.) But further, Mrs. Trollope has given us the new and important information that "many Roman families have hereditary rank of bishop in the Church." (P. 366.)

Now, while a person can blunder in matters so palpable and easy to ascertain, it is *not* wonderful that she should slashingly cut to pieces that of which she *could* know nothing. She talks of the ignorance of the people with whom she manifestly never conversed, and of the workings of a system, religious and political, which she certainly never investigated. On her way from Rome to Naples, she, shut up in a carriage, and hurrying on from stage to stage, could see "ignorance and superstition as prominent features that meet the observation of the traveller." (P. 203.) Really! how does this ignorance so clearly show itself? Is it in the faces of the people, or on their sign-boards, that "they who run may read it?" "Of schools,"

* [To which he was later raised, as Vicar Apostolic of the Western District.]

she goes on, "I could hear nothing." Does Mrs. Trollope think that schools are to be kept in inn-yards for the especial accommodation of lady travellers? Or did she look out for "National School" on the front of some house, and was disappointed in her search? Now we can tell Mrs. Trollope that she did not pass through a single village (she is speaking of the Papal states beyond Rome) in which there are not a boys' and girls' school, aye, and gratuitous ones too. But on this subject of education she gives us the portentous intelligence, that the pope has abolished at Bologna, and in all his dominions, all "professorships of logic, metaphysics, *morals* (!), algebra, and geometry." (P. 28.) And then, after some mysterious points, she adds, "It was from Bologna that professor O—— was banished." One would really imagine that this demigod (for some such thing he appears in the first volume) had been *banished* for teaching some of these dark sciences, perhaps *morals!* But Signor O—— was *not* banished, but most patriotically ran away from Bologna, after having excited his scholars to sedition and rebellion, raised a revolution which brought down misery on his country, formed, we believe, part of its provisional government, and when the hour of peril arrived, acted on the philosophical principle, that the better part of valor is discretion, and disappeared. One thing this worthy junta took care not to leave behind them—the public chest. Such are Mrs. Trollope's favorites in Italy; for while she is a

thorough enemy to revolutionary and *sans culotte* movements and parties in England, she worships them in Italy.

Her theories on religious matters are extremely profound. Thus the "idleness" of the Italians is owing to the "eternal recurrence of Popish fêtes and festivals" (p. 203), on which subject we would recommend her to consult Lord John Manners; and the splendid churches of Venice are not to be wondered at, because "it is natural to expect, that in a Roman Catholic country, where numerous incentives to the love of pleasure are led on by the possession of abounding gold, churches should be built, enriched, and beautified, to atone for the irregularities so produced." (P. 121.) In which theory, we presume that it is the "atonement" that one must consider peculiarly Catholic, not the "love of pleasure" or "the gold," otherwise London or America ought to have the best churches.

But truly never did writer or traveller stuff his or her pages with strange mistakes more fully than our learned lady. Scarcely an Italian word or name is spelled right, scarcely a phrase given (save in quotations) is correct; yet she tells us long and brilliant conversations which she must have held in Italian. She wonders why the *campagna* is not made to produce corn (p. 193); and it so happens that it does, not only to fill the granaries of Rome, but to export it to other countries. She looks for the Clitumnus at Spoleto

(not *Spolito*), and marvellous to say, she finds it without a drop of water (p. 171), for the very good reason that the Clitumnus never was, nor will be, at Spoleto. It was full of water when Mrs. T. drove for at least two miles along its banks, and she might have seen it gush out in full stream from under the road, able in its cradle to turn a mill near the village of Le Vene. In her ecclesiastical history she is "sadly to seek." She tells us she was "grilled like St. Anthony" (vol. i. p. 45), scarcely more accurately than elegantly: she has never heard of our Lady's "presentation in the temple," and therefore transforms Titian's splendid painting of the subject at Venice into our Saviour's presentation "at the age of eleven or twelve" (!) and corrects Mrs. Starke's right explanation of it. (P. 103.) And when she visits the venerable basilica of St. Ambrose, at Milan, she is shown, she tells us, a relic of "the brother of St. Satyrus. Why the bedstead," she adds, "of a saint's brother should be held in such veneration, we were not informed." (P. 384.) Truly not: because you were told no such thing as you tell us. The better informed reader will smile as he sees through the mistake, arising, no doubt, from imperfectly understanding the guide. St. Satyrus was the brother of St. Ambrose, and St. Marcellina, about whom Mrs. T. is equally in the dark, was the sister of both. Among the curiosities of this Church, she stumbled upon an extraordinary one—a coffin! And whose does

the reader think it was? for it was "in a dark and obscure little chapel." Why the guide, looking at Mrs. Trollope, "said with a sort of jeering smile, 'it is *only* the body of Monsignore the bishop, who died yesterday, and will be buried to-morrow.'" (P. 385.) See how cheap these good Papists of Milan hold their bishop! However, as his eminence Cardinal Gaysruck still occupies, as he did long before Mrs. Trollope's visit to Italy, the archiepiscopal throne of that city, we will not puzzle ourselves or our readers with inquiring, either how he got into that coffin the day before, or how he got out again the day after, Mrs. Trollope's visit to the church. We will rather lay this to the score of some little misunderstanding.

With such abundant data in her mind for rightly judging of the Catholic religion, we must be greatly beholden to our lady authoress for so kind a judgment as the following:—

"I was left to decide for myself, whether it is not possible for a person of perfectly enlightened views in politics to be still a faithful Roman Catholic. I have heard many people, and of more nations than one, deny the possibility of this; and declare that freedom of mind, on any subject, was perfectly incompatible with Popish restraint; but I doubt the truth of this doctrine. I see no reason why a Roman Catholic, because he conscientiously believes the creed that has been taught him, should therefore be incapable of forming a rational opinion upon the wisest manner of regulating the affairs of men."—Vol. ii. p. 302.

Truly this is consoling—nay more, it is flattering; and the spirits of such men as Ximenes,

Consalvi, Bossuet, Stolberg, Fenelon, and Schlegel, may well be soothed by the doubt, which Mrs. Trollope entertains, whether they *were* really incapable of forming rational judgments.

But we must draw to a close; for we are tired with plucking and arranging flowers, where the whole ground is so rich. Mrs. Trollope herself solves a problem which seems much to puzzle her —the difficulty of getting hold of Italians. Wherever she goes, she meets plenty of English, French, and Germans—but no Italians. (Vol. i. p. 154.) She finds them at Venice quite exclusive. She hopes for them at Rome, but somehow or other they do not come. Yet she courts them, she wants them; and, moreover, she is surrounded by them, she is in the midst of them, night after night, at "Donay's" coffee-house, and at the Cascina; but in vain. Is it wonderful? Mrs. Trollope did not know, perhaps, that they have had enough of note-takers and book-makers among them, from our country, to stand in dread of any more. They *have* admitted English ladies into their society, who have violated the holy laws of hospitality and have held up to contempt the good-natured people who have been civil to them. Whether Mrs. Trollope's American reputation may have helped her in this matter or no, we cannot pretend to say—we should doubt whether her name is much known in Italy. But burnt children dread the fire; or, as the Italian proverb better expresses it for our purposes, "The scalded

man dreads even cold water." English people have been excluded from true Italian society, on account of the liberties which some of them have taken with its reputation. Mrs. Trollope's work shows that in her case they were right. She has contrived to malign their religion and their country with the help of the scanty and blundering materials which she has collected; what would she have done if she could have got at more?

ITALIAN GUIDES AND TOURISTS.

[From the *Dublin Review* for Jan. 1839.]

ART. I.—1. *Brockedon's Road-book from London to Naples, illustrated with Engravings by W. and E. Finden.* London, 1835.

2. *Travels in Europe for the use of Travellers on the Continent; to which is added, an Account of the Remains of Ancient Italy, and also of the Roads leading to those Remains.* By MARIANA STARKE. Ninth edition. Paris, 1836.

3. *Nuovissima Guida dei Viaggiatori in Italia.* 3a ediz. Milano, 1834.

WHEN a family goes to the trouble of letting or shutting up its house, packing up its furniture, dismissing its supernumerary servants, and crossing the seas for a tour in Italy, it may be supposed that some specific object is had in view, likely to compensate for so much trouble. An Englishman clings to his home till some very strong conviction of propriety, or some very violent impulse of caprice, drives him from it. If it be that the health of some dear member of his family require removal to a more genial climate, our warmest sympathies accompany the travellers, and we, of course, consider them guarded by a sacred fence from all in-

trusion, whether of impertinent advice, or of critical comment. Their way is sorrowful, the physician is their guide, "*Clarke on Climate*" their road-book; and a balmy air or a cooling breeze is more valuable to them, than the marvels of art or the memory of past achievements. When a chosen spot is the sole aim of the journey; if economy of domestic arrangements, or of good education, have led to the choice of some provincial city in France or Italy for a place of temporary residence, we easily forgive the prudence which selects the shortest and least expensive road, and looks neither to the right nor to the left, as it hurries on towards such a final destination. And in like manner we speak of many who, with higher aims, have fixed their desires on particular spots; of the ecclesiastic whom devotion, or business of high and sacred importance, sends to the city of Peter; of the youthful scholar who hastens to seclude himself in the walls of some college or monastery; or even of such as, having a limited time of rest from professional duties, prefer devoting it to some more interesting place. To all these we have nothing to say. Their purpose is definite, and they attain it. They have no time for loitering on the way; they have no relish for what can retard or distract them. But with the swarms that yearly cross the Channel, and visit Italy, for the purpose, as they say, *of seeing it*, we have no patience. We can scarcely keep terms with them. What do they mean by this expression? To see its landscapes from their carriage-

windows? its cities from the dining-room of hotels? its society in its ball-rooms? its morality in its servants' halls? its fine arts in shop windows? Truly this is no uncommon way of seeing Italy. Or do they mean by Italy two or three of its large cities, —Florence, Rome, and Naples, where months are spent in the same company, in the same amusements, or rather in the same frivolities, as occupy the London season; while the intermediate spaces of rich historic provinces are left unheeded and unstudied? Truly this is the commonest way of seeing Italy.

The great tour of this peninsula, in fact, consists in being shot, so to speak, with the greatest possible rapidity, from one capital to another, with every wish that the interval between them could be annihilated; and its art is to know and hit the proper moment when each place is in the full bloom of bustle, fashion, and amusement. In the meantime, cities rich with the treasures of art, or abounding with resources of other intellectual gratification, are passed through with no farther notice than the operation of changing horses gives time for; and others, but a few miles out of the beaten track, however remarkable for objects of past or present celebrity, receive no nearer inspection than a pocket-glass can procure of their outward appearance. The only opportunities to be gained of truly knowing the inhabitants of this fine country are thus utterly neglected; for the great cities of all Europe have become almost perfectly assimi-

lated in taste, in manners, and, what is worse, in moral character.

To this method of running through the country, as from the face of an enemy, to the refuge of large cities, we own that our travellers are led by the books which generally guide them through their tour. But before proceeding to any remarks upon this, our proper subject, our readers may very pertinently ask what right we have to constitute ourselves judges in this matter, or to distinguish our own travels from the general class? It is true, then, that we have published no tour of Italy, for which, it would seem, six months' residence there is a sufficient qualification. But what is worse, we have never kept journals of our various wanderings, made at many different times, not merely up and down, but athwart, and diagonally, and circuitously, about the classical peninsula. We keep few or no notes of what we see; first, because we think it one of the follies of travelling to put into manuscript what is already in print; and then because we never yet took pleasure, nor found others take it, in perusing the written journals of travellers. Such objects as have escaped common observation we may briefly note down; but our storehouse is chiefly within our memories, —for we perambulate principally for our own sakes. Moreover, we make no sketches; we have no album. In our journeyings our fortune is diverse; sometimes we have rolled post-haste in the luxurious English carriage, at others we have jolted for

days in a lumbering *vettura;* we have tried, as best suited us, the diligence or the *char-à-bancs;* we have crossed untried paths on stumbling horses or on stubborn mules, and we have not despised the ministrations of a still humbler beast of burden. And when all these resources have failed, we have e'en trusted our fate to such remains of corporal activity as a certain increase of age and weight has left us; for we are becoming elderly. We have seldom been much at a loss about effecting a lodgment. As we have been long upon the road, we know our stations pretty well; and while we accept the cordial reception it is our good fortune to receive from many estimable and distinguished individuals, we can make up our minds to the miseries of a country inn, where the inmates are cheerful, though their larder be not full of good cheer. Where such resources fail us, religious hospitality will not; and we never knew the convent-gate refuse to open on a stranger, nor leave him, on shutting again, on the outside. Furthermore, we have, in the course of our Italian perambulations, tolerably mastered that great key to the hearts of every foreign race, their language. Whereby we mean not the formularies of published dialogues, or the stately diction of books; but that unwritten speech wherein the familiar intercourse of life is carried on, and which varies, by shades almost imperceptible to any but practiced ears, from province to province. Now, without pretending or desiring to catch these peculiarities, we can sufficiently un-

derstand them, and chime in with them, to put ourselves at ease with the peasants of any district. *Bolognese*, however, is yet too much for us.

To these qualifications for a tourist, we may add another more essential. We like the people among whom we travel. We never think of banditti or stilettoes on our way: we trust ourselves fearlessly into their rudest mountain villages. We take with us no patent *travelling chamber-locks* (Starke, p. 503) for our bed-room doors at inns; for, even if they have a lock on, we generally leave it unfastened (we like being awakened betimes). Neither do we often drive bargains about our meals and other accommodations beforehand. (P. 504.) We know the usual prices of things, and are seldom asked more; if we are, we do not give it. We do not set forth on our travels with the idea that all Italians are cheats, and unfaithful, or superstitious. On the contrary, much as we admire the fine country over which we travel, we value more the people who inhabit it, the gentle courtesy of its provincial nobility, and the natural and respectful civility of the poorest country people. We value the facility with which an introduction, prepared or accidental, begets acquaintance, and the ease with which acquaintance ripens into generous and lasting friendship. We have a delight in finding, in almost every small town we visit, some man of letters, or some recorder of his country's fame, whose reputation pervades the peninsula, while he pursues his labors under

sequestered shelter of his old family mansion, which is sure to be decorated with some productions of the pencil worth viewing, frequently an episode of the general history of art, unfolded in the galleries of the great capitals; for it will contain the series of local painters too little known. We feel an equal pleasure in the society of the intelligent and zealous ecclesiastics whom almost every town contains. Of these the bishop is often the first, at whose hospitable board will be heard conversation on the leading religious topics of the day, not unworthy of a conference held in a university. In a word, the more we travel over the country, the more we discover those finer and more recondite traits of character, which the amalgamations and assimilating processes of society, in large places, have pretty nearly worn away. Yet must we not forget, amidst the pleasures, often unlooked for, of such travelling, the discovery in almost every provincial town of a small domestic colony of wanderers from our own, or some other northern countries, who, by some chance or other, have there found "a peaceful hermitage," and have easily won the esteem and affection of the natives. To these the sound of their dear native tongue is a delicious treat, and no one who speaks it bears the name of stranger. The little comforts and elegancies of a British home spread through the baronial halls of Italian palaces; the successful attempt to draw the reminiscences of an English fireside round the huge marble gate-

way, rather than chimney, which yawns in their walls, and the mystic vessels (as they seem to natives) for the rites of the tea-table, spread upon old-fashioned slabs of massive marble,—these, and many other little nationalities incongruously preserved, bespeak the fond attachment, which an English family never can renounce, to the pleasures of its first home.

But we are garrulous. For, after all that we have written, we must make some humbling confessions. We have no pretentions to be great travellers; that is, we are far from being able to boast, as many do, that we have seen *every bit* of Italy. In fact, we are not gluttons in this way: we like tasting and relishing what we partake of, and this requires leisure. We do not devour the land. We have yet reserved some delicious bits for future exploration; there are some nice unfrequented nooks, which will one day afford us a delightful repast. Moreover, in spite of our best purposes, we often find ourselves going over the same ground again. We have old favorites, that is, buildings, paintings, and holy shrines, which tempt us importunately out of our way. They are with us like our old friends among the poets. Often, when we take up a collection of them, fortified in our resolution to go through Drayton or Phineas Fletcher, we catch ourselves, almost unawares, gliding, for the hundredth time, through the pleasant pages of old Geoffrey Chaucer, or the charming stanzas of Edmund Spenser. And so it

is that the desire of seeing once more some choice fresco or venerable sanctuary, which art hath helped religion to consecrate, doth decoy us out of our intended path, and make us revisit scenes yet fresh in memory. Then our friends about the country seem to think they have a right to a call from us every time we put ourselves in motion, no matter what our direction or purpose; and thus the orbit we had designed alters its figure under the influence of such perturbations. Our friends know our weakness in this matter.

We have almost forgot the books before us, in recalling thus to mind the feast of soul which a tour in Italy ever affords us. We have placed them there more in warning than for commendation, at least the English ones. For the Italian guide, notwithstanding occasional inaccuracies, is far the best; and having been also published, we believe, in French, will be found the most useful. But English guide-books, so far as we know them, are not only most unsatisfactory, but likely to mislead upon a thousand points.

When a traveller starts on his journey, he is generally speaking, ignorant of the character and excellencies of the objects which will principally have to engage his attention. In nine cases out of ten, he travels for the purpose of learning, rather than of applying knowledge already acquired. To him the language of art, for instance, is a mere jargon, its history about as familiar as that of Egypt. He has heard of the great men

in both; of Raffaele and Sesostris, of Caracci and Amenophis; but he knows very little of the true value of the one or of the achievements of the other; and as for the older history of art, it is like mythology to most. The technicalities of antiquarianism equally baffle his comprehension; and either he mistakes their meaning totally, or he misapprehends their objects, by making them agree with what in modern times bears a corresponding name. To see Italy, without some knowledge of these, and their subsidiary studies, is mere loss of time. But previous application to them is quite insufficient. They must at all times be present to the mind of the traveller, and they are as necessary to him as "the universal dispensary," or "diluted vitriolic acid" (Starke, p. 503); and it is as important to the traveller to know where he may procure information concerning them, as to learn where the best fish sauces and wax candles may be purchased. (P. 573.) In our judgment, a guide-book to Italy should contain a condensation of what is necessary on such subjects. A clear view of the rise and progress of art might be presented in a few tables under the separate heads of architecture, sculpture, and painting. The last of the three would, of course, require the greatest development. Opposite to each artist of celebrity, the city should be mentioned in which his principal works are to be found, and in another column the precise nature of the subject of the most celebrated of these.

The genealogy of art, showing the affiliations of the various schools, could be in like manner tabularly arranged. A further improvement, we have sometimes thought, would be the addition of a pictorial map of Italy, divided, not according to political, but according to artistic provinces, whereby the extent of influence exercised by each school would be pointed out to the eye. We are aware of the difficulties of such a performance, but we do not think them insuperable.

With such a systematic guide, a traveller would be able to commence his studies upon art from the moment he entered Italy. In general, it is not till he gets to Florence or Rome, and perhaps reads Lanzi or Vasari, that he begins to understand, that there are schools, and a history, in painting. And if he have taste enough to appreciate the study of them, he has the mortification of ascertaining, that he only changed horses where the masterpiece of one school is found, or slept in another where the first efforts of a master-genius struggled into public notice. The fact is, that the true value of many interesting works cannot be appreciated, in the ordinary system of visiting them, until others have been seen; whereas an historical classification of works of art, such as we propose, would at once prepare the traveller of taste for valuing them, at least in some measure, from the first. Examples will best illustrate our meaning.

When the traveller reaches Rome, he has

around him the superbest remains of ancient and modern architecture, sacred and profane, the ruins, or even the entire edifices of the Pagan, and the churches and palaces of the Christian, city. A manifest connection or relationship he sees between the two classes of monuments, traceable to some extent through the basilicas and other buildings. But if he wish to study the history of this science upon its very best field, and take up a work upon the subject, he finds that he has passed upon the road many, nay most, of the connecting links. Omitting early specimens, it is highly probable that the churches of San Lorenzo and Sto. Spirito at Florence, the foundation-stones of modern Italian ecclesiastical architecture, will have been only hastily viewed, at least architecturally. For, as the ordinary guide-book says no more of them than "the Chiesa di San Spirito, built by Brunellesco, is, in point of architecture, the finest in Florence," and "the Chiesà di S. Lorenzo was rebuilt in 1425 by Brunellesco" (Starke, pp. 74 and 72), and then proceeds to notice their paintings and sculptures, it would never occur to one who had not studied the ancient basilicas of Rome, on the one hand, and the modern churches, on the other, as well as such pointed edifices as Siena, Orvieto, etc., that these two buildings brought back Italian architecture from a disposition to imitate transalpine models, and restored the Diocletian epoch, with such modifications as suited modern times, or were, at

least, adopted by later architects. If Mantua had been visited, there could not have been found a single line to direct the traveller to the masterpieces of Leon B. Alberti, the churches of St. Andrew and St. Sebastian, except the mention of frescoes by Giulio Romano, in the former. And the only place, if we mistake not, where this distinguished restorer of ancient architecture is mentioned, would lead the reader into complete error. It is as follows: "The church of S. Francesco, at Rimini, erected during the fifteenth century, according to the designs of Alberti, is a splendid edifice." (P. 263.) Now, when the traveller enters this truly curious church (supposing this brief notice sufficient to make him descend from his carriage for the purpose), he finds a pointed edifice, all the chapels and windows having Gothic arches, though strangely blended with ornaments and sculptures after the classical models. The intelligent traveller would put Alberti in the list of Gothic architects; but, in fact, the church was *not* erected according to his designs,—he was called in after the *ogival* portion of the edifice had been finished, and his share in the *erection* was to conceal it as much as possible. Now, this interesting work in the history of art is to be found *outside* the church, in the unfinished front, and still more on the side, which, perhaps, no traveller, who had not previously studied the history of art, would ever think of going round to see. There, by a series of arches of Roman grandeur,

yet of the simplest design, he has masked the rude wall of the older church, from which, however, it is detached, concealing the irregularity of its windows, without impairing their light. The works of this master form another important step in the revival of the classical orders.

Nor, if a guide-book to the arts of Italy were judiciously drawn up, would the instruction to be gathered from the inspection of these monuments, previously to having visited Rome, be important only from the greater care with which they would be noticed and remembered, for future collation; for it would be easy, under the guidance of such a work, to arrange the tour in such a manner as to view them in their proper turn. For instance, the part of ecclesiastical architecture which is seldom known or understood by a foreigner till he has been in Rome, is that which refers to the basilicas, or ancient Christian temples. An accurate acquaintance with their style, the type and original of every other, is absolutely necessary for a complete knowledge of Christian art, and the earlier it can be learnt by the traveller, the better. Now, Ravenna presents more perfect specimens of it than Rome itself. For, the church of St. Appollinaris *in Classe*, situated at a short distance from the city, is a purer model than St. Paul's without the walls, or almost any other church, in the Eternal City. It has suffered little or nothing from modern additions and appendages, and the sarcophagi of bishops, that surround it, take us back to the

flourishing periods of that noble and saintly see. Several excellent roads, not marked in the latest travelling maps, yet equal to any that are, facilitate communication with this venerable city, too much neglected by travellers. One leads from Ravenna to Faenza, another to Forli; and a splendid new road, just opened between the latter city and Florence, makes it an easy day's journey, with the same horses, from the Tuscan capital to the city of the Exarchs. Hence a traveller would not sensibly prolong his tour, though he would most sensibly increase its profit and enjoyment, if he took this on his way from Bologna to Florence, or to Rimini, should his course lead him along the shores of the Adriatic. But Ravenna is one of our favorites, and we shall, perhaps, have to return to it.

What we have thus briefly said of architecture may be still more compendiously illustrated from sculpture. The great works of Michael Angelo are generally the first that awake in the Italian tourist any strong attention to the Christian department of this art. The most striking of these are in Rome, for those of Florence have more of a profane character. But if he desire to learn, by what steps the art reached that boldness and exaggeration of style from which the next was necessarily towards decline, he will find it difficult to collect, in that city, the necessary elements for that purpose. He should have seen and carefully studied at Bologna the urn or tomb of St. Domi-

nick, by which Niccolo di Pisa laid the first foundation of the revival of sculpture in 1225; the pulpit at Pisa, wrought by him in 1260; and the other works by his school at Siena and Florence, where Orcagna and others applied to it the correcter style introduced into painting by Giotto. At Perugia he ought to have diligently examined the monument of Benedict XI. in the Dominican church, justly considered, by Cicognara, one of the first works of the revival, and executed by Giovanni Pisano, the son of Niccolo. At Milan he should have gone to visit the shrine of St. Peter Martyr, in the church of St. Eustorgius, the masterpiece of Giovanni di Balducci, scholar of Giovanni Pisano. It is more than probable, that a traveller, however desirous of making himself acquainted with art, if he have not previously studied the voluminous works of Vasari, Lanzi, D'Agincourt, and Cicognara, and made for himself a chronological digest of them before starting will overlook in his journey every one of the monuments we have enumerated; for, with the exception of the pulpit at Pisa, not one of them is mentioned in the popular English guide-book. After this, should the lover of art desire to know the entire history of sculpture, at, and after, the time of Michael Angelo, he must return to Orvieto; in the splendid cathedral of which town, he will find the largest and most beautiful collection of statuary, belonging to that period. Among the colossal statues of the apostles, which adorn the

nave, there are several by Scalza, Mochi, and Giovanni Bologna, full of grandeur and expression. That of "St. Sebastian," by Scalza, rivals the productions of the Grecian chisel; the altar of the "Adoration of the Magi" has been particularly described by Vasari, as an exquisite piece of workmanship, by San Micheli and Moschino. The group of the "Pietà," or "Our Saviour taken down from the Cross," consisting of four figures larger than the life, formed out of one block, is perhaps, the grandest piece of sacred sculpture produced since what is called the revival of art; but it exhibits the first traces of that tendency towards mannerism, into which the school of Michael Angelo so immediately degenerated. It is the masterpiece of Scalza. One other statue there will engage the admiration of the stranger, as a marvellous piece of art, but of art unfortunately declined from the purity of Christian feeling—we mean that statue by Mochi, of the Blessed Virgin in the act of being saluted by the angel, which stands by the high altar. It represents her, not as was wont, in the pictures and sculptures of the preceding age, sitting modestly with arms crossed upon the breast, but as having started from the chair which her hand grasps, with a look of majestic indignation, mingled with alarm. But could we abstract from the impropriety of such a representation of the subject, we should not hesitate to pronounce it the masterpiece of the school. The archangel, on the other side of the altar, is the

prototype of all that is bad in the school of Bernini.

These are only a small portion of the interesting works of art which make this cathedral a true museum. We need only mention in addition, the sculptures on its matchless front, by the scholars of Niccolo Pisano; the superb mosaics, on a gold ground, which surmount them; the magnificent reliquary of the sacred "Corporal of Bolsena," representing in silver the front of the church, adorned with innumerable statues, columns, and enamelled paintings, executed by Veri, in 1338; * the paintings of exquisite beauty by the blessed Angelico da Fiesole; others by Gentile da Fabriano; and those more celebrated ones of Luca Signorelli, on which Michael Angelo formed his conception of his terrible "Last Judgment." Yet how few even think of visiting this city, remarkable, moreover, for its celebrated Well of St. Patrick, so-called from the apostle of Ireland, down which a loaded mule may descend in safety to draw water, at the depth of 275 Roman palms, and for an unrivalled collection of drawings and cartoons in the Palazzo Gualtierio, as well as other works of art. In truth all the invitation to turn aside to it conveyed in the text of the guide which directs most of our travellers is in these words:—"North-east of Bolsena.... stands Orvieto (anciently *Her-*

* This splendid reliquary contains 400 pounds of silver. The miracle which it commemorates gave rise to the festival of Corpus Christi.

banum,) celebrated for the excellence of its wines, and containing a handsome Tuscan-gothic cathedral." (Starke, p. 120.*) The wine first, and then the *handsome* cathedral! Whoever has *seen* it, will pronounce it, in its style, unique. Not even a hint is here given concerning its paintings, sculptures, and mosaics; and what is still more unpardonable in a professed guide-book, not an intimation concerning the roads that would lead a traveller to it. We will endeavor to supply this omission. First, therefore, an excellent road from Monte Fiascone will take the travellers to it in less than three hours, with post-horses, and in less than five if in *vettura*, the distance being eighteen miles, so that he might go thither, spend several hours there, return the same day to Monte Fiascone, and even go forward to Viterbo. This would be a delightful relief to the tediousness of that road. But another, and still more interesting route, is by a new road from Perugia to Orvieto, and so forward to the Siena road, just mentioned. The journey from Florence to Rome by this road will,

* In the appendix to the later editions, a fuller, though still insufficient, account is given of the places mentioned above, with the addition of Todi and Rieti. But a separate journey is required for following the route there pointed out; whereas, travellers may see all that we have here described, without sensibly prolonging their ordinary journey to Rome. We are at a loss to account for so much useful and interesting information being thrown into an appendix, while, moreover, what is left in the body of the work is almost at variance with it.

if anything, be shortened by thus turning off at Perugia, and the traveller will see two most interesting cities, in exchange for the flourishing, but still unadorned, ones which he would go through on the Foligno road. One of these two cities is Orvieto, of which we have spoken, the other is Città della Pieve, the birth-place of Pietro Perugino, which lies about a mile out of the straight road, but is connected with it by a branch. This city, till lately inaccessible in a carriage, well deserves a visit from every lover of art. Almost every one of its churches contains some painting by its citizen Pietro; the cathedral has two, a "Baptism of our Saviour," and the "Altar-piece," painted for the place it now occupies. In the church of the Servites are remains of a magnificent fresco by him, which has been barbarously cut down, and a belfry built upon it: it consequently cannot be seen without lights and the assistance of a sacristan. But there is another treasure here in the history of art, rendered so much more valuable by a discovery lately made, that, though we were treating of sculpture, not of painting, we must say a few words concerning it. As our great object is to show that Italy cannot be known without visiting the smaller cities, that its arts cannot be studied without such a plan as will enable the traveller to commence his course of application with his tour, and that the guide-books now in existence are wholly inadequate for either of these objects, we will not go far astray

from our purpose if we dwell a little longer upon this instance. In an oratory belonging to the confraternity of the *Bianchi* or *Disciplinati* is one of the finest compositions of Pietro Perugino.* It represents the Blessed Virgin seated in the centre, under an open shed, presenting the infant Jesus to be adored by the Wise Men of the East. The numerous groups are admirably disposed, the distant landscape full of life, yet with all the delicacy of finish characteristic of the school; and the expression of the heads all that Pietro, and none since his time, could make them. That of the Mother of God is so beautiful as to be generally ascribed to the hand of his scholar Raffaele. For many years it was supposed that the house of Pietro was opposite to this oratory, and that he painted this altar-piece while a resident in the city. In the mean time the picture had been sadly neglected, and left without any covering; some years ago it began to be better preserved, and, indeed, in the most interesting parts it has not suffered considerably. Some German artists, who visited it, suggested, as expedient for its better preservation, that the ground of the sacristy behind it, which was considerably higher than that of the chapel, should be lowered; as the damp had evidently a dangerous effect on the coloring. This

* On one of Pietro's finest pictures in the Vatican collection, he writes himself Petrus de Castro Plebis, that is of Castel della Pieve, since declared a city. Mr. Brockedon, writing of Perugia, calls Pietro its *native* painter.—P. 128.

advice was fortunately listened to; for the superior of the confraternity, to whom the chapel belonged, Sig. G. Bollelti, was a zealous lover of his country, and the author of its municipal history. He commenced his excavations in 1835, and was soon rewarded for his care by an interesting discovery. After removing some of the earth, the workmen found several earthen vessels, supposed to have contained the colors used by the artist, and with them a small tin case, containing two autograph letters from him concerning the work. The discovery was the more precious as only one small autograph of his was known to exist, which was published by Vermiglioli in 1820. These two we saw with pleasure, on our second visit to this town, framed and glazed in the oratory. To those who understand the original language, we flatter ourselves, we shall do a pleasure by taking this opportunity of giving them the two letters, exactly copied; and, for the sake of our other readers, we will add a perfectly literal translation. The former class will not fail to be struck with the rudeness of the diction and spelling of the two epistles, which, however, place in a favorable light the disinterestedness of Pietro. The letters in italics are effaced in the original.

LETTER 1.—"Charo mio Segnore,—La penctur*a* che vonno fa nelle Oratoro de desceprenate ve vorieno a meno duciencto florene. Io me contenctare de cento come paisano et venticue scubeto. glatre i tre ane venticue lano. et si dicto cotracto sta bene, me mande la poleza et le cua drine et sera

facto et lo saluto.—Io Piectro penctore mano propria. Peroscia vencte de' Frebaio, 1504."

(Outside.) "*Allo Scineco de Descripenate de Chastello de la Pieve.*"

"My dear Sir,—The picture which they wish to have made in the Oratory of the *Disciplinati* ought to cost, at least, 200 florins. I should be satisfied with a hundred, as being a townsman; twenty-five paid down, the others in three years, twenty-five a year. And if this agreement please, send me the indenture and the money, and it shall be done; and I greet you,—I, Peter the Painter, with my own hand, Perugia, 20 Feb. 1504."

"*To the Syndic of the Disciplinati of Castello della Pieve.*"

LETTER 2.—"Charo mio Segnore,—Sabito me manne la mula et col pedone che verrone a penctora et fa la poliza pe strencue,* florene et cosi calaro venticue florene et niente piu me salutare la chomar et lo saluto."

"Io Piectro penctore mano propria Peroscia, 1 de Marzo, 1504."

"My dear Sir,—On Saturday send me the mule with the guide, that I may come and paint, and make the agreement for seventy-five florins, and so I will come down twenty-five florins, and no more. Salute my god-mother, and I greet you,—I, Peter the Painter, with my own hand. Perugia, March 1, 1504."

The price paid for this beautiful work was, therefore, seventy-five florins of the Perugian currency, equal to little more than £30, which, making every allowance for difference of value between that time and the present, must have been a poor remuneration. Hence, it had been said that he received nothing for his work more than an

* It is only by conjecture that the meaning of this word can be made out.

omelet.* But it appears that two years after it was finished, which from the date on it was in 1504, the company was in his debt twenty-five florins, for which they gave him a house of that value—a precious tenement, forsooth it must have been!

All mention of this valuable painting, and one of the many others existing in this city, is summed up in the brief notice, that the cathedral contains *one* painting by Perugino. (Starke, p. 604.) What we have written about this city is in truth a digression from the immediate topic which we were illustrating, that Italy is seen to great disadvantage by the lover of the arts, in consequence of the imperfect construction of the books which direct travellers. We have confined ourselves to architecture and sculpture, because the illustrations drawn from them allow some limits;—we dare not trust ourselves to speak of painting, because the subject would be interminable.

We observed above, that besides the information concerning the arts and their history, which we think a guide-book should contain, so arranged as to enable an intelligent tourist to commence his studies upon them from the beginning of his journey, such elementary knowledge should be conveyed in it, on archæological science, as may assist him in understanding what occurs of the work, respecting particular remains. Many, we doubt not, lose a great many opportunities of improvement, from not having at hand a treatise upon the sub-

* Mariotti Sett. Pitt. p. 176.

ject, especially one which is practically applied to the objects that a traveller meets on his way. And in fact, few ever think of applying themselves systematically to the study, till they have found its indispensable necessity at Rome.

But here we may be asked, would it be possible to find room in guide-books, already sufficiently voluminous, for so much additional matter? We reply, very easily, by first eliminating a vast quantity of superfluous matter which they contain, by curtailing much that is exuberant, and by confining the work to its proper and individual purpose. This brings us to the second part of our strictures. It is, therefore, our decided opinion that more than one-half the matter contained in the guide-books should be expunged. In the first place all that regards Spain, Germany, Northern Europe, and even France, is perfectly useless and out of place. For no traveller in any of those countries could be satisfied with what is written of them in Mrs. Starke's book. Secondly, all that part of the Appendix which details the prices of articles, etc., had much better be omitted; both as being often inaccurate, and still more as establishing in every great town a mischievous and unjust monopoly, in favor of such tradesmen as happen to have gained the author's favor or custom, instead of leaving the matter open to fair competition. As to the requisites for travellers, they would be almost extravagant for a party going to make a tour in Tartary and Siberia. Except for professed invalids, such *impedimenta* as

are enumerated in p. 502, must be worse than useless. By all these omissions much room would be gained, but not sufficient. The great space would be obtained by almost entirely cutting out the descriptions of Florence, Rome, Naples, and other great cities. Such a proposition may appear monstrous, yet it is most reasonable. This we are convinced is the great bane of all such works, and causes our tourists to hurry on from capital to capital to the utter neglect of other places. When they arrive at any of the cities just enumerated, they must necessarily procure the special guides published at them, otherwise they will be sadly deficient in their acquaintance with them. Nay, generally speaking, the catalogues of different galleries or local guides to particular excursions, as Baiæ, Pompeii, etc., help to swell the travelling library to a considerable extent. Any attempt to condense the *mirabilia* of Rome into a hundred pages is vain, and therefore is better not made. But to a traveller who is really desirous of seeing Italy, how important it would be to him to have in one book an accurate guide to the *small* cities on the road, such as either have no particular guide-book published, or if they have, have it in Italian only. To collect all these as you travel, is, we know by experience, a troublesome task: and the result is a great incumbrance to the carriage-pockets. Moreover, a traveller should know *before* he reaches a town what there is really to be seen, so to make his arrangements, as to whether he

shall halt or go on. This in our opinion should be the essence, and form the bulk, of a road-book to Italy. To compose it, it will not be sufficient to travel from Paris to Naples, making sketches, and writing a letter-press of inaccurate, superficial, and narrow-minded notes, as Mr. Brockedon has done; nor to fix a residence at one or two favorite spots, to which an undue prominence is given, to the disparagement by comparison of others equally deserving detailed notice. This is Mrs. Starke's great failing.

As to the first, we own ourselves disgusted with the paltry prejudices which seem to seize upon him the moment he enters the boundaries of the papal states. If on his ascent of Monte Somma near Spoleto, where the industry of the poor inhabitants has carried cultivation up every slope accessible to the foot of man, till they have reached the boundary line of vegetation, the poor children with plates of fruit, and cheerful looks (for so they always have made their appearance when we have passed), ask him to purchase their little stock, rather than give them an alms, he describes himself as besieged by a swarm of beggars. Further on, speaking of the temple on the banks of the Clitumnus, he says: "It is an architectural gem, placed in a scene so tranquil and beautiful, that it might seem to be a dream of Paradise, but that the subjects of his Holiness destroy the illusion: and the observer who has indulged in a delightful reverie [*qu. sleep?* which might account

for the ill-temper of the remark] is roused by the piteous clamors of a herd of miserable wretches, more starved, filthy, diseased, and deformed, than are to be found in any other country under heaven." (P. 129.) Bravo, Mr. Brockedon! We have passed and repassed the spot we know not how many times, and never had the good or bad fortune to see what has roused you to such select and eloquent phraseology. A few boys have indeed generally amused themselves by following the carriage at that spot, but a beggar we never saw; the bigotry or the dreams of the artist have supplied the herd and its characteristics. Farther on we have the following note:—"Borghetto [a small mountain village] is a wretched place—an epithet that will apply with justice to nearly all the towns and villages in his Holiness's territory. Situated amidst the finest scenes, the heart sickens in looking upon the degraded state of man under the curse of a government which paralyzes his energies." (P. 135.) Thus writes a man who has travelled up to that time, from the frontiers of Tuscany, some fifty or sixty miles on one line of road, and who yet on that line has passed through Perugia, a city abounding in all the elegancies and luxuries of life, rich in museums, galleries, and public institutions, far beyond any provincial town in England; through Foligno, the centre of very considerable trade, especially in wax and other *drogueries*, with every part of Italy; through Spoleto, the cloth manufactories of which, already

very extensive and flourishing, are about to receive the additional impulse of the steam-engine: through Terni, which in addition to its staple of oil, and every other agricultural produce, of which the great facilities for irrigation enable the husbandman to obtain every year several successive crops, possesses several branches of manufacture. Borghetto is certainly a poor village, but many far worse will be found in any barren and mountainous district, in Piedmont, France, or the British islands: and the cities we have enumerated are more flourishing than what this prejudiced writer must have passed between Florence and the papal frontier. After these specimens of the author's taste and correctness, we shut up his book. Its plates by Finden are certainly worthy of a better text. As to this, we wonder how a respectable publisher, one particularly who has proved himself so intelligent and accurate a tourist, could put his name before so flimsy a composition.

The excellent and amiable authoress, lately deceased, on whose work we have commented more frequently, by no means deserves a similar censure. She is altogether free from narrow prejudice, and there is no doubt, that of the guide-books in our language, hers is decidedly the best. But she has had her predilections which bias her unfairly. Sorrento, for instance, was for many years her favorite summer residence, and the inhabitants would be well justified in erecting to her a monument or inscription. Still it is ex-

tolled far beyond its merits, and occupies many pages which worthier places ought to have shared. Again, Pisa occupies nine pages, while Milan is honored with only three, a disproportion which at once convinces us that a longer residence gave leisure, and excited inclination, to study and illustrate it more minutely.

By thus proposing to all travellers one or two places of sojourn, we undoubtedly do an injustice both to many other places, and to those whom we thus mislead into the supposition, that what is passed over in silence has nothing to recommend it.

Still more is this the case, when we confine them in an *impasse* like Sorrento, with no road but the sea, and without any resource for taste except a beautiful prospect. On the contrary, it is our humble but sincere opinion, that while the winter may be most profitably spent where it usually is, in the Tuscan, Roman, and Neapolitan capitals, the autumn and summer residence should be so selected as to give a range on every side, of pleasing excursions, which would open to us new and less frequented tracks. This, Sorrento is most unqualified to do; it is a corner; when once there, you have no further to go. But if the sea and its breeze be such an object, the coast of the Adriatic will offer a variety of delightful situations, uniting to these advantages those of most agreeable and highly cultivated society, in which the character of the natives may be learnt; a

thing impracticable in the usual summer quarters of our countrymen.

There is, for instance, Porto di Fermo, deliciously situated, with orange-groves as rich as those upon the happy coasts of Naples or Gaëta, in the vicinity of Fermo, an elegant and polished city, with mountains not far distant that are most interesting to the naturalist for their minerals and plants. Pleasing excursions may be made to Ascoli; to Camerino, a city which possesses a good university; to Tolentino, where the church of St. Nicholas will interest the amateur by the paintings of Giottino, and other early masters; and to Loreto, where, even if his religious feelings take not delight, he will find sufficient occupation in the works of art, which the sumptuous church and its adjoining palace contain. Not far too is Macerata, second to no capital for the information and courtesy of its nobility, the learning of its professors, and the spirit and good management of its public institutions.* There, a library will be found, now greatly augmented by the splendid donation made to it, by its reverend and learned librarian, of a copious and choice collection of books, equal to the wants of any man of taste or application.

But this lower part of the coast, supposing

* This city has been the first to publish judicial statistics for its province. We have before us two reports for 1835 and 1836, compiled by the president of the tribunal, the Marquis Accoretti, and arranged in four tables.

this to be an object particularly held in view, will keep the traveller rather too much out of the region of antiquity and art, and consequently he might select to greater advantage a residence somewhat more north. A simple inspection of the map will show the most central position to be at Pesaro, or rather at Fano. For here the principal roads from the north, south, and west, meet, giving facility of communication in every direction. It is a town not only well built and adorned with most handsome edifices, but rich in all that can be necessary for a pleasant, as well as a healthy, residence. Nothing can exceed the fertility and exuberance of the plain in which it is situated, nor the beautiful landscapes opened from the cheerful hills, studded with villas, which surround it. The air is most salubrious, the heats are moderated by the sea air, and abundance of charming walks afford opportunity for exercise. Among its nobility will be found, as in most Italian provincial towns, minds cultivated in all the arts that embellish life, and withal courteous and affable to the stranger, such as make these provincial sojourns charming. Hence it is not wonderful that a larger proportion of English should be found resident here than in any other town that we know. Though we only introduced the mention of this place, as of one eligible from its position to be the centre whence to extend a series of excursions into a part of Italy but little seen or known, we will dwell on it a little longer, as no bad specimen of

the degree of information which guide-books give concerning what is to be seen in smaller towns. Mrs. Starke writes as follows: "The objects best worthy of notice at Fano are, *remains of a triumphal arch* erected in honor of Constantine; the cathedral, which contains paintings by Domenichino; the public library; and the theatre, which is one of the best in Italy." (P. 265.) There is little enough here in all conscience to tempt any tourist to stay an hour, or even, if in *vettura*, to induce him to make the driver go *through* the town, instead of round its walls; and yet that little is full of mistakes. Nor till the present has there been any new guide of the town, the old one being extremely rare.* The triumphal arch states on its front that it was in honor of Augustus, and not of Constantine; who only built an attic, now nearly destroyed, upon it. The library of the Filippini *was* once a valuable collection, but would no longer repay the trouble of a visit. As to the theatre, it is curious as a work of art. Its scenes are real and not painted, and the mechanism is as complicated as that of a cotton-factory. Even in mentioning Domenichino's paintings in the cathedral, justice is not done; for besides *sixteen* frescoes by that great artist, which unfortunately have suffered much from damp and injudicious treatment, there is a painting in the same church by Ludovico Caracci, a portrait on a monu-

* One is now preparing for publication by the Count Amiani.

ment by Vandyke, and another excellent picture representing the fall of the manna, by an unknown author.

All this, however, is nothing, compared to the treasures of art scattered over the other churches, and in private houses; which, if collected together, would form a gallery worthy of a capital. For instance, in the church of Sta. Maria Nuova are two beautiful paintings of Perugino's, one representing "The Annunciation," the other the blessed "Virgin and Child." This was evidently painted by him for the very place it occupies; but above it is a semicircular *lunette*, representing a "Pietà," with St. John and Joseph of Arimathea, by the hand of his immortal scholar, Raffaele; and under it is a *gradino*, painted in five compartments, most probably by the same exquisite pencil, though attributed by some to Genga. Besides these gems, the same church contains a painting by Giovanni Sanzio, Raffaele's father, and a "Madonna" by Sassoferata. Few cities are richer than this, in fine productions of the Bolognese school. By Guercino there are, a splendid "Sposalizio" in the church of St. Paterniano, an edifice worthy of being a cathedral in any city; "A Guardian Angel," in that of St. Agostino, both very beautiful; and a "Magdalen" in that of St Philip. By Domenichino there is a very fine "David with the Head of Goliah," in the public college. By Guido, the Gabrielli chapel in the Church of St. Peter possesses a glorious painting of "The An-

nunciation," which many consider his masterpiece, and Cantarini used to pronounce the finest picture in the world.* This church is, in fact, worthy of a place in the capital of the Catholic world, for the richness of its marbles, its gildings, and its paintings. The French indeed carried off two beautiful pieces of Guido's and Guercino's † but the frescoes of Viriani they could not remove. They are his masterpieces. By Albani and his scholars there are several works in the church of Sta. Teresa. We pass over many other fine specimens of art, by inferior, though still good, masters; ‡ as well as those by the best, which are in

* Malvasia, "Vita di Simon Cantarini, Felsina pittrice," vol. ii. p. 4.

† The extent of French devastation in the fine arts can only be known by travelling in the provinces. Most of the great works carried off from the capitals have been restored, few of those in smaller towns. The "Annunciation" of Guido was marked for exile, but the noble proprietor of the chapel proved, by original letters from Guido, that it was private property. The "Sposalizio" was saved by the same plea.

‡ For instance, in the Capuchin church, are the masterpieces of Mancini and Ceccarelli, besides a fine piece by Cav. Calabrese. Perhaps the most peculiarly interesting paintings in this city are the works of the two Presciutti, Bartolomeo, and Pompeo, native artists, who refused to adopt the changes which the art of painting had undergone at that time (1530). "Fa maraviglia," says Lanzi, "il vedere quanto poco curino la riforma che la pittura avea fatta per tutto il mondo. Essi sieguono il secco disegno di quatrocentisti, e lascian dire i moderni. Ne il figlio par che rimodernasse, uscito dallo studio paterno. Ne trovai a S. Andrea di Pesaro un quadro di varj SS. che gli potea fare onore, ma nell' altro secolo."

private collections, because a residence of some days would be requisite to see them all, and whoever will bestow that time will find easy direction to discover and inspect them.

Here then we have a small provincial city, to the riches of which the traveller's guide-book would give him no key. And we may say the same of the many places within the reach of an excursion. We have mentioned to the north the interesting cathedral of Rimini; besides which, though itself worth a journey, there are many other objects of the fine arts in the city; as for instance a grand "St. Jerome," by Guercino, in his chapel, superbly ornamented with paintings by Pronti; and a beautiful Venetian picture in the church of St. Giuliano, celebrated for its altar-piece by Paul Veronese. We need not mention Pesaro, between these two places, because better described in the tours. But Ravenna will afford opportunity for a most interesting excursion beyond both. Whoever loves early Christian monuments, whoever desires to see them in far greater perfection than the lapse of fourteen centuries could warrant us in expecting, whoever desires to study them, unaided by the remains of heathen antiquity, should make every effort to spend some days at least in this noble and imperial city. From Rome it differs

(Storia Pittorica, tom. ii. p. 39; Pisa, 1815.) This circumstance, of a family who refused to depart from the old Christian style, deserves attention. Their principal works are the church of St. Thomas, and St. Michele of Arco.

mainly in this, that your meditations on its monuments are not disturbed by the constant recurrence of pagan remains, nor your researches perplexed by the necessity of inquiring what was built, and what was borrowed by the faithful. Ravenna has only one antiquity, and that is Christian. Seated, like Rome, in the midst of an unhealthy desolate plain, except that its unrivalled pine-forests cast a shade of deeper solitude and melancholy over it—quiet and lonely, without the sound of wheels upon its grass-grown pavement, it has not merely to lament over the decay of ancient magnificence, but upon its total destruction, except in what religion has erected for herself. She was not in time to apply her saving, as well as purifying, unction to the basilicas and temples of preceding ages; or rather, she scorned to occupy what she could replace, and therefore, in the strength of imperial favor, raised new buildings for the Christian worship, such as no other city but Rome could boast of. The entire preservation of so many monuments is really wonderful; the mosaics of the time of Justinian are as fresh as if lately finished; and invaluable they are to the Christian antiquary. In the archiepiscopal palace, the chapel used by the present archbishop is the same as was built and used by St. Peter Chrysologus; altar, walls, mosaic ceiling, all are in perfect preservation. The same is to be said of the ancient baptistery of the church of St. Vitalis, singular for its form (being the first *original* plan ever made for a Christian church)

for its pictorial representations, and its other works of art; and for the tomb of Galla Placidia, on which, or on any of its accessories, no profaning hand has been ever laid. But space would be wanting to us were we to enlarge upon a small portion of this sadly neglected city; which few but professed Christian antiquaries think of going to see. We have already shown the new facilities of communication, with which the papal government, most liberal in this respect, has lately supplied it.

Another interesting excursion in this direction would be to visit the little republic of San Marino, situated upon a craggy mountain, and counting only 7,000 subjects. There are few objects of art to engage the stranger's notice, unless it be the splendid new church now building. But the singularity of such an institution, island-like in the midst of another state, the severe love of freedom which pervades the little republic, and yet the mildness of its sway, the simplicity of manners in the population, where the councillors prune the vine, and the supreme magistrate tills his own farm, must excite and will amply reward British curiosity. Yet in this little commonwealth there has not been wanting a wisdom of rule which has preserved it, small but entire, amid the convulsions and revolutions of larger nations; and when the changes, so unexpected, of the state that encircles it, seemed to defy all prudent speculation as to its ultimate fate, and consequently as to the course to

be steered by the little republic, a man arose, with sagacity and patriotism equal to the crisis, who seized its helm, and conducted it safe between the Scylla and Charybdis of two contending powers, each in its turn triumphant. This was Onofri, the father of his country. When Napoleon was at Milan, he had already prepared the decree for the suppression of the republic of San Marino, nor was he a man to be easily averted from such designs. Onofri, however, undertook the task; he spoke with the freedom of a republican, and the warmth of a patriot; and he prevailed. The decree was itself suppressed, and Napoleon, who conceived a great esteem for the ambassador, said to him, "Onofri, we must do something for your republic." "Sir," he replied, "the only thing you can do *for* us is to leave us just as we are." The French government sent a message of fraternization to the republic; through the counsels of Onofri, no measure of reciprocity was taken; and a perfect neutrality was observed by it during all the contests that ensued. Napoleon sent a present of four pieces of cannon, they were disembarked at the custom-house of Rimini, and Onofri would not allow them to be released. When the imperial rule was overthrown, it was warmly urged to the congress of Vienna, to apply its principles of suppressing or mediatizing small states, to this republic. Onofri sent in a memorial, in which he vindicated his country from every charge, adduced the above-mentioned proofs of his foresight in proof

of its blameless conduct, and obtained the confirmation of its independence. But as complaints had been made by the papal government that the republic was a refuge and sanctuary for all offenders from the neighboring districts, it was enacted that in future no one should be allowed to settle within its small territories, who had not his papers *en règle* from his own government. Onofri's fellow-citizens would have expressed their sense of gratitude towards him, by continuing him in office beyond the usual time. But this he absolutely declined; and insisted that the law, which required a certain interval before re-election, should be strictly adhered to in his case. He several times afterwards filled the chief magistracy till his death. In this little town resides the learned Cav. Borghesi, perhaps the first antiquarian scholar in Italy; consulted in his retreat by the first archæologues of Germany, for his extraordinary sagacity in antiquarian difficulties, and his vast acquaintance with every department of classical literature.

To the west or inland part of Italy, a traveller who had chosen his summer residence where we have hypothetically placed it, would have a variety of most improving as well as pleasing excursions. Gubbio, for example, celebrated for its valuable tables, known under the name of the Eugubine, would not fail to attract him. But Urbino, the country of Raffaele, has indeed been most unbecomingly neglected by even more enterprising tourists. This probably arises from ignorance of

the roads by which it may be reached, though various and most excellent. From the coast there are two, one branching off about two miles north of Pesaro, the other from Fossombrone. From either of these two cities it is half a day's journey with the same horses; and several times a week there is a diligence *en poste* from the former to it. The situation of Urbino is that of a fortress rather than a city; perched upon the craggy summit of a steep and barren hill, surrounded by rough unfertile mountains, it seemed a place of all others most unfitted by nature to form a nursery of art, or the seat of the most polished court of Europe. Yet such it was under the dominion of its dukes, the lords of Monte Feltro. In speaking of the elements necessary for studying accurately the history of architecture and sculpture, we did not make any mention of that department commonly known in Italy by the epithet of the *Cinquecento*, or the 16th century. It would be out of our province to endeavor to describe or characterize it minutely; it is sufficient to say that it is peculiarly beautiful for lightness of proportions in its architectural members, and still more for the richness of ornament which covers every part, in the form of arabesques, foliage, trophies, and running patterns. Much as is to be admired in this style in other parts of Italy, no true idea can, in our opinion, be formed of it without visiting the magnificent palace of the dukes of Urbino. Immense as are its proportions, countless as are its

sculptured cornices, pilasters, doors, windows, chimney-pieces, and entire chapels and alcoves, never is there throughout, a tendency to the slightest repetition, never do the inventive powers of the artist (if *one*) who designed them, appear to flag, and never does variety of character or inferiority of taste give rise to a suspicion, that there were more than one employed. The most delicate hand has carried these elegant conceptions into execution; and we cannot conceive a better commission to be given, by any academy of ornamental design, to artists, than to take drawings or casts of these beautiful ornaments.

With such a sovereign as Duke Guidubaldo, it seems surprising that the rising genius of Raffaele should not have found encouragement in his native city. Many hypotheses have been formed to account for this strange circumstance. Some have thrown the blame upon the artist, as though he demanded for his retaining fee the palace of Pier Antonio Guidalotti, confiscated by the ducal chamber. But Father Pungileoni has shown this to be impossible, as the confiscation did not take place till after Raffaele's death. The exhaustion of the treasury when Guidubaldo recovered his coronet, is assigned by this learned illustrator of Urbino's glories, as a more probable motive of the duke's apparent want of munificence.* Raffaele painted several small pictures for the family, but has left no monument in his own country worthy

* Elogio Storico di Raffaele Sante; Urbino, 1829, p. 41.

of his name. Only in his humble house is a "madonna" on the wall, supposed to be one of the early productions of his boyish days. Perhaps our readers will not be displeased to read the inscription which points out this mansion to the veneration of strangers:—

"Nunquam meriturus exiguis hisce in ædibus eximius ille pictor RAPHAEL natus est, oct. id. Apr. An. M.CD.XXCIII. Venerare igitur hospes nomen et genium loci ne mirere,

Ludit in humanis divina potentia rebus,
Et sæpe in parvis claudere magna solet."

Urbino, however, is not without its pictures. In the church of St. Francis is one by Giovanni Sanzio or Sante, into which the artist has introduced his wife and child, the little Raffaele, about three years of age. Within the convent of the Poor Clares, who are obliging enough to hand them out to strangers, are two pictures; one of them attributed to Raffaele, but not his; the other interesting from two inscriptions on the back, written with a pen. One of them is the simple name *Raffaelo Sante*, the other, "Fu compra di Isabella da Gobio, madre di Raffaelo Sante di Urbino, 14. . ."—"A purchase of Isabella of Gubbio, mother of Raffaele Sante of Urbino." It does not appear from the inscription, which is equivocal, whether she was the purchaser or vender. The picture is by Raffaellino del Garbo. In the Capuchin convent is a splendid Baroccio, an author whose works cannot be appreciated by only

seeing the specimens in Rome. Till his "Deposition from the Cross," in the cathedral of Perugia, is seen, no idea of his powers can, in our judgment, be formed. Another of his masterpieces is the "Last Supper," in the cathedral of Urbino, his native city. In fine, there is here a spacious oratory, dedicated to St. John, entirely painted by the school of Giotto, and, in spite of gross neglect, fresh and full of life. At the church of St. Francesco di Paola are two Titians, and in that of St. Joseph a fine "Madonna," by Timoteo Viti, the friend of Raffaele. But no stranger should leave Urbino without obtaining a sight of the treasures in the sacristy of the cathedral: one of the few in Italy which, through the zeal of its guardians, escaped the rapacity of the French invaders. The church plate, almost entirely the gift of the Cardinal Annibale Albani, is of every variety of form and material compatible with good taste and splendor. Porcelain, silver, massive gold, amber, rock-crystal, pietra dura, enamels, and precious stones, of immense value, have been profusely bestowed by that great man upon the cathedral of his native city; most being made out of presents received from foreign courts. To these are added such an array of rich embroideries, without number, as the sacristy of the Vatican could not display. Having mentioned this princely family, which, by its immense landed possessions, and extensive pin-manufactories, gives employment to multitudes, it would be unjust not to

notice the generosity and charity ever displayed by its members, down to the late prince cardinal of that name. More than once, when the crops have failed, we have been assured, by his agent, that he not only refused all rent from his numerous tenants, but sent large sums to be distributed among them, and cut new roads to give employment to the laborers. Yet, when the stupid revolution of 1830 took place, one of the first acts of the new government was, to write a threatening and insulting letter to the benevolent prince, in Rome, then near his ninetieth year, insisting upon his undertaking to build a large palace in the public square, in order to give employment to the poor. He complied with the greatest good-humor, and erected the handsomest modern building in the city. Notwithstanding this unworthy treatment, knowing, as he expressed himself, that it proceeded from "three or four scoundrels, and not from the people," he immediately after accepted the office of legate there, and closed his days among his fellow-citizens.

Should a traveller, having reached Urbino from the east, not be disposed to retrace his steps, but desire to advance towards Florence or Rome, he would have no assistance from his guide-books. We beg, therefore, to assure him that he will find, thence to the frontiers of Tuscany, the most magnificent mountain-road that we know south of the Alps. It has been constructed at the joint expense of the Papal and Tuscan govern-

ments, the province of Urbino alone having contributed 250,000 dollars. The *engineering* of the road is masterly, and the construction quite Roman. It crosses the highest Apennines, and brings the traveller to San Giustino, where he may either turn into Tuscany by Borgo San Sepolcro, or go towards Perugia by Città di Castello.* Neither of these frontier towns has been found worthy of a place in our English itineraries, though they will amply repay a visit from the man of taste. Borgo San Sepolcro may be called a city of painters, for none, perhaps, in Italy has produced so many. It possesses to this day many fine paintings by Pietro Perugino, Luca Signorelli, Pietro della Francesca, Raffaele del Calle, and other excellent artists. Città di Castello has the merit of being one of the first cities that encouraged the rising genius of Raffaele, and had, consequently, the honor of possessing some of his earliest works. Most of these have now disappeared. One of St. Nicholas of Tolentino was cut up, having been much damaged ; and the upper part was bought at a high price by Pius VI., and carried off by the French. The celebrated " Sposalizio " was stolen from the church for which it was painted, under the French usurpation, and forms the principal

* As a specimen of geographical accuracy, we may observe, that the school atlas, published by Dr. Samuel Butler, now on the episcopal bench, in the first map of Italy, places not only this city, but Perugia itself, far within the Tuscan territories.

gem of the Brera at Milan: a beautiful "Crucifixion" was sold by the family in whose chapel it was, and now graces the gallery of Cardinal Fesch.* All that remains of the great painter, are two small standards in the Confraternity chapel of the Blessed Trinity, which had been shamefully neglected, and have lately been most barbarously repaired, if spoilt be not the truer word. In spite of these losses, there is much left to repay the intelligent traveller's stay of a few days, in this pretty and most courteous city. He will find many works of Luca Signorelli, Raffaele del Calle, Rosso Fiorentino, Pinturicchio, and Pietro Perugino, and of many native artists, well worthy of observation. We do not enter into particulars, as we did of other towns, which have no published guide, because excellent descriptions of both these cities have been published by the Cav. Andreocci, and more at length by the Cav. Mancini.† The gallery of the latter will not escape the notice of the amateur, who will be delighted to find there pieces by the first masters, from Giotto to living masters, including Raffaele.

Towards the south of the central position which we have ventured to recommend as a good summer or autumnal residence, Jesi, Ancona, and Sinigaglia would afford further occupation. But the last-mentioned place has attractions of a different character from what we have till now de-

* Lately engraved in admirable style by Gruner, at Rome.

† Two volumes, 8vo. Perugia, 1832.

scribed—the splendid fair of twenty days, in July and August, which makes a residence near it an object of envy to many Italians. We have before us an animated description of its scenes, from the pen of one of our countrywomen in the habit of attending it, which we regret that want of room, as well as the gravity of our censorious office, does not allow us to insert. From it we learn that its origin may be traced to the year 1200, when Sergius, count of Sinigaglia, married the daughter of the prince of Marseilles, who sent him, as a present, some relics of St. Mary Magdalen. This drew immense crowds to the celebration of her festival on the 22nd of July; and the concourse, as was usual in those ages, led to the establishment of the fair, as it is still called, of St. Mary Magdalen. Sigismund Malatesta, some years later, gave it new lustre, and repaired the port, which had been nearly destroyed by Manfredi. When the city came under the dominion of the Holy See, it stipulated for the preservation of its right of fair, with all its privileges, exemption from custom, tribute and fees. The town is built expressly for the fair: its straight streets are covered with awnings, every house becomes a magazine, and every doorway a shop. Every article, from costly jewelry for the noble, to the coarsest wares for the peasantry, may be met in this universal emporium; tradesmen from Venice, Geneva, Trieste, France, Germany, and the Levant, display their various merchandise; not in small

parcels to tempt the casual stroller, but in bales and cases for the supply of the inland dealers. Every dialect of the Italian language, cut into by the rougher tones of the transalpine, or the guttural jargon of transmarine languages, is heard, generating a Babel of sounds. On all sides are greetings of *dear friends*, who only meet once a year at the fair, yet are as loud and hearty in their salutations as though they were sworn brothers. From a semicircle of fifty miles' radius (the city being upon the sea) the population pours in, with serious intentions of laying out their money to some purpose; while crowds of Roman, Tuscan, and other idlers, come to enjoy a lounge through this bazaar-city, or partake of its amusements. In the thoughts of the former, the custom-house officers have a considerable place; for as all the merchandise comes in free, and pays its duty upon passing the gates to enter into the country, many are the schemes and devices for escaping the vigilance of these most inconvenient and inconsiderate officials. Much that is bought is concealed in the town, so as to evade the minute domiciliary visit which closes the fair, and then is gradually conveyed home. What is in use passes, of course, free; hence troops of countrymen, tanned to the color of bronze, as they go out of the gates, shade their delicate complexions from the sun with their new umbrellas; and young men protect themselves against the chill of the Italian dog-days with well-lined and fur-collared cloaks, wrapped

close around them. Dropsies, too, look very common, and pocket-handkerchiefs seem vastly like shawls. A sudden fashion seems to have come in of wearing double apparel, and many can no longer tell the time without at least three watches in their pockets. Yet great is the squabbling, the entreating, the bullying at the gates; and many faint just at that particular moment, and cannot recover unless they drive outside, and feel the country air. In fact, it is an epoch in the year, to which everything is referred; a person is said to have died or to have gone abroad, before or after the last fair of Sinigaglia; many know only those two periods in the year.

But to turn to more serious topics. The situation which we have pointed out as admirable for any one who wishes to see a most interesting part of Italy, will afford, to those who take delight in such things, several opportunities of visiting the seats of national industry. At Fassombrone, fifteen miles from Fano, the steam-engine is applied to the beautiful process of drawing off the silk, the finest in Italy; at Fabriano are very extensive paper-mills, which supply all the states, and even send considerable quantities across the seas; at La Pengola are large carpet-manufactories, which now begin to copy the English patterns. St. Ippolito, a small village not far from Fassombrone, is a species of Carrara in miniature, where beautiful marble-work is executed at a third of the Roman prices,

and might be shipped for any part of the world at Ancona.

We have shown how much might be made of a few months' residence on the eastern coast of Italy. If the sea be not particularly coveted, Bologna or Perugia would be excellent central points. Both are ancient friends of ours, but the latter has less of the capital about it; and, besides having within its reach many of the places we have enumerated, as Gubbio, Urbino, and Città di Castello, it is the middle point of a school of painting that has for us peculiar charms. There is solid food in this line for many days, and, after that, pickings for weeks of delicious savor. Then there is Assisi near, more like a sanctuary than a city,—the town of which both Starke and Brockedon write, that it is worth a visit to those that have time; especially to antiquarians, because there is a portico of a temple of Minerva. So says the latter, and he an artist! The former tells us, that "the church of St. Francesco, in this city, contains several pictures of the old school." (P. 475.) Why, it is not *one* church, but three, each enough for one city, piled up one above the other. *Several pictures!* The upper one is ornamented from roof to basement with frescoes by Giotto; and the lower one covered, ceiling and all, by the finest productions of the same artist, and Cimabue, his master, Buffalmacco, Memmi, Gaddi, and other restorers of the Christian art, not to speak of more ancient Grecian works.

The Sagro Convento is a thing unique in its kind, —there is nothing like it in Italy, or out of it.

But there is another object of interest to every man of education who visits a foreign country,— its public institutions. Those who go to Perugia should not omit the opportunity it gives them of seeing several worthy of minute observation. One is the hospital, with its numerous appendages; another, the college, directed by the learned jurisconsult Collizzi. In cleanliness and good arrangement it would be difficult to find anything surpassing it in England; the book of regulations, now before us, shows us that, with severe attention to the moral and scientific attainments of the pupils, is united the greatest care to refine their manners and fit them for society. Their examinations show the extent and variety of the plan of education. This and the college, or academy, at Urbino, directed by the Somaschi Fathers, are, we believe, considered the two best in the Papal States. . Having minutely inspected both, we believe they have a claim to positive, as well as to comparative praise. But the asylum for the insane is the noblest establishment in Perugia. Under the paternal direction of Dr. Santi, it has been most successful in restoring, perfectly cured, to their afflicted families a very large proportion of the unfortunate creatures sent to it for relief. Nothing but the kindest treatment is allowed; and a most judicious distribution has been adopted, separating the patients into double classes, of rank or intelligence, and of symp-

toms. By a report before us, published this year, it results, that in twelve years and a half there have been—

	Admitted.	Cured.	Died.	Remain.
Men.....	202	120	51	31
Women.....	110	56	27	27
Total	312	176	78	58

It is particularly remarked, that of those who have once been cured and have relapsed, there has been no instance of failure in effecting a final and complete cure.

Much more we have to say, especially as we have purposely confined ourselves to a small portion of that state of Italy which is most exposed to the contemptuous neglect, or studied misrepresentations, of tourists and writers of itineraries. We shall be satisfied if we can effect anything, by what we have written, towards inducing our countrymen to see more of the smaller towns and cities of the classical peninsula; and still more, if we shall induce some competent person to draw up such a hand-book for travellers, as shall enable them to do this with profit and delight. It must be no compilation, but the result of actual observation. Dr. Kitchener boasts that he had eaten through the whole of his *Cookery Book;* Hahnemann has taken every dose of homœopathic medicine which he prescribes; the author of such a book as we wish to see must have travelled it all through in person.*

* [This has been in a great measure done by Mr. Murray's hand-books of Italy. It has been gratifying to me to know, that this article was not without its use, in promoting this object.]

RELIGION IN ITALY.

[From the *Dublin Review* for July, 1836.]

ART. VII.—1. *Records of a Route through France and Italy; with Sketches of Catholicism.* By WILLIAM RAE WILSON, F.A.S., A.S.R. London: 1835.

2. *Rom, wie es in Wahrheit ist, aus den Briefen eines dort lebenden Landsmannes.* Von J. GÖRRES. *Rome as it is in Reality, from the Letter of a German resident there.* By J. GÖRRES. Strasburg: 1826.

MR. RAE WILSON belongs to a numerous class of travellers in Italy, who learn their topography from their book of posts, their local knowledge from Quadri, Vasi, or other published *ciceroni;* their acquaintance with the morals and manners of the people, from their dealings with couriers and innkeepers; and their anecdotes and history, from their Italian masters. We know the race well: they may be seen, with pencil in hand, minuting down their slender observations upon the objects of trite curiosity, hanging on the skirts of groups that inspect the galleries with some intelligent guide, or extracting information from artists engaged in copying the masterworks of antiquity. And woe to you, if you happen to tell

within their hearing some amusing or interesting anecdote; an introduction and the task of repeating your tale, with the spelling of the proper names, is the smallest infliction you must expect. Much learning is not required; guide-books supply the classical quotations,* preceding travellers the feelings, and national partialities the critical remarks. When a sufficient accumulation of notes has thus been made, upon the covers of letters and the blank leaves of books, the precious embryo is either hatched into maturity by the fond assiduity of the parent, or placed in the hands of some man of letters, by whom "gentlemen's own materials are made up," and so elaborated into goodly tomes for the spring consumption of literary England.

All this is well enough; there may be something new in the heap of dullness, or many may have no objection to read the old tale once more. But there is one topic which will secure the patronage of a party at least. What reader of advertisements understands not the catching words on Mr. Wilson's title-page, "with Sketches of Catholicism?" Who, that has attuned his ear to the

* We must beware, however, how we rob the school-Horace of its merits. Tibur and Algidus, and the *hospitium modicum* of Aricia, form favorite points for the publishing tourist. The author of the *Records* seems hardly aware of this notoriety. For when at Rome, describing, on a certain occasion, his tour to Naples, as though it were an unknown land, he observed, "I first went to a place called Albano, and after that I got to another called La Riccia."

war-whoop of recent itinerants, promises not to himself, on catching this prelude, a pleasing music. Who does not at once foresee that these "Sketches," though as much out of drawing as the engraved ones which embellish the work, are intended to be its great recommendation with a certain class of readers? But if it were known that, while the author was employed in writing these illiberal pages, he was affecting a kind and friendly feeling towards those whom he so unsparingly vilifies; that while he was calling the community of his Catholic fellow-countrymen "the company of a muzzled hyæna," he was enjoying their unsuspicious hospitality, and courting their unmerited civilities; that, while he was traducing their religion, as "an idolatrous simulation of Christianity," * he was marked in his attention to some of the very ministers of that worship, and was eager to secure their co-operation on some points; we cannot but flatter ourselves that they, too, will fling by the volume with loathing distrust, and deplore the deluding spirit which can cloak, under a fancied zeal for religion, such dishonorable behavior.

But we must not fall into the offence which we are thus publicly indicting, nor accuse Mr. Wilson of belonging to the class of superficial observers which we have described, without sufficient evidence. We will take an illustration at random: thus he writes:—

* Page 6.

"Although now dedicated to the Virgin, the interior of the Pantheon looks quite as much like a museum as a church, being decorated with a series of busts—not of saints, but of distinguished artists, painters, musicians, fiddlers, engravers, etc."—P. 328.

Were we not right in saying, that Mr. Wilson is one of those who gathers his information from his guide-books, and that, too, from an antiquated edition? For it is upwards of fifteen years since every one of these busts was taken from the Pantheon by Pius VII., and deposited in a new gallery, called the *Pinacoteca*, prepared for that purpose in the Capitol, and much augmented by the great Canova. The Rotonda, or Pantheon, was the church in which a confraternity or society of artists met for their devotions, and there they naturally erected memorials to men celebrated in art.*

* The founder of this confraternity of St. Joseph, a clever and pious ecclesiastic, has long received a homage not intended for him. It was his skull which was preserved in the Academy of St. Luke's as that of Raffaele, with Bembo's celebrated distich on it:—

"Ille hic est Raphael, timuit quo sospite vinci
Rerum magna parens, quo moriente mori."

Rendered so beautifully into Italian:—

"Questi é quel Raffael, cui vivo vinta
Esser temea la natura, cui morto estinta."

The discovery of the real remains of "the divine painter," has rescued phrenologists from embarrassment, as they had pronounced the old skull to show no symptoms of artistic skill, but rather of cleverness in business.

As there are busts in museums, we must suppose that a church with such monuments must look like a museum; but has Mr. Wilson ever been in Westminster Abbey? or in St. Paul's? And was his wrath moved by seeing busts of poets, and those not the most moral, appropriating to themselves a portion of the former? or did he think lieutenant-colonels and lexicographers less "odd associates" with the Deity there worshipped, than artists are, to use his own phrase, with the Blessed Virgin in that temple? But with such reflections we deal not at present; our quotation is only to show our readers how Mr. Rae Wilson, and other such tourists, see what they describe. He speaks of the Pantheon as it was fifteen years ago, as though it were still precisely the same two or three winters back. One of two conclusions we must respectfully request Mr. Wilson's leave to draw; either he never went into the church which he describes, and wrote from books; or else, that when in it, he saw what is no longer there. We will not suggest a third,—that he writes here, as often, without caring much for the truth of what he states.

But we must allow a better artist than ourselves to sketch, in a light *croquis*, the little race of tourists which we have attempted to describe. First, however, we will introduce him to our readers. The German pamphlet, which we have almost degraded by the company in which we have placed it at the head of our article, is in fact anonymous, but is edited by one whose name and char-

acter receive the homage of respect and admiration from the learned of every religion on the Continent. Of Görres we have had occasion to say a few words in another article;* we have only to add, that his abilities, as a profound Christian philosopher, as a learned historian, and as a most powerful writer, are but secondary qualities, when compared to the charming simplicity and unaffected virtue, which render himself, and his family circle, the delight of all who know them. The author of the letter has looked upon Rome, with a mind full of amiable enthusiasm, with a devotedness of affection and a warmth of admiration, which few can appreciate. In a style truly German, he overlooks many of those objects of attraction on which travellers usually dwell, and seems to delight in tracing the beautiful characteristics of the queen-city through its most neglected parts, and finding, in the poverty of its lanes, and even in the instincts of its brute population, the impress of its peculiar features.

In a postscript to this interesting letter, Görres, in a vein of sharp, yet playful criticism, compares the accounts given by German, French, and English travellers of modern Rome. His introduction admirably describes the tourists of Mr. Wilson's mental stature :—

"When the mistress of the seven hills ruled the world, first with the temporal, and afterwards with the spiritual, sword, the hosts of many nations crossed the mountains, to

* See p. 440 [D. R. vol. i. July, 1836].

chastise her daring, or to lose their own; and more than once she was taken by storm. This always indicated wrong and confusion in the republic of Europe; but, at least, they were only the strong who then girded themselves to march in war towards Rome; for the empress knew well how to defend herself, and to resist hostile aggression. But since Typhon (the genius of evil) has robbed the Capitoline Jove of his thunder-bolts, and buried them deep in the caverns of earth, the race of dwarfs have taken heart; they put their luck-penny into their travelling purse, grasp their little canes in their hands, and march resolutely in troops like mice; and when they have stood before the ancient abode of the mighty, and been courteously allowed to enter, they tramp through all the streets, they creep into every little corner, and sniff up at every object which is too great for their little eyes to take in. When they return home, they are not silent as that quiet tribe usually is; but they tell wonders about the cave of Cacus,* which they visited, and how they found there some of the bones of the stolen oxen, and smelt the smoke of the flames and lightning which he hurled, and found Hercules's club in one corner. Such mean stuff does each book-fair in Germany bring us; for these little folks are very industrious, and keep their journals with great care."

Mr. Wilson's ideas of Christianity and religion are wonderfully comprehensive; all faith, morals, virtue, and piety, depend, in his system, on one only point—the observance of the Sabbath. Paris and Toulon, Rome and Naples, are respectively sentenced upon this head alone; they do not observe Sunday as Mr. Rae Wilson would desire, and therefore they are little better than heathen cities.

* The spot where this cavern was, under the Aventine, is one of the show-places of valets-de-place. Of course, not a trace of it now exists.

It is singular enough that throughout the New Testament our Saviour should never speak of the duties of the Sabbath, except to reprove the severity introduced by the Jews in its observance. He cures on that day, on purpose to break through their prejudices, and rebuts their murmurs in consequence; he allows his disciples to do what the Pharisees deemed it unlawful to do on that day and boldly defends their conduct.* It is strange, then, that men who reprove the Catholic Church for a leaning towards the ceremonial law, should place the essence of religion in the observance of that day, according to a Judaic form, reprobated in the New Testament.

That one, so narrow-minded as this author shows himself in every page, should judge in this manner, cannot surprise us. But it is the fault of almost every tourist whom we have ever read, to mistake thoroughly, from first to last, the moral and intellectual character of the Italians. How should it be otherwise? Skimming over the surface of fashionable society, ignorant of the language, jealously excluded from the sanctuary of native domestic life, coming in contact with classes of persons who have shaped their manners so as best to please such strangers, remaining stationary but a few months in any place, hedged round with a prickly array of self-sufficient prejudices, possessing no sympathies of religion or feeling with those whom

* Matt. xii. 1—12; Mark ii. 23—28; John v. 9—18; vii. 9—16.

they observe, how can they pry into the soul and heart of a people, who, ardent and enthusiastic, yield indeed much to impulse, but reserve often a depth of secret intelligence and worth, which a passing stranger will not discover? If the traveller meet with a native on his journey, and receive from him, as infallibly he will, unsolicited courtesy, and, if required, disinterested kindness, he, perhaps, admires that frankness which waits for no formality of introduction, or notes it as a defect of character, as a mark of volubility and dangerous want of caution. But when he finds, as we have experienced, that such casual and apparently transient offices of kindness are sure to lead, if opportunity be given for cultivation, to a steady attachment, and perhaps a warm and faithful friendship, the readiness to join the hand will be naturally attributed to a deeper and better feeling than mere good nature, or easiness of disposition. We believe no English families have resided in Italy for a sufficient time to secure their thorough acquaintance with the Italian character, as seen apart from the gay scenes of public society, without its rising in their estimation, or without their discovering how much it has been maligned.

Travellers go forth with a standard formed in their mind upon models at home. The religion of England is the religion of one day in the week. The church is but a useless building on the other six; its bells are silent, and its portals closed; and the religious spirit, whether pent up, or suffered

to evaporate during that period, is concentrated upon this one; the thoughtlessness of the week changes, by a convulsive reaction, into a melancholy gravity, and the want of all worship of those days is thought to be compensated by the denial of every recreation and occupation, however innocent, on that day. Well, be it so. But go into a country where every day summons the people to do public service to God, where religion necessarily mingles with the daily duties of life, where its institutions so surround them as habitually to bring it into their thoughts, and, at the same time, provide wholesome checks for total forgetfulness; where the hand of God has planted in their bosoms a heart as cheerful and smiling as their skies, and where education has taught them to feel, that hilarity and joy are the best manifestations of a peaceful conscience; and will you not be unreasonable if you expect, that one day should repress such innocent feelings, and make men violate all truth of character, or imagine that God is to be honored on it, with a different soul and spirit from those wherewith they have served him on the other six? Go any morning into the villages of Italy, and see before the sun has risen, the entire population crowded in the church, and kneeling during the same liturgy as forms the Sunday service, and hear them raise their clear and cheering voices in a choral litany; then watch them, as they depart, from calling down the blessing of heaven on their daily labor, dispersing in merry groups

down the hill, to dress the vine, joining with the lark in their shrill *ritornello;* the little ones tripping in joyous haste, before the sober elders, in their picturesque costumes, till they vanish through the side-scenes of mingled vines and olives, to toil through the sultry day. Then when the evening bell tolls, an hour before sunset, and the labor ceases, see them return, fatigued yet cheerful, to enjoy—perhaps some rest at home? No, not till they have once more met before God's altar, to praise him for his daily blessing! And when you have every day witnessed this scene, tell them, who have daily stood before God, and therefore have been joyful, while the sun played fiercely upon them, and the blight nipped their crops, and poverty and want afflicted their bodies, tell them that to-day they must look sad and freeze all innocent joy in their souls, and repress all mirthful expression, because forsooth it is the day of the Lord's rest! They, whom prayer has made cheerful in toil and fatigue, must look, and be, gloomy when it brings them exemption from their yoke!

Or visit one of those beautiful villages on its special festival. In the morning you are aroused from your slumber by the loud peal of the church bells, and the discharge of a hundred small mortars, to which the surrounding hills reply by their successive echoes, as if to accept, on behalf of their inhabitants, the joyful invitation which the summons conveys. With no fear that any interruption will come from the weather in that delicious

climate, you wander forth, through a pure and fragrant air, and admire the preparation of days, on which all the resources of natural taste and ingenuity have been expended. The triumphal arch, erected at the gate, in proportions that gratify an artist's eye, covered and festooned with evergreens, so well selected as to imitate the architectural members and ornaments of a more solid building; the draperied inscription, which tells, in a latinity that would shame that of English cathedrals, of the glories of the saint, and the piety of his votaries; the neatly-printed sonnets, warm from the pen of village poets, which are affixed to the door-posts of the church; the band, probably composed of inhabitants, parading in their rich uniform; the little knot of peasants who arrive from the neighborhood, or issue from their houses, in all the bravery of their elegant and rich costumes; the constant stream which flows from every side into the open doors of the church,—all this, seen under the cloudless canopy of a summer sky, with a background of chestnut-woods, and a horizon of bold mountains just catching the rising sun, will make you feel that the religion of these simple rustics is where it ever should be, deep in the heart, yet overflowing, from its full capacity, into their looks and actions, mingled inseparably with the best and purest of natural feelings; that it must manifest itself towards God as filial love does towards man, and express itself towards the All-powerful and All-wise, even as their own little ones' affections

do to them, whom they deem able to help and to direct them. And these feelings will go on increasing with the day; as you witness the church tapestried and lighted at their willing cost, the solemn music which the nearest towns can afford, the procession with the several confraternities arrayed in flowing robes, with their banners and crosses, the evening litany, in which the organ is powerless amid the choral shout of thousands ringing against the lofty vault; in short, the arrangement, conduct, and feeling of the entire scene, will satisfy you that religion humanizes, refines, and, to use a stronger word, ennobles the minds of that peasantry, down to a rank which, in other countries, is rude, churlish, and nearly brutal. The municipal character of the Italian villages, the right of local administration which they all possess, seems to localize the attachments of their inhabitants; and they know not how better to announce these feelings than by displaying their superior taste in all the concerns of their little commonweal; and religion, in a Catholic country, is necessarily the channel through which such a disposition will best be manifested. Those who have witnessed the dignity with which the notables of the place take the lead in all church ceremonies and processions, the good order and respectable demeanor of the poorer peasantry who swell them with their numbers, and the edifying deportment of the poor but pious clergy who officiate; those who have witnessed the one, harmonious, feeling of brother-

hood which binds together the entire population on such occasions, and through their influence at all times; they who have heard with what true discrimination the harmonies of the Church-chant are caught up by the old and young without dissonance or timidity, will acknowledge that they have felt themselves drawn, like ourselves, into the swell of feeling which heaved around them; yea, and thought that they were raised above the dull level of daily emotions, by finding themselves associated in voice and heart with the vine-dresser and the mountaineer. And when thus overpowered for a season by the might of virtuous sympathy, and feeling the practical effects of the great Catholic principle, which causes the individual to be absorbed in the harmonious unison of the multitude, had any traveller of the Rae Wilson cast whispered to us about "the buffoonery" of such religious exhibitions, and "despised us in his heart," as Michol did David, when he allowed the joy of his soul to break forth in signs of extravagant gladness before the people, we should have been satisfied to give that monarch's reply, "Before the Lord . . . I will both play and make myself meaner than I have done, and will be little in mine own eyes:"* and to stand by the award of that authority which adds, that "*therefore* Michol, the daughter of Saul, had no child to the day of her death."

But on the character which religion gives to

* 2 Sam. vi. 21.

the Italian peasantry, especially in the neighborhood of Rome, we must let our German speak:—

"This feeling of propriety, which restrains their natural vivacity within the bounds of decorum, renders intercourse with the most uncultivated classes agreeable. The ingenuous and open character of the peasantry has a most becoming exterior, and elevates them far above the rustic manners and uncouthness of the corresponding class in other countries. Their strong natural sense renders them so accurate in their judgment, and so just in their principles, that, if we abstract positive scientific knowledge, which they cannot be supposed to possess, and look only to the relations of society, little more would be necessary to transform them into noblemen, than to change their outward garb."—P. 3.

Again, speaking of the pilgrims who flock to Rome from more distant parts of Italy:—

"You must not imagine to yourself the vulgar gait and demeanor of a motley crowd of rustics. No, truly; a more natural, yet more stately and nobler tread, a more elegant yet majestic mien in every attitude, could not be given by the most able artist to a picture of a patriarchal scene. But what is still more interesting about them is, that the minds of these men are not at variance with their outward appearance, as all confess who converse with them here, and still more in their native country. How could it be otherwise than that the striking expression of a piety so earnest yet so mild, bearing the stamp of the most simple-hearted honesty, the most unaffected disposition, and of the most unprejudiced faith, should be founded on a child-like innocence and truth; for it fails not to affect the soul of any one who attentively observes their behavior in devotion. You should see a company of these delightful men, when, after a long and fatiguing journey from their mountains, they first enter the longed-for holy city."—P. 21.

We will not give the author's description: we

will only send our readers to Mr. Eastlake's charming picture of the scene, in the exhibition of this year,* with the commentary, that it is but a correct, unexaggerated representation of the reality.

We have wandered, perhaps too freely, in the rural districts of Italy, recording expressions which can never be plucked from our hearts, and which the narrow-minded misrepresentations of travellers can only restore to fresh vividness and beauty. These are but as the acid poured upon the pages of a faded scroll, which, instead of cancelling what remains, brings back the traces that time and neglect had apparently consumed.

If we enter the precincts of the Eternal City, the power of religion, associated as she ever should be with the beautiful and the amiable, lays hold of our mind and heart, and encompasses us with an inspiring influence which denotes the presence of the spirit of the place. A marvellous combination of splendid natural scenery, with grey and broken masses of ruins—the emblems of the enduring and of the perishable, of the works of God and of man,—encircles and adorns those sacred temples, which seem to partake of the properties of both—erected of the frail materials composing the latter, yet apparently endowed with the immortal and unfading newness which is the prerogative of the former. Another may prefer to enter by the northern gate, and after journeying in meditative silence over the solemn Campagna, love

* [Well known by its engraving.]

to rush at once into the tumult of equipages, in the magnificent vestibule to the modern city;* though even there the twin-churches which claim his first salute, and the peerless dome on his right, will make him feel that he is already on hallowed ground. We should desire after musing along the Appian way, in the tone of Sulpicius's beautiful letter to Cicero, after contemplating the total annihilation of worldly grandeur, which seemed necessary to make a fitting pathway to the capital of spiritual Christianity—to enter by the southern gate; for there the combination we have mentioned bursts at once upon the eye. And if we could select our day, whereon to introduce a friend of kindred spirit, it should be the third of May. It is the festival of the Holy Cross; and though no holiday, it would present to him the scene which we shall endeavor rapidly to trace. The moment he enters the gate, the majestic front of the Lateran Basilica spreads before his eye, crowned with statues, and adorned with stately pillars. On an ordinary occasion it looks down upon a green lawn, over which some few religious, clothed in white, and with book in hand, may perchance be straying. But on this day the prospect is very different. Standing on the steps which lead to its porch, you see stretching before you a triple avenue, skirted by the broken, picturesque city walls, and terminated by a noble church with a huge square belfry, which seems naturally to

* The Piazza del Popolo.

group with the surrounding aqueducts and towers of the imperial times. This is the great object of attraction; for it is the church which Constantine's mother raised to preserve the sacred relics of Calvary. Though the inhabited city is not even in sight, a countless flood of people, in their gayest attire, pours from every thoroughfare into the open space before you, and after eddying within it for a time, as though it were its reservoir, flows on in a continuous stream, through the shady avenue, to the place of its pilgrimage. The sun, cloudless yet not oppressive, plays upon the variegated mass, with the richest diversity of gay lights and sober shadows, and now and then glances with a dazzling ray upon the carriage of the prelate or the prince. The left is closed in by the curious and precious triclinium of Leo III., glittering in golden mosaic; then by a bridge of aqueducts, striding over vineyards and their cottages. But on your right, what a view! Your eye leaps at once over the gate by which you have entered, skims over the suburbless plain which succeeds, and guided by the straight unbroken course of tombs or arches which traverse it, rests in calm delight upon the purple hills, dear to those who know them, as were Hermon and Carmel to the Jewish poet. Not sufficiently lofty to contend in majesty with the neighboring Catillus or the Prenestine hills, yet nobly rising from the plain, they present so bold yet so rounded an outline, such a just proportion of crag, and forest, and cultivation, as allows

you not to marvel at the towns and villages, convents and hermitages, which fleck their purple sides with their bright, clean buildings. Every one of these white groups has a name in story, and recalls the deeds of pagan heroism, or the chastest strains of Roman poesy.

This matchless union of objects, which, single, would form any other city's glory, necessarily works upon the mind of the natives, and must overpower the feelings of the observer. The seclusion of the most stately and venerable sanctuaries from the haunts of men, sheds around them a more soothing solemnity than the groves of old can have imparted to profane temples. There is no artifice, no trace of man's false hand in the austerity which engirds them: when to reach the Lateran church you have traversed the Forum, and passed under defaced triumphal arches, and heard your steps re-echoed from the tenantless seats of the Flavian amphitheatre, your mind has been sufficiently sobered, and your thoughts collected, to harmonize with the appealing Spirit that dwells within its majestic aisles. For, as the Tabernacle was separated from the camp of Israel which surrounded it, and the sanctuary was again alone in the midst thereof, so may Rome itself be considered as cut off from the ordinary dwellings of men by the band of solitude which surrounds her, and then as keeping her sacred places detached and secluded within herself.

But let us descend from this higher point of

view, and join the throng. Dense as it appeared, you find it gentle, cheerful, and sedate; no rudeness, no churlishness, no excitement; all seem as but one party, guided by one common feeling towards the same enjoyment. Here you behold the children sitting in a circle on the grass, plucking the wild flowers that grow around them, to deck the hair of the youngest and fairest of the company. There you follow a procession which slowly winds its way through the yielding crowd, to the music of a solemn plaintive chant. And perhaps you will ask what dignitary that is, who, in a simple cassock and scarlet cap, bears a plain black cross at the head of the pious fraternity; and you will be certainly told, for such things are not made matters of parade, that it is a near relative of the Emperor Napoleon, who never fails to lead those brethren on this occasion.* And if you inquire who is the matron that, attired in black, heads the sisterhood that follows, you will possibly hear some name which once made the Saracen quail on the plain of Damascus or in the Bay of Lepanto.† The nobleman and the peasant walk side by side, whether in the procession or among the spectators, without disdain on the one side or subserviency on the other; for in Rome, as our German observes, "an individual of the lowest class is more unembarrassed and at his ease, when speaking with a cardinal, or with

* [The late pious and charitable Cardinal Fesch.]

† The Colonnas and Dorias.

the pope himself, than he would be elsewhere in conversation with the secretary of an inferior man in office. The reason," he adds, "is principally their religion, which makes them all consider in one another only the Christian."—P. 3.

We have dwelt too long upon this scene, otherwise we should have wished to guide our reader with us into the church, which, however altered by ill-judged restorations, yet catches a venerable air of stateliness from the massive granite columns of its aisles, and possesses a matchless charm in the lovely paintings of Pinturicchio on its apsis, and an awful holiness in the treasure which it was erected to preserve. And we would bid him contrast the solemn and impressive devotion within it, with the cheerful enjoyment without, and see if there be not in the breast of the multitude a religious sense which can draw them to serious thoughts, without disturbing the play of natural dispositions. For our parts, we see much for other nations to envy, and much to admire, in this mingling of religion with the every-day duties of ordinary life; we think this union of devotion and recreation, the walk to a sanctuary so situated in preference to a lounge in an insipid park, a proof not only that the people there are more thoroughly possessed of a religious character than their sabbath-preaching traducers, but that they understand more truly the spirit of Christianity, which Providence has blessed there, as nowhere

else, with a power to influence the affections, through such monuments and such scenes.

But this reminds us that Mr. Rae Wilson is lying open on the table; and, though loath to turn to him again, we will try once more if we can find any matter for serious animadversion—topics for commendation we have quite despaired of discovering.

We have discovered him seeing in the Pantheon what does not exist there; we shall find him no less gifted with the power of hearing sounds not uttered. Holy week is a favorite topic with your tourist. He will generally express some enthusiasm, real or pretended, in describing the splendid ceremonial, with its unrivalled accompaniments of music and the arts of design, which occupies the Papal chapel at that holy season. Not so Mr. Rae Wilson; he glories in having found it tedious, and in considering it only "inane pomp." Happy man! to be so elevated above the sphere of other petty mortals, as to find the sublime strains of Palestrina and Albulensis "somewhat monotonous" (p. 319); the procession of the pope and his clergy "something ludicrous" (p. 320), and the *flabelle*, or fans made of plumes, which are borne beside him, "too singular to be passed over in silence!" (P. 322.) But what can you expect from one who gravely discovers that in Raffaele's "Transfiguration," Mount Thabor is like a haycock (p. 311); the gaudiness of painting, or that of colored marbles or gilding, so

conspicuous in St. Peter's" (p. 303); and more stupendous than all, that the "sole proof" on which Catholics can maintain transubstantiation is—the miracle of Bolsena! (P. 318.)

But as to the specimen of Mr. Wilson's hearing. Speaking of the functions in the Papal chapel on Palm Sunday, he says,—

"As soon as his holiness had taken his seat on a sort of throne by the altar, a *band of instrumental music*, and a choir of singers, struck up."—P. 319.*

We thought every child who had been in Rome a month knew that in the Papal chapel no instrument, not even the organ, is permitted; and certainly Mr. Wilson's ears must be peculiar, to mistake the clear, unaccompanied sounds of the human voice, for a band of instruments. Once more, he either did not go to the chapel, or he is a precious observer. Such instances may appear trifling; but they are important to show what faith is to be put in such a traveller and others of his caste, when they even pretend to tell us what

* As a specimen of Mr. W.'s accuracy, we shall only observe that the paragraph whence this extract is taken contains no fewer than three blunders. 1. There is no band; 2. The palms blessed in the pope's chapel are not artificial but real; 3. The procession does not take place after, but before, mass. These are all in a few lines; and it only required common eyes, ears, and sense, to avoid them. Was Mr. Rae Wilson, who is so particular about sabbath observances, at his own place of worship, instead of the function which he describes as if present? If not, *why* not? For the two are at the same time.

they themselves saw and heard. What then shall we say of their authority when they only give us, what forms the bulk of their narrative, stories, remarks, and descriptions picked up from others?*

Were we to attempt the expression of those feelings which Mr. Wilson's remarks on Holy Week have excited in our minds, we could not keep this article within reasonable bounds. We do not think that any traveller has done justice to its sacred scenes; nor do we deem it possible for even a refined and cultivated mind to appreciate their grandeur, or fathom the depth of their pathos, on a first or second attendance on them. We shall refrain too, for the present, from touching on what forms the truest characteristic of vital Christianity, the institutions for charity and education, with which Italy, beyond every other country abounds. The evidence before the Irish Committee of Education contains, we understand, details upon one part of this subject, which are calculated to surprise even many who fancy themselves well acquainted with that country. Of the charitable institutions we shall one day speak more at length; and we flatter ourselves that a brighter example of substantial, unostentatious charity cannot be found elsewhere, than what we shall endeavor to display. No dinners, no annual reports, no published lists of donations, no life-

* We happen to know the inventor of one or two of Mr. Wilson's *piquant* anecdotes.

governors or patrons are necessary; it is a devotedness of soul as well as of influence, and a dedication of the person as well as of the purse, which constitute there the service of charity. We cannot understand how traveller should succeed traveller, and tour struggle in the press with tour for primogeniture of publication, and yet all should infallibly overlook this new and virgin field, which to one acquainted with the country, forms its leading characteristic. After the beautiful eulogium of Burke upon Howard, we might have hoped that *religious* tourists, like Rae Wilson, would have wished to tread in the steps of that great man, and spend more time in probing the Christianity of foreign countries to the core, by seeing how that moral precept which forms its practical essence is best observed. Such an investigation would have spared him many violations of its injunctions. On the other hand, the man who, like him, observes nothing in our sublime Church services, but how often dresses are changed, and genuflections made—and who judges of a nation's character by the observance of one legal precept—we know not unto whom to liken, save to one who, standing in the Roman Forum, oppressed with the genius of the place, and finding his mind too full with so "prolific a theme for moralizing," gives vent to his feelings and meditation, by the solemn assurance — that *Campo Vaccino* is a good name for it, because "it looks more suited for a cattle-market than anything like

what the [*his*] imagination is likely to conceive!" (P. 333.)

We have confined ourselves only to showing how the religious feeling harmonizes with the rest of the Italian character, and how foolish it is to judge of it on principles which would separate the two. It is, in fact, sectarianism which has soured the temper of the English people in religion, and has led them to imagine that this cannot exist in the heart without a demure and formal exterior. Unity of belief and practice, on the contrary, has an aggregating, harmonizing influence, the natural consequences of which are, mutual confidence, cheerfulness, and joy. While each member of a family is reading his own book by his separate lamp, there will be little appearance in it of either affection or pleasure, all will seem disunited, gloomy, and demure; but when all are basking together under the same sun, and all attending to their respective occupations by the light of its universal ray, they will group together in closer union, there will be more warmth in their hearts, and a more blithesome glow of their countenances, and the reflection on each of the other's happiness will multiply manifold the joyfulness of the beam.

To those who should desire to see the spirit of true meekness strongly contrasted with the unsparing harshness of English censure, we would recommend the perusal of a little work, which we are happy to see has been just translated into English. We allude to Manzoni's *Vindication of Catholic*

*Morality ;** and we particularly direct the attention of our readers to the concluding chapter: "On the objections to Catholic morality derived from the character of the Italians." In it will be found advice to that people, how to conduct themselves under the lash of bigoted reprovers, worthy of a Father of the ancient Church. We ask no better criterion of the practical Christianity of the two religions, than the comparison between the tone, style, sense, and feeling, to be found in the heavy octavo before us, and in the gentle and humble, and unpretending volume of Manzoni, every page of which is redolent of the purest and sweetest charity, meekness, and devotion.

* Keating and Brown, 1836.

ITALIAN GESTICULATION.

[From the *Dublin Review* for July, 1837.]

ART. 1.—*La Mimica degli Antichi investigata nel Gestire Napolitano. The Gestures of the Ancients sought in the Gesticulations of the Neapolitans.* By the CANON ANDREA DE JORIO. Naples: 1832.

WHEN Italians converse, it is not the tongue alone that has full occupation; their words are sure to have an instrumental accompaniment, in the gestures of their bodies. You never see, among them, two gentlemen standing bolt upright, one with his hands behind his back and the other leaning on his umbrella, while they are resolving to oppose a bill in Parliament, or to file one in Chancery, or to protest one in the city. You never see an orator, sacred or profane, screwed down in the middle of his pulpit, or wedged between the benches of his court, or holding hard on the front of his hustings, as though afraid of being run away with by his honorable pillory, and pouring forth impassioned eloquence, with a statue-like stillness of limbs; unless the right arm escape, to move up and down with the regularity of a pump-handle, or inflict, from time to time, a

clenching blow upon the subjacent boards. No, it is not so in Italy. Let two friends sit down to solace themselves at the door of a *café*, in the cool of a summer's evening, or let them walk together along the noisy street of Toledo, at Naples; let their conversation be upon the merest trifle, the present opera, the last festival, or the next marriage, and each speaker, as he utters his opinion in flowing musical sounds, will be seen to move his fingers, his hands, and his entire body, with a variety of gestures, attuned in perfect cadence to the emphasis of his words. See, one of them now is not actually speaking, though the other has ceased; but he has raised his right hand, keeping the points of the thumb and index joined, and the other fingers expanded, and has laid his left gently upon his companion's arm. Depend upon it, his reply is going to open with a sententious saw, some magnificent truism, from which he will draw marvellous consequences. His mouth will open slowly, ere it yields a sound; and when at last "Sir Oracle" speaks, the right hand will beat time, by rising and falling on each substantive and verb of the sentence; and at its close, the two wedded fingers will fly apart, and the entire expanded hand wave with grace and dignity outwards, if the propositions be positive. If negative, the fore-finger alone will remain extended, and erect, and be slowly moved backwards and forwards between the interlocutors' faces. When the solemn sentence has been pronounced, and en-

forced by a dignified toss of the head, it is the other's turn. But the *dictum* was probably too vague and general to receive a specific reply; and, therefore, reserving his opinion till he has better felt his way, he shakes his head and hands, uttering, you may depend upon it, the monosyllabic but polysemous exclamation "Eh!" which, like a Chinese word, receives its meaning from its varying accent. The active speaker perceives that he has not carried the outworks of his friend's conviction, and addresses himself to a stronger attack. He now assumes the gesture of earnest remonstrance; his two hands are joined palm to palm, with the thumbs depressed, and the fingers closely glued together (for were the former erect, and the little fingers detached, and especially were they moved up and down, the gesture would signify not to *pray* but to *bray*, being the hieroglyphic for a donkey); and in this position they beat time, moving up and down, while the head is thrown back upon the right shoulder. We can hear the very words too here; they begin for certain with "*abbia pazienza*,"* a reproachful expostulation; after which follows a more energetic repetition, slightly varied, of what had been previously urged; and as the sentence closes, the hands are separated and fly apart. If the point is not carried, the reasoning is enforced by a more personal appeal. All the fingers of the right hand are joined together with the thumb, and their united points

* "Bear with me," literally—"have patience."

are pressed upon the forehead, which bends forward toward the unconvinced and incredulous listener, while a new form is given to the argument. This gesture is a direct appeal to the common sense of the other party; it is like intimating, that, if he have brains, he must understand the reasoning. Further obstinacy would lead to altercation; and assent is yielded by a slow shrug, with the head inclined, and the hands separately raised, the palms turned downwards. "*E vero*," "*ha regione*," or "*non si può negare*,"* are doubtless the accompanying words.

All this is a quiet, friendly scene: and, indeed, there are one or two more degrees of intensity of expostulation, and energy of gesture, which might be used, but which we pass over for fear of becoming tedious. But when the topic of conversation is more exciting, and the feelings of the speakers are more interested, gesture succeeds gesture with wonderful rapidity, and with bolder action; the head and trunk shake and writhe sympathetically with the agitation of the limbs, and long before an angry feeling has been expressed, a stranger fancies that they are in a towering passion, and considers their motions as the senseless and unmeaning convulsions of two madmen. Now, all the time not a finger is moved, not a shoulder shrugged, not a lip compressed or curled, but by rule; that is, without its having a determinate, invariable signification.

* "It is true—you are right—it is undeniable."

The book before us undertakes to classify and describe those various gesticulations, with reference to the Neapolitans in particular. But our observation has satisfied us, that, with few exceptions, they may be considered the conventional language of all Italy. We have found them everywhere but little varied; and in compensation for such as may be peculiar to Naples, we have noticed several, omitted by the learned and amiable author, but common in other parts. The Canonico De Jorio is well known to most of our countrymen who have visited Naples, as much by the cheerful courtesy, which his knowledge of our language enables him to exercise towards them, as by his learned works upon the antiquities of that city and its vicinity. The present work is drawn up in the form of a dictionary, and gives, in alphabetical order, the different gestures by which every passion, feeling, and idea, is ordinarily expressed. Considered simply in this light, it is an amusing work to any one sufficiently conversant with Italian manners. But its title suggests that it has a higher aim, and attempts to trace in these modern signs the action of the ancients. In fact, almost every gesture described by the classical authors remains yet in use, with the same signification. But the learned author has sought, in this conformity between ancient and modern Italians, the explanation of mute monuments, on which the relative positions and feelings of the figures represented, can only be conjectured from the action which

they use. Having established that in general the same gestures have always expressed the same idea, he examines under what feelings the action exhibited would now be used, and thus decides its meaning on the monument.

These remarks naturally suggest an interesting question, — to what cause are we to attribute this resemblance between the ancients and moderns? Were these expressive and almost speaking gestures originally invented, and then perpetuated to our times; or are they the result of a natural connection between themselves and the ideas they represent? Are they, in other words, conventional or instinctive? To this we reply, that they are manifestly of both characters. Some are doubtless of the latter class—such as striking the forehead in disappointment, or pressing the heart in protestation of sincerity or affection. Others are clearly artificial, such as the expression of "to-morrow" by a semicircle formed in the air by the fore-finger drawn from below upwards. This sign represents a diurnal revolution of the sun, to be completed before the event alluded to takes place. Even here, however, we have a clear reason for the symbol; and it is not difficult to discover one in every other instance. In order to ascertain it, we must observe that these gestures primarily are used with words, and form the usual accompaniment of certain phrases. For these the gestures become substitutes; and then, by association, express all their meaning, even when used alone. Again, these

phrases are often metaphorical, and the gesture represents their literal meaning; and thus becomes, when applied to the figurative, a real metonymy. A few examples will illustrate this observation.

Hunger is expressed by beating the ribs with the flat of the hands. This signifies that the sides meet, or are weak from want of something between them. But hunger is a child of poverty; and hence the parent comes to be represented by the same sign. The connection between the organ of smelling and sagacity is traceable in this latter word which literally signifies the power of following objects by the scent, as hounds do. The ancients expressed the want of acuteness, or the infliction of a hoax, by reference to the nose; "*suspendere naso*,"—to hang by the nose, is a well-known phrase in their writings. On the other hand, "*emunctæ naris homo*" signifies a quick-scented acute critic. This connection of ideas, real or imaginary, is expressed among us, and in Germany, in the same manner as in Italy. The thumb applied to the side of the nose, with the hand extended, indicates, as Cruikshanks well knows, that the party aimed at is little better than a goose. With us, however, the action has no corresponding phrase from which its signification can have been drawn. This is to be found in Italian, in which even good writers express the idea "he was tricked or deceived," by "*è restato con un' palmo di naso*," —"he was left with a palm's length of nose." It is manifestly this idea that is expressed by the ges-

ture, which literally describes it, and then follows it in its metaphorical acceptation. The Canonico De Jorio supposes the expression to have arisen from the manner in which the face is thrust forward, with a gaping mouth and staring eyes (illustrative characteristics never omitted with the gesture), when a hoax is discovered. (P. 72.) Any caricature of cockney sportsmen will suggest a more natural explanation, from the simpleton expression which the countenance has, when its middle part protrudes excessively.

But the same useful organ gives rise to another similar figure. Suspicion is expressed, and you are put upon your guard against a person, by the fore-finger of the right hand being placed upon the side of the nose. If you inquire about a person's principles, and are answered, as we remember to have been, by this action, you understand that he is "tainted, not sound;" and the corresponding Italian word "*puzza*" expresses the meaning. On one occasion, when in Italy, we were drawn into a species of altercation, by a person who was generally known to be tiresome and fond of dispute. We were not aware of this trait in his otherwise estimable character; but a friend who saw us getting entangled, walked to and fro before us, but behind the other contending party, making this sign, as though with no particular object. We understood the hint, drew off our forces, and beat a retreat as quickly as possible.

We have seen how the passive participation in

a deceit is described; the active voice has also its expression corresponding to an idiomatic sound. To convey the idea that an individual is deceiving you, a friend will simply place his fingers between his cravat and his neck, and rub the latter slowly with the back of his hand. In the Neapolitan dialect the expression is, "*l'a menata dinto allo cravattino*," or "*'ncanna*;"—"he has put it within his cravat," or "down his throat." The expression corresponds to our terms *to cram* and *to swallow;* and the gesture represents, most practically, the enlargement of the œsophagus necessary for conveying the deceit down the patient's throat. Hence, another symbol of the same idea consists in opening the mouth, and pretending to throw something into it from the united fingers of the right hand.

Almost every gesture may thus be traced to proverbial or idiomatic phrase, as several other instances in the course of this paper will show. It is indeed necessary sometimes to travel through a long chain of ideas to comprehend a sign. Let us suppose a youth at a window, invited by one in the street to come down and walk, by a beckoning —not as among us with the fingers upwards, which would only mean salutation, but with them turned downwards, and repeatedly moved towards the palm. He answers by placing his hand, with all the fingers apart, before his face. What does this mean? Why, he thus represents himself as looking through the barred window of a prison;

and so, communicates to his friend, that domestic authority confines him to the house. In the neighborhood of Naples, your carriage is sure to be followed by a covey of brats, who, well aware that you probably do not understand their slang, trust much more to the graphic language of gesture to excite your pity. For this purpose, they dispose their fore-finger and thumb in the form of a horseshoe, and apply their points first vertically above and below the mouth, and then horizontally to its corners, alternating the movement with great rapidity. Unfortunately, the ludicrous woe-begone expression of face which accompanies the action, usually destroys its intended pathos, and prevents even an acute observer from penetrating its poetry. It signifies that the mouth has been cross-barred or sealed up; in other words, that the sufferer has had nothing to eat for a long time.

We remember observing a remarkable instance of quickness in the application of a symbol to a complicated idea, in a ragged little boy at Genoa, whose perseverance in mendicant supplication was rewarded by an Englishman with a *crazia*, a miserable copper-foil coin, half as thin and half as large as a wafer. An English beggar would have, perhaps, at once given vent to his indignation by throwing it on the ground; not so the little Italian. He placed the coin deliberately on the palm of his hand, brought it to the level of his mouth, and, with a roguish look at the giver, blew it away by a sharp puff, upon the ground. To blow towards a

person or a thing is a strong expression of contempt;* so that additional emphasis was given to the less refined mode of rejecting with disdain. But, at the same time, the action substantiated its own motive: the urchin most scientifically proved the cause of his discontent—the *lightness* of the present. We believe it had a still better effect; it drew a larger coin out of the amused gentleman's pocket.

To illustrate the extent to which this method of expressing ideas may be carried, we may imagine a question, and see how many ways it may be answered. Suppose, for instance, that we wish to ask after the health of one who lies sick in the next room. The attendant's finger pressed upon the lips indicates the necessity of preserving silence. Well, a toss back of the head, with inquiring eyes, and turning towards the door of the room, sufficiently asks the question, "How is he?" The servant stretches out his hand, with the palm downwards, and the fingers slightly apart, and shakes it from side to side. This means "*cosi cosi*,"—"so, so." If he moved it more, so as to describe a curve in the air, by turning it at the wrist, the signification would be "*alti e bassi*,"—"ups and downs," that the patient's state varies considerably from time to time. A shake of the head with a smack of the lips, or with a certain indescribable guttural groan, would indicate that he is very ill: both the hands raised, and, as well as the head, agitated from side to side, would denote

* De Jorio, p. 129.

that there was no hope. If the movement of both were upwards, it would signify a great improvement. In these gestures, however, the expression of countenance, and especially the eyes, would play an important part. Suppose the assistant to place his cheek reclining upon his right hand, with his left placed under the right elbow, he thereby tells you that the patient sleeps. If he raises his little finger, pointing upward, and says, "He is thus," you understand that he is reduced to a skeleton. When at length he answers your inquiry by cutting the air with his hand in the form of a cross, you know at once that further inquiries are useless; their object is no more. And this sign metaphorically expresses the end of a project, the failure of a "concern," the loss of a lawsuit, or any other termination of sublunary affairs.

Ask, now, for example, the character of a man with whom you have to deal, and suppose your adviser to prefer answering by signs:—If he place his finger on his forehead, he tells you that he is a man of sense; if he press his thumb against his temple, leaving the open hand to stretch forward from the side of his face, he indicates his affinity to the long-eared race. If, with his fore-finger, he draw down the outer corner of his eye, he intimates that he is a cunning rogue, with whom you must be upon your guard; literally, that he squints, and you can never be sure which way he looks. To denote that he is an honest and upright man, he will stretch out his hand steadily, joining the

tips of his thumb and fore-finger, as if holding by them scales nicely balanced. If, on the other hand, he hook together the little fingers of both hands, and move these forward, swerving from side to side, and shaking the other fingers, he means to inform you that he is like the crab, which his hands mimic, tortuous in his ways. The thumb pressing on the first joint of the fore-finger, as if cutting it off, means that he is "only so large," a man of narrow ideas and little mind. The expressions for good or bad are more difficult to characterize, as they depend much upon the countenance. The negative shake of the finger with a face expressive of aversion, will mean the latter; the hand thrown upwards, and the head back, with a prolonged "Ah!" the former. If you ask what is become of one whom you have not seen for some time, you may be answered without a word, should the truth be disagreeable. The hand placed forward, and stretched out, with the little finger towards the earth, and so moved up and down, as if cutting the air vertically, signifies that he is gone away; and the frequency and deliberation of repetition denotes proportionably greater distance. But if the hand, instead of being before the breast, be brought round to the left side, and so make the motion edgeways, directed behind the speaker, it means that he has run away stealthily and escaped. If, placed before, it descends smartly and obliquely, as if cutting something, towards the left side, the meaning is, that he has been pun-

ished in some way; if the fists be clenched, and the two wrists crossed over one another, you understand that he is in prison.

We will only put one more case, which concerns the most engrossing of all conversational topics,—money. You will ask if a man be rich or not, by an inquiring glance and nod towards him, at the same time that you strike your pocket, or rub the points of finger and thumb, as though counting out money. Your silent friend, by the proper nods, looks, and motions of the hands, tells you "no," or "so, so," or "exceedingly," which last is expressed by the toss of the hand and head, and a half sort of whistle, or something between that and a hiss. Well, suppose the latter; you ask by word or by look, how he has become so. Your informant, with his thumb, rubs his forehead from side to side, to signify that it was by the sweat of his brow, his industry and application. But perhaps he does not raise his hand so high, but takes hold of his cheek between his thumb and closed fingers, shaking the hand. That informs you that he has made his fortune by bribery and peculation.* He may come lower still, and doubling up his hand, put his thumb, bent like a

* [This alludes to the Italian expression for this mode of enriching oneself. If a person in office, or in favor, receives what are called *douceurs*, it is said of him, "*mangia*" (or more vulgarly "*magna*"), literally "he eats;" and such extortions are called "*mangerie*." The strongest phrase to describe such abuses is "*mangia l'osso del collo*,"—"he eats up a person's neck-bone."]

hook, under his chin; and you shall understand that he has taken advantage of others' necessities for his profit, having placed a hook in their jaws. Or the two clenched fists are pressed strongly upon the chest, which means that he has been avaricious, or analogously to the action, "*close-fisted*." In fine, the fingers are drawn in and closed, beginning with the first, and so to the last, making a species of curve, and the signification is, by theft and robbery. Should the answer have been unfavorable to the person's pecuniary condition, and you inquire the reason, as he was known once to have been rich, the reply may be no less varied. For instance, your informant, joining all the fingers of one or both hands together, as he wishes to be more or less emphatic, brings their tips near his mouth, and then, blowing on them a long deliberate puff, with swelled cheeks, withdraws and throws them open, as though they were blown asunder and scattered by the breath. This naturally indicates that the fortune of which you asked has been dissipated one hardly knows how, but by general inattention. Should he close up his fist, and, throwing back his head, point repeatedly with his extended thumb towards his mouth, he will assign drink as the sad cause. Should the same gesture be made with the united points of all the fingers and thumb, more solid extravagance, by eating, will be denoted. In fine, if, closing his left hand before his breast, as if holding something tight between its thumb and fore-finger, he, with

the same finger of the right equally shut, appear to draw that imaginary thing out with difficulty, the meaning is, that gambling has been the ruinous practice; for the action represents a trick which gamesters have in drawing out a card from their hand.

These examples are sufficient to prove how extensive, accurate, and useful this system of signs must be. It will be easily understood that every passion and its consequences,—love and hatred, pleasure and grief, menace and imitation, hope and despair,—has its graphic symbol, as have all the ordinary relations of things, time, space, and circumstance. There are, too, a thousand mimic signs, which are more purely imitative, which the occasion suggests and analogy assists to interpret; for the metaphorical gestures cannot be varied. In Naples, too, there is one class of them which we have omitted, because they would have led us aside into a curious and not unamusing, but certainly irrelevant, subject; that of the belief in *Jettatura*, or the evil eye, of which these gestures are the counteracters.* It is evident that a people possessing a language literally at their fingers' ends, must express themselves with wonderful vivacity on all occasions, and possess a resource for communicating their ideas under many circumstances where speech is impossible, and where Englishmen must be silent, or spell words on their fingers by the alphabet of the deaf and dumb.

* See De Jorio, pp. 89, 120, 155-159.

A curious example occurred of this utility of gestures some years ago. When old Ferdinand, the darling of the Neapolitans, returned to his capitol after the foolish revolution of 1822, he presented himself at a balcony, to the assembled multitude of repentant and delighted *lazzaroni*. Neapolitans never speak, they always shout; and, in newspaper phrase, to obtain a hearing was, on this occasion, out of the question. The king, however, was a thorough Neapolitan, and understood the language of the fingers, if he did not that of flowers; so he made his address, for we cannot call it a speech, in it. He reproved them for their past naughtiness, he threatened them with greater severity if they again misbehaved, and, after exhorting them to good conduct, ordered them to disperse and go home quietly. Every gesture was understood, without a word, amidst the most deafening sounds. Now, how useful would such an art be upon the hustings sometimes. We fancy we could easily compose a *manual* address to a boisterous constituency; in which, spite of all clamor from the rival party, we could express the usual routine and common-place effusions of patriotism and zeal: could satisfactorily prove on our fingers that our competitor was unworthy of all confidence; and, with some aid from the nose and cheek, establish an undoubted claim to preference. A little sleight-of-hand would thus place the most asthmatic candidate on a level with the most stentorian demagogue.

But in Italy this dramatic system need not be taught, it is learnt spontaneously with the language. We have seen little girls of seven or eight repress the forwardness of a younger companion, with a dignity of attitude and correctness of action, which would have become an Electra or a Lady Macbeth. Nay, we have been still more puzzled by seeing a blind man, the appearance of whose eyes convinced us that he had never enjoyed sight, make the very gestures which we have described, as correctly as if he had learnt them by imitation, and not by intuition. Often the gesture is not perfectly made, but only indicated by approximating to the attitude it requires. It is thus better concealed from those who are not meant to perceive it, and forms a sort of *demotic* to the hieroglyphical expression, in which the symbol is rather hinted than actually represented. But the part which the eye plays in this noiseless loquacity is most important, yet most indescribable. In Sicily, indeed, it is so powerful as to supercede all other means of communication; for long and complicated interviews may be carried on without any other aid. It is believed that the Sicilian Vespers were concerted, throughout the island, without the exchange of a syllable, and the day and hour for the indiscriminate massacre of the French fixed by interchange of looks, and perhaps a few signs. Thus we may say, that if the Italian communication by gesture is a species of telegraph, that of the Sicilians resembles more

a system of signals by lights, equally complete, though more difficult to describe.

In discussing this subject we have drawn more upon our observation than upon the Canon's book, which, however, has ever been at our side, to form a corrective, when necessary, to our recollections. There is another part of his task in which we would gladly follow him more closely, did room permit: in the application of modern gesture to the illustration of ancient art. But we know not how we well could do this without copying his plates, which are almost necessary for fully understanding this part of the subject. Suffice it to say that his researches prove the system of action to have been identical in ancient and in modern Italy. The different positions of the hand described by Quintilian, Apuleius, and other classic authors, are yet in use; the figures painted in the celebrated Vatican *Terence* represent the very action which would now be employed with the words they utter; and the scenes on Greek vases, or reliefs, tell their own story to an eye practiced in the mysterious language of gesture.

This, we apprehend, is enough to give some real interest to what we have treated in this article as matter of mere curiosity. For it must be as important to the antiquarian to decipher this symbolical speech, as the crabbed legend, over which he may pore for hours, till he fancies he has made a plausible conjecture. But there is another aspect under which this subject may be viewed, of still

more general interest; we speak of its utility in understanding and appreciating later Italian art. On this point De Jorio has naturally said nothing, because it regards foreigners rather than his own countrymen, who understand it. We could easily give instances of this application of Italian gesture to works of art; we will content ourselves with one drawn from a real master-piece, the most *speaking* picture probably ever painted. Universally admired as Leonardo da Vinci's "Last Supper" is, one of its principal beauties will be overlooked if the action of the figures, as expressive of their words and sentiments, be not understood. Take, for instance, the figure of Judas. The Gospel gives us two characteristics of him,—that he was a thief, and carried a purse.* The latter mark was easily seized on by every painter, and meant as emblematical of the first. Yet the sacred text represents the two as distinct. The genius of Leonardo alone contrived to keep them so in painting. In his right hand the traitor holds a purse; but his left is extended and slightly curved, in the very position we described as denoting theft, which in reality is imitative of the pilferer's act in drawing to him, and inclosing within his hand, the thing which he steals. The painter too, by a clever device, left no doubt of the import of the action. For while all the rest of the bread on the table is of a coarse quality, he placed one white loaf just beyond Judas's hand, as the

* John xii. 6.

object towards which it was tending. By this simple expedient, he not only defines the action, but gives us the most contemptible and detestable idea of the avaricious wretch, who could thus take advantage of the confusion which his master's home-driven declaration of a traitor's being among the company made, to pilfer a miserable morsel of finer bread. And in fact his attitude seems to represent him as looking round to see whether all are so engaged, that his hand, moving in an opposite direction from his eye, may perpetrate the theft.

If from this perfect incarnation of baseness we turn to the principal figure, the purest and sweetest expression imaginable of superhuman excellence, we have the attitude and action exactly required in loving expostulation; the hands thrown down with the palm upwards, and the head bent forward and inclined to one side. No other action could possibly so well express the words: "One of you is about to betray me." It was a master thought of the artist's to select this moment for the subject of his picture of the last supper. Generally the institution of the blessed Eucharist is chosen, which allows no room for the play of human passions, and must unite the expression of all the countenances in a common sentiment of love and adoration. But the moment here chosen, immediately after our Saviour had uttered the words just quoted, admitted every variety of expression, and a greater action. On His right we have St.

John in the deepest attitude of affectionate grief, —that is, with his hands crossed into one another.* But Peter's predominant feeling is fervid zeal; pressing upon the back of Judas, treading upon his brother's foot, he urges John by the most energetic gesture to ascertain exactly who the traitor is. Any Italian would at once understand this upon seeing the fore-finger pressed upon John's breast. At the same time, his right arm akimbo, with a knife in its hand,† too well expresses a determined purpose of defending, if necessary, by violence the life of his master. Another of the apostles, however, meant for James, seizes his shoulder to draw him back, while of the two other figures on that side, Andrew raises his hand in an attitude expressive of astonishment mingled with horror; and Philip, standing up, leans forward to ascertain the cause of a commotion, which his distance has not allowed him to hear. On the other side of our Saviour there is equal expression: one apostle is in the act of asking earnestly who is the wretch, and Jude, beside

* De Jorio, p. 203. "Palmulis in alternas digitorum. vicissitudines connexis, ubertim flebam," says Apuleius, p. 43. St. Gregory attributes the same attitude to St. Scholastica, when her brother refused her request that he would stay with her: "Insertas digitis manus super mensam posuit,"—the very attitude of John in the picture.

† See De Jorio, p. 200. It has been sometimes supposed that the knife is a later addition, when the painting was restored; but it is given in engravings anterior to the oldest retouchings.

him, no less earnestly protesting his own innocence. His head leans on one side as he presses his hand to his bosom, appearing at the same time to open his vest, desirous to lay it bare before his master. The last figure on this side manifestly expresses that he considers the thing impossible, the position of the hands and head are such as, in Italy, would signify such a doubt; and the person standing up, by pointing with both his hands to our Lord, while his head is turned towards his incredulous companion, no less plainly answers him, by appealing to the express declaration of their Redeemer. Another between them is more calmly assuring him of the fact.

We have dwelt upon this sublime work of art, and selected it from a thousand others, both on account of its truly eloquent character, and because it is better known than most pictures, through the many prints and even medallions published of it. It is evident that an artist who wishes to paint an Italian scene, or who desires to rival the expressiveness of the great masters, should be fully acquainted with this language of signs, as practiced in their country. Instead of the dry and almost inanimate colloquies held among us, every knot of talkers there presents a group with varied attitudes, expression, and gesture ready to be drawn. It is the "pays de cocagne" of artists, where, if the streets are not paved with gold, living pictures run about them, seeming to call out, "Come and sketch me." A study of its peas-

antry is worth a thousand abstract treatises upon action and expression.

But we think such a study would be generally beneficial both in private and in public life. In the first place, it would rid us of the elegancies of our present elocution in both. It would annihilate the race of button-holders.* An Italian has no hand left for this "argumentum ad fibulam;" he wants all his fingers to himself, without one to spare for thus grappling you, as the Romans did the Carthaginians in their first naval engagement. There would be an end too of all string-twirling, by being deprived of which it has been said that celebrated pleaders have lost important causes; and what Addison somewhere describes in hustings eloquence, as "cheapening beaver," by turning and displaying, to gaping spectators, all the phases of a hat, its crescent-shaped rims, and its full rotundity of top. But seriously speaking, we do think that our pulpit eloquence would be greatly improved by a study of Italian gesture; of action, not considered as the poising of limbs alternately or by given laws, the stretching out of the right hand at one member of a sentence, and of the left at another, as silly books on elocution describe, but of action considered as language addressed to

* We recollect to have heard of a celebrated professor of experimental philosophy having suspended an address to a philosophical society, by turning to the attendant with the words—"John, fetch me my *lecturing-stick*." Armed with this baton the address was no longer a failure.

the eyes, which as definitely conveys ideas through them, as the words do through the ears, and which consequently rivets the spectator as much as the auditor, and makes men long to *see* the orator. The oratorical action of Italy is substantially the same as the colloquial, only performed with greater deliberation, dignity, and grace. Hence it is not the result of study, but matter of attention. It is perfectly dramatic, and often represents the action described by the words. If, for instance, a book be appealed to, the left palm is displayed, while the fore-finger of the right appears to trace the lines upon it, or the entire hand strikes upon it, to express defiance joined to the appeal. The speaker will appear to listen to a heavenly concert, when he describes it; or to look down with horror into the place of torments, if he draws a picture of its woes. To a stranger there seems to be often exaggeration in all this, and we own that we sometimes have seen representative action carried to excess. But the good taste of the natives is disgusted by such exhibitions, except perhaps in ruder districts; and on the whole, we should say that the action of the Italian pulpit is as removed from vulgarity or caricature on one side, as it is from tameness and insipidity on the other. The fingers, indeed, which are of little use to an English speaker, whose action is chiefly in the arm, are in constant use, especially in enumerating or dividing a subject. This is the sort of gesture which appears most offensive to Northerns; yet it

is the one given, by the immortal artist before mentioned, to his exquisite Christ, now in the National Gallery, and the one that can be most accurately traced to classical times, through the descriptions of their writers.

The more indeed that we compare ancient and modern Italy, the more we discover the minute analogies between the two, and the resemblance of character, habits, and feelings, between their inhabitants. We have been occasionally surprised and delighted to discover this in the ordinary manners of the people, in actions or phrases generally overlooked by travellers. We remember, for instance, being at a loss to explain the custom of visitors, who, finding your room-door ajar, are not sure if you are within, opening it with the salutation "*Deo gratias*."—"thanks be to God." An officer of the Roman custom-house, who reached an English gentleman's apartment, after thus exclaiming at every door of the suite, was supposed by the gentleman to be announcing his own name, and used to amuse his friends by telling them, how through the whole interview he was politely addressed as "Signor Deogratias." We used to think it a rather inappropriate salutation, as more in the form of an answer than of a first address. But we were soon reconciled to it, on finding in St. Augustine, that the ancient Christians always saluted with the same words, and were ridiculed for it by the Circumcellions, who substituted the formulary of "*Deo laudes*,"—

"praise be to God." The holy father enters into a long vindication of the Catholic salutation.* Thus has a familiar little custom been jealously preserved in social intercourse from the fourth century at least, and probably from a still remoter antiquity.

But we must really put an end to our unintended garrulity; for we have seen the phantasm, or "simulacrum," of our reader, for some time back, drawing its closed fists towards its breast, and throwing its body back, as if pulling in a runaway horse, to signify to us that we must stop, or must go on without him. Or we may have reason to apprehend, lest some one who has long since noticed these matters, should put his thumb to his chin and wag his expanded hand before it, perhaps tacking to its little finger the thumb of the other equally left pendulous, by way of telling us that all we have said is but an *old* story; or (what we imagine still more probable), lest a great many may let their arms hang listlessly down, and heave a sigh which only escapes in a puff through the half-closed lips, all which we should unerringly interpret to the effect, that we have inflicted on them that untranslatable species of the genus BORE, "*una solennissima seccatura*."

* Enarrat. in Psalm. cxxxii. tom. viii. p. 630, ed. Louv.

EARLY ITALIAN ACADEMIES.

[From the *Dublin Review* for July, 1837.]

ART. VII.—*Mémoire sur la Détermination de l'Echelle du Thermomètre de l'Académie del Cimento*. Par M. G. LIBRI. *Annales de Chimie et de Physique*. Par MM. GAY-LUSSAC et ARAGO. Vol. XLV.

IT has been fashionable to treat the Catholic religion as hostile to the pursuit of physical science. What motives it can be supposed to have for such hostility, heaven knows. It surely could not fear that, from the study of astronomy, any objections could be drawn against transubstantiation, nor that chemistry or geology could overthrow its belief in purgatory. It is evident, in fact, that wherever any plausible charge has been made against it upon this head, it has not been connected with any supposed relation to *Catholic* dogmas, but only to the more general evidences of Christianity. In the painful transactions affecting Galileo, the solicitude of the parties concerned was, not to prevent conclusions from his principles contrary to any point of doctrine held exclusively by Catholics, but to silence objections against the inspiration and veracity of the Bible. They took up the cause, not

of Rome, nor of the Holy See, but of Christianity in general; and, however mistaken they were in their opinions, it would be most unjust to charge them with any feeling, that doctrines contested between us and Protestants should be protected from the test of philosophical observation.

It is, however, upon the strength of Galileo's case, distorted and misrepresented as it has almost always been by Protestants, and often by Catholics, and worse explained and defended as it has been by others, that this species of accusation remains bolstered up against Rome. It is not our intention, on the present occasion, to enter into its merits; because it deserves a more minute examination than the immediate subject of this paper will permit. We will only remark, that, putting aside that single and singular case, in which one particular opinion, and not any science, was censured, it would be impossible to allege any ground for imputing to Rome any aversion to the prosecution of natural studies, much less any apprehensions of their results. At the very time of Galileo, Castelli, his favorite pupil, and Torricelli, the discoverer of the perfect vacuum, received every patronage; and the latter could with difficulty be induced to quit Rome for Florence, to stay there, after Galileo's death. On the treatment which Borelli and others of the same school received in the Holy City, our subject will lead us more directly to treat. The elder Cassini, who succeeded Cavalieri, the preparer of the way for the infinit-

esmal calculus, at Bologna, was most honorably treated, and employed by the Pope; as was, at a later period, Bianchini. The former was allowed to draw his splendid meridian in the church of St. Petronio, in Bologna, the latter in Sta. Maria degli Angiolo, at Rome. The learned Jesuit, Boscovich, pursued his studies and gave his public lectures, not merely unmolested, but honored and employed, particularly in the examination and repairs of St. Peter's cupola, when it threatened to give way, in consequence of imprudent alterations in its buttresses. His *Theory of Natural Philosophy* (1758) has formed the base of many excellent works on the Newtonian Theory. But his contemporaries, the learned Fathers Jacquier and Leseur, of the order of St. Francis of Paul, in Rome, have certainly the merit of having published the best commentary on the illustrious English philosopher's works. (1739–42.) Jacquier was only twenty-eight years of age when the first part appeared; and he held the situation of Professor of Scripture in the college of Propaganda. This proves how little jealousy was felt of the philosophical or astronomical systems, held by an expounder of Holy Writ. Jacquier continued to receive tokens of peculiar kindness from the enlightened pontiffs, Benedict XIV. and his successors, to Pius VI., under whom he died.

Nor has there been, since his time, any want of learned and judicious philosophers in Rome, who have freely pursued their researches in every

branch of science. Sir Humphrey Davy, it is well known, had several dear friends and associates in his chemical labors at Rome, where many of his experiments on the combustion of the diamond were performed. The operation of transfusion of blood, from the veins of one living person to another, was, we understand, first tried in the same city. The present pope has laid out very large sums in the construction and furnishing of new museums of natural history, in the Roman University. Every branch of science is conducted in the public schools of that city, upon the most modern and most enlarged plans. Perhaps the only class-book, into which Cauchy's latest researches into the Calculus of Remainders has been admitted, is that lately published by Father Caraffa, for the Jesuits' public schools at the Roman College.* But of these things, more on some other occasion; let us now to the matter more immediately on hand.

Upon the revival of letters, a rage seized the whole of Italy; innocent, though extravagant; useful, perhaps, although often absurd. This was in favor of academies, which sprang up in every

* [The late Jesuit, F. De Vico, is well known to all scientific astronomers. He received the highest honors from the learned Academies of every country in Europe, for his valuable researches. He was expelled from Rome, at the last revolution, came to London, thence proceeded to America, and on his return, died, yet young, in London. It need hardly be stated that Galvani was a professor in the papal university of Bologna.]

town, and gloried in giving themselves the most ridiculous names. The purpose of these voluntary aggregations seldom rose higher than the composition, recitation, and occasional publication, of sonnets, pastorals, lyrics, and the other infinite species of rhymed effusions, in which Italians abound; things, in general, of that standard which neither "gods, nor men, nor the columns" approve. Some, like the *Crusca*, at Florence, have indeed turned their verbal lucubrations to some better purpose; but even on this, the absurdity of its name, which literally means the *Bran Academy*, and the homeliness of its symbol, a bolting mill, were calculated to throw ridicule. Two academies, or as we should now call them, societies, were, however, formed in the course of the seventeenth century, for a more useful and nobler purpose—the prosecution of science, by the combination of talent directed to different pursuits.

These were the Academy of the Lincei (*Lyncæi*), at Rome, and that of the *Cimento*, at Florence. The history of one bears a considerable resemblance to that of the other. Each was planned and directed by one person, whose talents and influence enabled him to bring around him, and keep together, men of rare abilities; and, after a short duration, both came to their end, by the removal of their respective founders. During their brief existence, both gave proof of indefatigable ardor, of sound views, and of encouraging success,

in the pursuit of natural science. The name of the "Cimento" (*Experiment*), sufficiently explains the principle on which it planned its pursuits; the other, in choosing its title, allowed itself to be more tainted with the pedantry of the times; but still, in drawing it from the most sharp-sighted of animals, the lynx, wished to intimate that the constant observation of phenomena was the foundation of all natural philosophy.

The essay to which this article refers the reader, treats of the thermometers invented and used by the Florentine Academy. We notice it entirely on account of its containing the accusation, to which we alluded in the outset, founded on the history of that academy, that Rome was cruelly, nay, brutally, hostile to the pursuit of these studies. To understand the writer's attack, it may be necessary to premise that the *Academia del Cimento* was formed and supported by Leopold, brother to Ferdinand II., fifth Grand Duke of Tuscany. He opened it solemnly, on the 19th of June, 1657. The members met at his house, being mostly, as well as himself and his royal brother, disciples of Galileo. They invented and constructed many valuable instruments, and made very interesting researches, communicated in papers published at the time, and afterwards reprinted by Targioni, in his history of the academy.* After it had enjoyed nine years' existence, Prince Leopold accepted

* "Atti e Memorie inedite dell' Academia del Cimento," 4 vols.

the cardinal's hat, and the academy was dissolved.

The cause and history of this dissolution, are pretended to be stated by the writer before us. He tells us that "political motives induced Prince Leopold of Medici, Protector of the Academy *del Cimento*, to solicit the hat; that his request was granted only on condition that he should sacrifice the academy, over which he presided, to the implacable hatred which the court of Rome bore to the memory and to the disciples of Galileo. Consequently the Academy of the Cimento was dissolved, and Borelli was seen begging in the streets of Rome; and Oliva, with his bones half broken by torture, saved himself by suicide from the fresh torments prepared by the Inquisition. Many original writings of Galileo and his disciples were committed to the flames." In another passage, the writer thus proceeds: "The proscription which fell upon the writings of the great men of Florence, did not spare their instruments. Those which were saved from destruction, were chiefly apparatus for show, of which little use was ever made. But those small thermometers, made with spirits of wine, and divided into fifty degrees, of which the academicians speak as agreeing perfectly one with another, were nowhere to be found." (P. 354.)

We hardly know how to characterize the condensation of mis-statements and calumnies which crowds these lines. Their author is an Italian, who declares that he has turned his attention most

particularly to the history of science in Italy.* He quotes no authority for his assertions; he makes them with the bold assurance of a man who is either only repeating well-known facts, or is entitled to full credit, as treating of matters within his peculiar sphere of information. And yet from first to last, there is not a word of truth in what he speaks. We are anxious to prove this to the full, lest some of our over-zealous adversaries should be blindly led to adopt and repeat these foolish untruths, as they have done so many others.

And first, as to the imaginary cause of all this persecution—"the implacable hatred of the Church of Rome towards the memory and disciples of Galileo." It is observed that the academy most religously abstained from maintaining those opinions which had embroiled Galileo with the Inquisition, and confined itself chiefly to experimental philosophy. At the time that this hatred of Rome is represented as exercised even against inanimate apparatus, Father Kircher, a Jesuit, was busily engaged in that city, in constructing instruments; and even Galileo's invaluable invention, the telescope, not only first received this name in the same city, but was best manufactured there, by Guiseppe Cam-

* [It is with sincere regret that we write thus of so able and learned a man; but through all his works the same hostile and rancorous feeling against the Church appears. We will not imitate him by joining his calumniators; but we heartily acquit him, after examining the evidence, of the grievous charges made against him in France.]

pani, Umbrian from S. Felice, and Eustachio Divini, from S. Severino, whose lenses and telescopes were sent to Florence, and even to Paris. It was a long way to go, as far as the banks of the Arno, to wreak vengeance on the memory of Galileo, by breaking scientific instruments, when the task might have been more easily accomplished nearer home.

But this charge of hostility to the pursuit of science falls, unluckily for this author, upon two popes, whose characters can best repel it. The first is Alexander VII., during whose reign the academy was founded and flourished. He was a man, as Giordani writes, "of mild manners, and an elegant Latin and Italian scholar;" or, as Botta describes him, "prudent, and a lover of learning." (Vol. vii. p. 136.) But Targioni has more completely let us into his character, as it interests us on the present occasion. He calls him "learned, a man of good taste, extremely fond of mechanics, and of experimental philosophy." He informs us, and proves, by authentic documents, that Prince Leopold occasionally sent presents of apparatus to him. (Vol. i. pp. 66, 264, 494; ii, part 1, p. 337.) Again, whom should Leopold choose to revise the Essays of the Academy, but Monsignor Michelangelo Ricci, a Roman prelate attached to the personal service of this pope and his successors, and a regular correspondent of the academy, and Megalotti, born, educated, and living in Rome? And before the work was quite printed

off, the sheets were sent, through the learned Octavius Falconieri, member of the academy, to Cardinal Sforza Pallavicino, one of the pope's most confidential friends, who wrote that he had perused them with great delight. (*Targioni*, i. 416, 455.)

This intimate connection and correspondence surely looks more like a good understanding between Rome and the academy, than implacable hostility on the part of one against the other. The pope who bestowed the purple on Prince Leopold was Clement IX., a Tuscan no less than his predecessor Alexander; and the accusation must be still more harmless when made against him. Both before and after his promotion he was a devoted friend of the Medici, and consequently not likely to feel such hatred, as has been described, against the academy which they so much cherished. But where was it likely that he should have imbibed this mortal antipathy to the memory of Galileo? For his philosophical studies had been made at Pisa, under the direction of the celebrated Benedetto Castelli, the dearest friend and scholar that Galileo ever had, and his successor in that university. The pope, moreover, was the protector of Cassini, and of Monsignor, afterwards Cardinal, Ricci, whom we have already named. This reasoning, however, may appear to amount to no more than a plausible argument; positive confutations will be easily found.

Monsignor Angelo Fabroni in his *Life of*

Clement IX., assures us that he had originally believed the story of the pope's having stipulated for the dissolution of this academy when he granted the cardinal's hat to Leopold. But the perusal of the original correspondence upon the subject, between the Holy See and the Tuscan minister, Montani, completely satisfied him that it was false. For there was not even a distant allusion to any such stipulation. Indeed, so far from Leopold's having solicited the purple, from political or any other motives, and consequently having to submit to any conditions, Clement was the first to write to the duke, that he had reserved a hat for one of his brothers. And having learnt that Leopold and Matthias both aspired to the dignity, he offered to bestow it upon both, as their virtues and acquirements rendered them both worthy of it. Hence, Targioni, who is ever inclined to suspect enmity to the academy from every quarter, and who in the first volume had expressed a suspicion that the elevation of Leopold had contributed to its extinction, in the subsequent part retracts his opinion, and expresses his conviction to the contrary.

How then, it may be asked, did this useful institute so soon come to an end? We answer, from natural and evident causes. It was never formally closed or dissolved, but fell into decay. In the first place, its principal and most active members, Borelli, Oliva, and Rinaldini, spontaneously abandoned Florence about the same time. This Leopold assigns as a cause of the decay of

his academy two months after his promotion, though he speaks of it as still existing. (*Lettere inedite d' Uomini illustri*, i. 462.) Rinaldini had been an engineer in the service of Popes Urban VIII. and Innocent X., and preceptor to the Princes Barberini, of the first-named pope's family. He afterwards occupied a chair at Pisa, and then became preceptor to the heir-apparent. In 1667 he requested permission to quit Tuscany on account of his health, and retired to Padua, whence he returned to his native city, Ancona, where he died. Now, Targioni informs us that his departure "greatly displeased Prince Leopold, because it *thwarted the progress* of the academy." So far were they from any idea even then of dissolving it, though the negotiations about the cardinalship must have been then completed. In the two following years the cardinal himself made journeys to Rome; and this still further led to the disorganization of the body. Indeed, before he accepted the hat, he complained, and Megalotti, in his preface to the *Transactions of the Academy*, confirms the complaint, that the prince's numerous occupations had, for some time, prevented him from interesting himself as he wished, in these his favorite pursuits. (*Targ.* i. 424.)

In fact, so little aware were the most intimate friends of the Tuscan prince, that the academy was to be dissolved, that Megalotti wrote to him from Antwerp, proposing a new member, a learned convert, in place of one of the three who had left

it. "Truly," he says, "in the present dispersion of the academy, by the departure of Borelli, Oliva, and Rinaldini, nothing could be more desirable; and if the other two places could be equally well filled up, we should be pretty well consoled for our loss." He then observes that Borelli, though possessed of splendid talents, was "a capricious and almost intolerable man." (*Lettere inedite*, i. 295.) In fine, as late as 1669, Borelli speaks of the academy as still existing, nearly three years after Leopold's promotion. (*Historia et Meteorologia Incendii Etnei Pref.*) So that, although the academy may be said to have virtually expired three years before, it is evident that it cannot be affirmed to have been suppressed by the pope, nor by any one else.

Hence, Botta, no friend to the papal see, attributes its dissolution to the discord among its members, and to the elevation of Leopold. But he expressly observes that it was not molested by the court of Rome, under Alexander. The suppression then is all a fable, as is its alleged motive. So far from any hatred existing in Rome to the memory of Galileo, we should rather say that it was held in veneration. In the first edition of Borelli's great posthumous work, *De Motu Animalium*, now before us, printed at Rome in 1680, with all the usual approbations of the ecclesiastical authorities, we find that the learned editor, Father Charles a Jesu, general of the order of the *Scuole pie*, boasts of one of his body as having been

"*Galilei clarissimi viri auditor*:" an expression which does not betray feelings at all akin to hatred or hostility.

So much, then, for the barter of a cardinal's hat against the suppression of a scientific society. Next comes the more odious charge of Borelli's beggary, and Oliva's broken bones. It does not require great sagacity to ask the question, what on earth could have taken these two men to Rome, if such a lot awaited them? Supposing their academy to have been suppressed by an act of papal bigotry, can we imagine them, if sane, to have thrown themselves personally within the reach of the hatred, that had shown itself so implacable towards them, as disciples of Galileo? For it is not pretended that, like their master, they were summoned to Rome, or commanded even to quit Florence. The truth is, that the whole is a fiction, like the torture of that illustrious man. A brief account of their history will fully explain the matter.

Borelli, after having studied mathematics in Rome, under Father Castelli, taught the sciences at Messina, whence he was invited by the Grand Duke, into Tuscany, in 1656. Two years later he travelled to Rome for the purpose of studying Arabic, as he wished to translate, from that language, the books lost in Greek of Appollonius's Conic Sections. For this end he took lessons from Abraham Echellensis, a learned Syrian, author of several valuable works. In March, 1667, while

Alexander VII. yet sat, and consequently before there was the least idea of Leopold's elevation to the purple, much less of any conditions to be made upon the occasion, Borelli requested leave to quit Tuscany, and return to Messina. (*Lett. ined.* i. 133. Targ. i. 215.) Redi, in one of his letters, tells us, that the prince was exceedingly displeased at his departure; and Fabroni has given a letter from the duke to his brother, in which he complains of Borelli's conduct, and says that the fickleness of his disposition, and the restlessness of his brain, and not his health, were the motives of his departure. (Vol. i. p. 135.) Marini has recorded a gross insult which Borelli and Oliva received from some drunken guards at the palace, which may have contributed to their wish to leave. (*Nelli, Saggio Letterario*, p. 116.) At Messina, Borelli lived in some splendor, till 1674, when he thought proper to take an active part in the insurrection that happened there. He saved himself from justice by flight, and arrived at Rome in great distress. The patronage and liberality of Christina, queen of Sweden, enabled him to pursue his studies, till her circumstances became embarrassed; and at the same time a worthless servant robbed him of whatever he possessed. In all this there is no sign of any papal persecution; nor would it be easy, for the most ingenious tracer of cause and effect, to establish a connection between his sufferings, and hatred at Rome of the scholars of Galileo. But even at this period, Borelli was not reduced to the

necessity of seeking alms. He accepted the invitation of the Fathers of the *Scuole pie* to live in their house, and teach mathematics. Here he gave himself up to a life of edifying devotion, charming every one by his cheerfulness and amenity, till his death, which happened in the last hour of the year 1679. His work *De Motu Animalium* appeared the next year, through the bounty of Queen Christina.

Such is the simple narrative of Borelli's history; Oliva's presents a sadder picture of human frailty and misery. When young, theological secretary to Cardinal Barberini, from whose house he was expelled; next a captain of freebooters in Calabria, he came from prison to teach medicine at Pisa. In 1667 he quitted Tuscany with an indifferent reputation for morals, as Targioni observes (i. 227), and came to Rome; where, instead of being seized by the Inquisition and stretched on the rack, he was engaged to attend, in quality of physician, Don Tommaso Rospiglioso, nephew of Clement IX. (*Grandi, Risposta Apolog.* p. 176.) Tiraboschi informs us that he had easy access to several pontiffs (*Storia Letter.* Ed. Rom. viii. 210); and, according to Targioni, he held a situation in the palace. During all this time we have no traces of any animosity against him, for having been a member of the Cimento, or a disciple of Galileo. After the death of Innocent XI., he was discovered to be deeply concerned in a society of a highly immoral character, and

was imprisoned. While led to examination a second time, he slipped from his guard, threw himself headlong from an open window, and died in three hours. Romolini speaks severely of the evil life and death of Oliva, and quotes Marini to the same effect, and for the narrative we have given. (*Ragionamento sulla Satira*, in *Mencini's Satire*, p. 84.) As to any torture, it seems a pure invention of the liberal Italian, whose essay we are examining.

Two charges yet remain, and we will handle them more lightly. And first, what truth is there in the story of Galileo's manuscripts being destroyed? It had indeed been asserted, long ago, that on the death of Father Renieri, who possessed Galileo's papers, his study was visited, and all his papers, as well as that philosopher's, seized; and the writer gives it *as a report*, that this was done by the inquisitor. (*Lett. ined.* i. 74.) But then all this must have happened, if it ever did, in 1648, nearly *ten years before the foundation of the academy*, and consequently can have nothing to do with any papal stipulations about its suppression. The account, moreover, must be inaccurate, as Renieri's own papers served Targioni for his history, consequently cannot have been destroyed; and it is certain that he did not possess all Galileo's. Some of these are said to have been burnt by his nephew, in a fit of scrupulous alarm about his uncle's orthodoxy. But the essayist informs us that other writings of the Florentine philosopher

were "turned to the vilest purposes." We suppose he alludes to the following circumstance:—Many of Galileo's manuscripts were placed in the hands of Viviani, who had undertaken a magnificent edition of his works, and was much encouraged in the project by Cardinal Leopold. (*Grandi*, p. 66.) Upon his death they came into the possession of the Abate Panzanini, and, upon the decease of the latter in 1737, were so far neglected, that a servant visited them from time to time, and carried away many of them

> "In vicum vendentem thus et odores,
> Et piper, et quidquid chartis amicitur ineptis."

A certain Cioci, celebrated for his savory wares, having been favored among others with a parcel, and having used some for wrapping up his sausages, which enjoyed a great reputation, the discovery was made, and the remnant preserved from destruction. (*Targioni*, i. 124.) This, unfortunately, has been the fate of too many valuable papers. Within these two years, we have heard that the Barberini library at Rome has been plundered precisely in the same manner of important documents, which were discovered by the very same means. We ourselves are sufferers in a similar way; as are several of our friends, whose fires have been kindled for successive months with old records, carefully laid up, but considered, by the sagacity of servants, as put by for their especial use, in the process of domestic calefaction. Pre-

judice must have run high in our author's mind, to make him connect this sacrilegious larceny, perpetrated by a valet and a cheesemonger, seventy years after the dissolution of the academy, with this dissolution, and lay it, moreover, to the score of popes, long before gathered to their fathers. The papers belonging to the academy remain safe in possession of the Segni family, having been left them by the Senator Alexander Segni, first secretary of the academy.

Secondly, as to the destruction of the philosophical apparatus, we beg to observe that it is as true as the remainder of the narrative. It would, indeed, have been matter of small surprise, if even all the instruments had been dispersed, and gradually lost or destroyed, after the society which used them had been dissolved. But this was not the case. The collection remained where Cardinal Leopold had always kept it, till Florence became subject to the emperor. It was then deposited in the house of the imperial machinist Vayringe; after whose death, a part was sent to Vienna by order of Francis I., the greater part were placed in two rooms adjoining the library of the Pitti Palace, where Targioni saw them. Some also were preserved, in his time, in the mathematical room, as it was called, of the Ducal Gallery. But what makes this accusation still more intolerable is, that in 1829, the Cavalier Antinori, director of the Museum, discovered a chest in which were several instruments, and among them a number

of thermometers with a scale of 50°, which form the subject of the accuser's essay, (*Antologia di Firenze*, Oct. 1830, p. 141.) There is no more truth, therefore, in the broken instruments than in Oliva's broken bones; the whole account is a disgraceful perversion of facts, for the purpose of holding up Rome to reprobation as the persecutor of scientific studies.*

* [An instance of real destruction of most valuable apparatus has unfortunately occurred lately at Rome. During the late revolutionary state of that city, the Roman College, occupied by the public schools, conducted by the Jesuits, and one of the most splendid buildings in the city, was set on fire, with evidences of fore-planning, which left no doubt of its being the work of an incendiary. The most combustible spot was chosen; where, instead of vaulted ceilings, timber had been used in the edifice. Had the fire not been promptly extinguished, by extraordinary energy (for a diversion had previously been made by a fire out of the walls, which had drawn away all the engines, especially those stationed near the Roman College), the loss would have been irreparable. The magnificent library with a most valuable collection of Chinese MSS., would have perished. As it was, it suffered serious damage, from the confusion that occurred in carrying out the books, contrary to the wishes of Father Secchi, whose admirable coolness, and care to exclude officious enemies, probably saved the building. As it was, the magnificent hall in which prizes used to be distributed, with its most valuable, and to many of us, truly dear, frescoes, was destroyed, by the falling in of its ceiling. Over this was a series of cabinets, containing a large collection of apparatus, unique, perhaps, from the rich historical series which it embraced; for it began with the rudest and earliest specimens, and came down, unbroken, to the latest refinements of scientific invention. This collection almost entirely perished. In addition, the rooms of St.

We have had sufficient experience of the frauds published in our own country for the same purpose, not to have used our humble endeavors to prevent this being added to the stock in trade of our controversial travellers. It would make a pretty appendix to Galileo's history. We doubt not but it would be greatly relished in Exeter Hall, where every atrocity is fondly credited which can inspire a nursery horror of the pope. We verily believe that if the story were served up with some additional contemporary relish—as for example, that the present pope had renewed the war against science, and had sent forth an army of Jesuits through his dominions, with orders to spike every telescope, and to dismantle every voltaic battery, the whole, tail and all, would be swallowed by the gaping mouths of the audience in that precious conventicle.

We mentioned, at the beginning of this article, the Roman academy of the *Lincei*, as devoted to the same purposes as the *Cimento;* in fact, it was its model, and hardly deserves less fame. Yet it has been comparatively overlooked. On the present occasion, however, it is forcibly recalled to our minds, not merely by the resemblance we pointed out between it and its more celebrated

Aloysius suffered grievous damage. No doubt any amount of barbarism and destruction of scientific apparatus is justifiable when committed out of hatred to Jesuits, by a liberal faction; and no denunciation of the deed has come forth from learned republicans.]

successor, but still more by its giving a proof that the Holy See felt no jealousy of such institutions. For, when we see an academy consisting of a few philosophers, united under the patronage of a prince, for the ardent pursuit of the same studies as the Florentine, counting, which the other never did, Galileo himself among its members, yet not only unmolested, but patronized by the pope and his family, we can hardly conceive it possible that Rome should ever have felt a hatred against science, which could go so far to display itself.

But, to our minds, there is a deeper interest attached to the brief annals of this Roman academy. They are interwoven with the amiable, virtuous, and heroic character of its youthful founder, so as to possess all the stirring interest of a romance. They display, beyond almost anything else we ever read, the purity of purpose, the chastity of mind, the nobleness of soul, which a devotedness to the study of nature, when sanctified by religion, can bestow. They exhibit all the meek courage of the martyrs, in the humbler, but dearer, sphere, of domestic persecution. We repeat it, the history of this academy, with its Prince Federico Cesi for the hero, would present ample materials for a romance, full of incident and spirit, and rich in the most varied characters.

Federico Cesi, son of the duke of Acquasparta, was born in 1585. In 1603, when eighteen years of age, he laid the foundation of his academy, being already in correspondence with some of the

first philosophers of the age. His first companion in his plan was Francesco Stelluti, who possessed an equal ardor for science, morals equally pure, and a piety equally fervent. Having heard of John Eckius, or Reckius, a Hollander practicing medicine in the little town of Scandriglia, in Sabina, a man deeply versed in every branch of philosophy, they invited him to settle in Rome, attached to the Cesi family. Finding the want of order and system in their studies, they arranged the plan of an academy, and to complete it, added to their number Anastasio de Filiis, a young nobleman of Terni, who had a particular turn for mechanics; and, being a relation of the family, lived in their house. On the 17th of August, 1603, the academy was inaugurated by its young *prince*, as he was henceforth called. Its meetings were to be quite private; and in their researches were to embrace every branch of natural and moral philosophy. By the 22nd of October they had finished the construction of a great planisphere, on which were drawn the ancient and modern systems of astronomy. They met three times a week, and had five lectures at each meeting; and the subjects treated show how active each member must have been in his pursuits. Persecution, however, soon disturbed their tranquillity. The morals of the academicians were irreproachable; and their statutes prescribed virtue as the first duty. Among the numerous dependents of the duke were many who, instigated by jealousy or worse motives, poisoned

his ear, and filled him with suspicions against his son. He made every effort to separate him from his companions, and to wean him from his studies, but in vain. With his mother, a woman of sincere piety, and who to the end was kind and affectionate to him, they endeavored to prevail, by insinuations against his moral character; and at length succeeded so far as to render her uneasy in his regard. On Christmas-day, when the very existence of the academy seemed precarious, the prince assembled it, and, after a touching speech, invested each member with a gold chain. They agreed to a new code of laws; among which was one, that every meeting should be opened by prayer. St. John the Evangelist was chosen patron of the academy; and, forthwith proceeding to this church, they implored his intercession in their difficulties.

But the duke was a man of haughty, overbearing disposition, dark in his plots, and inexorable in his resentments. To such an excess did he carry his enmity, that his son was obliged to fly from his house, and was pursued by him with an armed band. Stelluti was compelled to return to Fabriano, and De Filiis to Terni, surrounded by emissaries, and threatened by the bravoes of the stern old lord. Yet, when so dispersed, they continued to correspond and even to meet in the country, at the risk of life. Eckius, obliged also to conceal himself, had his apartment broken open by the duke's orders, his furniture demolished, and the collections and instruments destroyed. But the wily tyrant

wove around him a darker mesh. He affected kindness and respect towards him; and, having drawn from him the names of his sworn enemies, suborned them to make the vilest accusations against him before the ecclesiastical authorities. His life was threatened, on Holy Thursday, by an assassin; and, after having lain concealed and almost starved, in young Cesi's apartment, for many days, with sentinels at every door, he was obliged to surrender at discretion, and was escorted by a band of hired ruffians to Holland. On his way, he wrote his observations on natural history, with admirable drawings on the margin, which he sent to Rome. They were preserved, with the diary and other papers of the academy, in the Albani Library, till the French invasion. His guards left him without money at Turin; but he proceeded to Holland, and thence to England and Scotland, on which he likewise wrote his observations. Cesi retired to Naples, where he still pursued his studies. Eckius returned to Rome in 1606, as it appears from a letter written by him to the celebrated Kepler; but new persecutions obliged him again to fly, till 1614, when, for the last time, he returned to the Eternal City.

The annals of the society are silent till 1609; a year remarkable in the history of science, for the invention of the telescope. The news of the accidental discovery at Middleburg, which suggested the idea of that invaluable instrument to Galileo, reached Italy in the spring of that year; and we

have a letter of Delia Porta at Naples, to Cesi, dated August 28, in which he gives a drawing of a telescope, with a reference, for its principles, to his work on optics, published in 1589. When we consider that Galileo did not exhibit his in Rome till 1611, it will seem probable that Della Porta was guided by his own sagacity to divine the nature of the new invention. One thing, however, the historian of this academy considers pretty certain; that the names "telescope" and "microscope" were first devised by Federico Cesi. When Galileo came to Rome, he became a member of the academy, at whose expense some of his works were printed. Indeed, by the year 1612, it had extended its reputation very far; had undertaken the publication of several works, among the rest, the observations of Hernandez on the natural history of New Spain, with notes by the academy; and had formed a plan for branch societies, with a college at Naples. The work of Hernandez did not, however, appear till 1651 (2 vols. fol.); and it has prefixed a brief, dated 1627, of Pope Urban VIII., the very pope under whom Galileo was condemned, in praise of the academy. To the same pope, Cesi dedicated his microscopic observations on the bee; and his nephew, Cardinal Barberini, entered his name among the members of the academy.

But, in the mean time, new domestic troubles had gradually withdrawn Cesi from his previous undivided attention to the interests of this society. He had married; and, in addition to the cares of

his own household, had to undertake the management of his father's property ; for the old nobleman, extravagant as he was imperious, had fallen into considerable embarrassment; and, reserving an annuity, made over his estates to his son, who engaged to pay all creditors. Cesi was obliged to reside upon the estate of Acquasparta, upwards of a hundred miles from Rome; and at the same time, his father's waywardness and tyranny wore out his spirits, and undermined his constitution. The duke died on the 24th of June, 1630 ; and, on the 2nd of August, his son followed him to the grave, at the age of forty-five. He seems to have been the idol of all that knew him. His portrait exhibits a mild and thoughtful, and noble countenance ; and every record proves that, while in moments of danger and difficulty, he could display the greatest courage and dignity, yet, when contending with the capricious tyranny of his father, he never in word or act, transgressed the duty of an obedient son. He was well versed in every class of literature; seems to have been a proficient in Arabic ; and, when Cardinal Bellarmine consulted him upon some points of natural history, his answer, though written in the country, contained so much learned discussion upon the doctrine of the Fathers, whose passages he quoted on the subject, that the eminent theologian affectionately chid him for such an unnecessary display of learning. This correspondence is given by Scheiner in his *Rosa Ursina*. Cesi was one of the first to make accurate observa-

tions on fossil woods, and to discover the system of propagation of ferns. Brown has accomplished what the Lincei were anxious to do, to commemorate his name in science by conferring it on some plant. His class of *Cæsia*, in Australian botany, is called after him.

After Cesi's death, the academy languished on for twenty years, when it became extinct. His death, indeed, was so sudden, that he did not make a will; and thus his museum, with its curious collections and instruments, became the property of his family. Bianchi, who wrote a history of the academy, endeavored to revive it, but failed.* At the beginning of this century it was renewed. Pope Leo XII. gave it apartments in the Capitol, and built for it there an observatory now under the direction of its president, Scarpellini. Its apparatus is very complete; and we have now lying before us an able paper lately read in it, by the learned Father Pianciani, containing some new experiments and results upon electro-magnetism. The present pope† pays an annual visit to this establishment.

* For our account of the Lincei we are indebted to Prince Odescalchi's work upon the subject, 4to. Rome, 1806.

For a correct account of the state of natural philosophy in the middle ages, and an exposure of many erroneous opinions of modern writers as to the supposed hostility of the Church to scientific pursuits, see cap. vii. viii. and ix. of Mr. Digby's admirable *Ages of Faith*, book viii., recently published.

† [Gregory XVI.]

We might have added to this sketch the history of other scientific academies, as that of Bologna, which succeeded the Cimento, and reached its glory under Morgagni; for it never experienced anything but countenance and protection from the sovereign pontiffs; but what we have written is sufficient for our purpose, which was to disprove the assertions of Libri, and at the same time, to show the slight grounds of plausibility on which they rest.

SENSE V. SCIENCE.

[From the *Dublin Review* for Dec. 1849.]

ART. VII.—1. *Report on Quarantine.* Presented to both Houses of Parliament. London: 1849.

2. *Report of the General Board of Health, on the Measures adopted for the Execution of the Nuisances' Removal, and Diseases' Prevention Act, and the Public Health Act, up to July,* 1849. London: 1849.

WHEN Swift, in his voyage to Laputa, described a nation of philosophers, the exaggeration was so manifest, that the real point may be said to have failed. Could he have foreseen, and described with his own matchless simplicity, what was to take place a hundred years later; the strangeness, the incredibility of what he wrote, would have been equally great, and his narrative would now read as a vision rather than a dream. Had he informed his readers that the sages of that country conversed by means of a wire at the distance of five hundred miles, with a perfect annihilation of all relations between time and space: that they dashed on at the rate of fifty (he might as well have said a hundred) miles an hour, drawn by a mechanical horse impelled by the same power as Sancho Panza's, and liable to the same little

accident of blowing up: that the towns were not lighted by oil, or any adipose substance whatever, but by flames without wick, lamp or candle, coming up from under-ground: that artists there made use of sunbeams, without the necessity of bottling them, for drawing-materials; in fine, that noblemen of highest rank, and baronets of high degree, spent much time in detecting, analyzing, regulating, and utilizing the perilous stuff that flows unsavory in sewers; we think he would have provoked more smiles of incredulity as to the possibility of such a nation's existence, than he has by any of his own excogitations.

The last half century has indeed distinguished itself, more than any other corresponding period in the world's history, by great and practical applications of science. In fact, every science may be said to have undergone a revolution within this space; and the new principles and powers which have been discovered, are becoming, every day more and more, the regulating, or motive, agents of material existence. In zoölogy, living and fossil, the researches of Cuvier, Lacepède, and Geoffrey de Saint-Hilaire; in chemistry, organic and inorganic, the accurate observations of Liebig, Davy and Faraday; in physiology, the *acute* experiments of Bell and Magendie; in geology, the noble investigations of Humboldt; in ethnography, the scarcely inferior developments of his brother and the Schlegels; and in mechanics, the results of application of countless laborers, which may be

said to equal the creation of a new science; these, and many other combining efforts, are justly thought to have worked a complete change in every department of scientific knowledge, and to place the first half of this our century, at the head of a new era, which (whether for the good or the evil of succeeding generations, time only will unfold) will scarcely leave anything to the uncertainty of skill, or the chances of experiment. Everything from henceforward must be struck with the die, or cast in the mould, of science, must be predetermined by calculation, and created by a process.

In all this, the mechanical element, that is, the lowest of all the scientific powers, is prevailing, even to the contempt of every other. It is the constituent, dominant power of the age, its tyrant; its restless, agitating, unsparing ruler. It embodies itself to our imagination (a faculty likely soon to be smiled out of existence among us, as much as in the sage island of Laputa) in the form of a huge engine, which sends its shafts along every stage of society, and its gear into every department of each, and keeps up a perpetual whirl, grating and jarring, with a ceaseless worrit and fever in every head and mind, by its own monotonous uplifting of its giant arms, sending everything into every most opposite and conflicting motion; here pumping, and there draining; here lifting, and there ramming; here raising into air enormous iron tubes, that could have coffined ten

Titans, there drilling through a needle an eye which a microscopic insect could not creep through; here battering into a compact anchor-fluke a mass of iron which all the Cyclopses could not have lifted, and the very candescence of which would have burnt their eye out, there gently riveting its head upon a pin; here violently twisting together the strands of an "endless" wire rope, there actually drawing through flame, without burning it, the thread scarcely thicker than the cobweb's, which has to weave the finest cambric; here voraciously lapping up the liquid mud of the streets, with its pebbles and brick-bats, into a capacious stomach, there with patented mechanism uncorking the bottle of turtle-punch, to crown the civic duty of indigestion; here with the slow, deep, and monotonous burr of "the drum," producing nothing but wind (though quite a gale of it), there impelling the mighty ship to breast the towering billows, and face the storm in its very teeth; and then as subservient to intellect and to intelligence, here whirling round every morning the cylinder inscribed all round like an ancient pillar, but here paradoxically with other "columns," and imparting to thousands of outspread sheets the indelible impression of the *Times;* there setting in motion for the comfort of one ingenious mechanic, in his humble quarters at Manchester, an escapement that lights his lamp, cooks his breakfast, awakes himself, and disturbs all his neighbors.

The scientific genius or Daimon (a letter here

makes a great difference) pursues you into your domestic life, with an unwearying pertinacity. Your tailor advertises himself as "anatomical;" your shirt-maker as acting "on scientific principles; towels are labelled in shop-windows as "electrical" (we only wonder why eel-pies are not); plasters, by a strange perversion, as "mechanical." And within doors, your foot-boy cannot any longer think of cleaning knives, unless you procure "Kent's knife-cleaning machine," and your cook declares she cannot make your dinner without a cooking "apparatus." Every conceivable application of the lever, the spring, and hydraulic pressure has been made, to the very simple purpose of ascertaining the postage of a letter; and many a man who has run it rather fine by clipping margins, and sparing wax, to keep his machine below the penny-stamp mark, has inflicted fourpence on his correspondent, simply because the post-office officials will stick to the old-fashioned, unscientific way, of weighing things by scales and weights, instead of by machines. Nay, we have seen the most wonderful little contrivances made, and probably "registered," if not sold, for attaining the desirable object of damping postage-stamps; whereby, having cut off your "queen's head," you place it in a box connected with a hydrostatic apparatus, which has previously to be supplied with water; then, by the application of leverage, proportioned to the operation, the apparatus aforesaid is pressed upon the gum of the

stamp, and made to act upon it, affording the requisite degree of humectation; and, this accomplished, the box is opened, and the little penny-bank-note is taken out ready for use; having gone through as much process, as at the bank transforms a bit of paper into £1,000. Now we, not being given to mechanics, use a very unscientific mode of applying the stamp to the paper; and the contrast of the two methods powerfully reminds us of the old well-known story of the Frenchman, who sold powder for destroying insects, of the class called "industrious" among our shilling exhibitions. This was to be done by catching the delinquent, opening his mouth, and inserting the infallible poison. "Mais si je l'écrase?" asked an unscientific purchaser. "Ma foi," responded the vender, "ça lui serait également désagréable."

When a nation or an age gets upon a hobby, it is just in as much danger as an individual, of riding it to death, or of breaking its own neck. This has happened before. The revival of classical literature in the fifteenth century, carried the age, through heathenism, into heresy. The scientific and mechanical mania of the present, may drive it into materialism, or, if one may coin a term, into *corporism*. We are not indeed going now to look at this higher moral view of the matter. But we think that a sensible observer will see, that all the energy of inventive genius, so marvellously awakened in our time, is bent upon bettering the bodily

condition of men, and increasing what is called their happiness, that is, their comfort, their enjoyment, their complete contentment here below, by improving their animal existence, and multiplying their sensations of corporeal pleasure. It is clear to any one that intellectuality, and abstract truth, are totally unheeded, and even contemptuously undervalued. We may truly say that mental philosophy is becoming almost wholly unknown, and unthought of, in England.

Who thinks of instructing "the people" about their souls, their minds, their ideas, their relations with another world? Who thinks of entertaining them about creation, a first cause, God, in fine? The mechanism of the body, the mode of preserving its health, the avoiding of excesses that hurt it, all this forms now the study of man; and when "mechanics' institutes," or "young men's societies," have been well lectured on these subjects, and on sobriety, and other healthy virtues, it is thought that sound morality has been taught them. Let any one read the annual speeches which benevolent noblemen, and learned M. P.s and popular bishops, make to such institutes, in great manufacturing towns, and see if they aim at a higher object than that of proving that scientific pursuits will render their hearers good men, without any antidote being required for the deteriorating tendency, of all that binds men, beyond what their passions do, to earth? The bishop of——— in one of these speeches to the middle classes, seemed actually to

say, that the mechanical inventions of the present age stood in the place of the miracles of the early Church, as the *engine* for converting nations to Christianity; that the missionary going out with the steam-engine to a savage tribe, would by it establish his intellectual superiority over its members, and consequently his right to be listened to; as though religion were only civilization, and miracles only personal titles to human respect. And if moral and mental philosophy have ceased to be numbered among the sciences, or to be known even by name; surely the cultivation of the imagination, and the relish for poetry, are nearly as much despised and discouraged. In fact, we are in real danger of seeing the next generation brought up in the ideas of many of the present, that man is a machine, the soul is electricity, the affections magnetism; that life is a railroad, the world a share-market, and death a *terminus*.

The reason of all this is, we fear, too deep and too serious to be treated in an article, especially one so limited as it is in our power to give; and therefore we will confine ourselves to the danger that exists on all sides, of our resembling, yet more, the inhabitants of that sage philosophical country which constantly returns to our view, by overlooking common sense suggestions in our scientific, and certainly magnificent, designs. It is here that we think our forefathers, back to a very remote period, stand so advantageously before us: they could not do things so cleverly as we do, but

they did them more completely; their methods may have been less neat, and less according to principles of science, but they were effectual and durable. We undervalue their lessons, and make great improvements, as we think, upon them; but we certainly do not attain what they did; yet we never suspect that there was wisdom in them, that could compensate for their want of knowledge.

Let us take a very practical illustration. We are now deep in the preliminaries of a great sanitary movement; one so gigantic that we have no faith in its being accomplished. It has been known for years, that the quarters where the poor congregate in London, and perhaps in other large towns, are the closest, most filthy, most dilapidated, most unwholesome, most fever-haunted regions of the earth. There has been no end of visiting societies, tract-distributors, Bible-readers, home-missionaries, in addition to local clergy, who have all been witnesses to this state of things. The Catholic priesthood, indeed, has been more intimately acquainted with this state of misery; but whoever thinks of consulting *them* upon any public matters, or employing them to furnish information, or suggest measures? But now that cholera has paid us a second visit, and has not found our house swept and garnished, and therefore has quietly settled and made itself at home there, we are all in arms, and in alarms, for fear of a third call, and have loudly cried out for a change; as though this state of things were of

sudden growth, and all the cellars, courts, alleys, slums, bone and rag houses, and other unsavory dealings with offal, had suddenly sprung up, by a fungoid theory reduced to practice, and had not been long growing and strengthening, accumulating and concentrating all their hideousness and pestilence, without the least notice or care on the part of the public. The poor had been suffering the penalties for years, and no one troubled himself: but the noxious nuisance has gone forth and assailed the rich, and the mischief has been inquired into. A complication of causes has been discovered, a terrible array of symptoms; and remedies are being sought.

It is now discovered, as if for the first time in the world, that a great cattle-market in the middle of the city is most unhealthy; that slaughter-houses are pest-houses; that cattle kept in cellars and close courts yield poison instead of milk, and carrion instead of meat; that bone-crushing, tallow-melting, fiddle-string manufacturing, hide-dressing, etc., are most ruinous trades to all but their pursuers; that church-yards swelled into embankments cannot long restrain the surging of death, which is pent up within them; that the mighty Thames is a huge ditch, and nothing better; that London is shockingly ill-drained, worse ventilated, and miserably supplied with water. These are all either simple truths or plain facts, which have been acknowledged for centuries, or known for years: but they take the public by surprise, especially be-

cause they come before it wrapped up in a haze of scientific preliminaries and deductions, which give the air of a grand discovery of the age. There are statistical details, occupying whole columns of newspapers, as to population and deaths, to establish the fact that more people die in a crowded neighborhood near ill-buried carcases, than in open squares; there are measurements of the mileage of sewerage existing, and calculations of the gallons or tons of materials that flow through them; there are all sorts of subterranean and subaqueous mysteries unveiled to the public in awful terms; as "noxious gases, decomposition, miasma, effluvium, subtile poison, animal substances," etc. etc., and this is mixed up with disquisitions whether the principle of cholera be a mushroom or a fly, whether it be endemic or epidemic; till we are all delighted to think how scientific the age is, what an amount of research and knowledge is brought to bear upon an important question; at the same time that we stand aghast to find that we breathe infection, drink poison, eat corruption, and carry on our commerce through a fetid sewer, and luxuriate on white-bait taken out of a sink. Yet ages ago every continental city, in which there is a decent police, had banished unwholesome trades to a distance, especially the very ones mentioned; long ago abattoirs were established outside the gates, with officers to inspect every joint that is for sale; and those wants which we so much de-

plore, were fully supplied in countries which we speak of as semi-barbarous.

To go a little more into detail; a scientific traveller will, perhaps, sneer at the clumsy aqueducts which bring water to Constantinople; or a learned lecturer will describe the aqueducts of Rome as stupendous monuments of ignorance of the laws of hydrostatics. "A child now knows," he would say, "that water finds its own level" (here he proves it by an inverted siphon), "and had the conquerors of the ancient world possessed but the science of the reader of one of Pinnock's catechisms, they would have known, that they might have conducted the stream of water through pipes from the hills to Rome, and that it would have risen again to its original level, and so have been easily distributed over all the city. In this manner immense sums would have been saved. Similar evidence of ignorance will be found in the aqueducts of modern Rome, Caserta, Cordova, etc. How great an advantage then do we possess over the greatest nations of former times in that science, which is now so universally diffused, etc." Now, for our parts, we should prefer to have the water universally diffused, rather than the science. For it comes to this, that be the anciently known methods scientific or not, their application was at least directed by common sense. Those cities had everywhere an abundant supply, of the only thing which becomes a luxury in proportion to its abundance. They had, or have, enough water for drink-

ing, for washing, for baths, for irrigation, for water-power, for refreshment of the air and streets, and for waste; the poor and the rich had it equally at home and abroad; not from pumps with padlocks, not from turncocks' daily measurement, but in ceaseless flow from jet and fountain, sparkling, and bubbling, and dancing, in marble basins. The gigantic aqueduct, bestriding half a province to reach its destination, if not a scientific, was an efficient and a beneficent, construction. *We* say, "if *we* had to carry water twenty miles, we should do it much better;" and in the mean time we have to carry it, and we don't. Which is better, the good sense, which seeing the importance of an abundant supply of good water, makes use of the best means which is known to obtain and convey it, or the science which scoffs at the method, boasts that it knows one a thousand times better, and yet wholly neglects to employ it? Now, if the two must be disjoined, we own that we prefer the former. But why should they be sundered? Why should not the sense of ancient times inspire and direct the science of the modern? We should not then longer hear of the dreadful beverage of the poor in London; of water filtered through graveyards, and tanked in impure reservoirs, fit neither for cleanliness nor for refreshment, and enough of itself to drive those doomed to it to the beer-shop, or the gin-palace. Only here, where science boasts of her resources, is the supply to the metropolis of the first essential of health, at

least after fresh air, left to private speculation, and, consequently, placed beyond the reach of the poor. And yet so, it has now been discovered, that even the water, which companies supply, by their scientific machinery is insufficiently filtered, abounds with animalcules, and ought to be boiled or refiltered at home, before being drunk. So much for the boast of what science could do, but does not; but which good sense was able to do without it.

It is only now that the scientific discovery is being made, that there ought to be in London, and other great cities, a good supply of water; and that this cannot be, so as to benefit the poor, as long as it costs several guineas a year per house. But this necessity we humbly, because unscientifically, think, ought to have long since shown itself another way. There is no topic become more familiar to the public of late than that of drainage. In the country it has become almost as fashionable a pursuit for gentlemen, as preserving game and shooting it. But in town, it is the anxious occupation of noble and gentle commissioners, backed by a staff of engineers and scientific men. In fact, it is become a science, and all manner of experiments, we read, are being made in it. Yet in spite of all our proficiency in the art, and of our many resources, it is acknowledged that nothing can be fouler than the sewerage of London; that through the gratings lately opened into them, in obedience to some law of science, there comes

forth a most noisome and poisonous vapor, and that, melancholy to relate, five persons fell victims in one day, this year, to the pestilential breath of one of these scientific receptacles. Here again is one almost deluded into fancying, that we have fallen upon quite a modern discovery, and that no one dreamt of the importance to health of this expedient, or knew how to accomplish it, till modern science taught its rules. Yet scarcely had Rome been settled by the squatters from neighboring tribes, scarcely had she begun to take the forms of a government, when the drainage of the city was known to be of primary importance, and the *Cloaca maxima* (the very name of which proves that it was only the main sewer, into which greater and lesser drains ran) was built by royal direction, and became a monument of Roman greatness. Now we are tempted to imagine the old king who built it, called, in his shade, before a committee of either house on the subject of sewers and drainage; and to hear, in fancy, the strange unphilosophical answers, which the rude Etruscan would make. They might run thus:—

* * *

"1259. By Mr. Bore. Of what materials was your sewer constructed? Entirely of stone.

"1260. Bound no doubt by *Roman* cement? No, by no cement. I got huge stones half as long as myself. I brought them fifteen miles from the Alban hills, and I made a solid self-supporting vault, which you may see yet standing at Rome.

"1261. What engineers or scientific men directed the

work? None but myself. We did not know much about such learned things in those days; we were plain people with a little common sense, and managed the matter by ourselves. I had plenty of good, strong, and willing fellows to labor under me, so we set to work, and managed it very easily.

"1262. By what instruments did you take your levels, and determine your fall? I do not much understand you; but if I do, I can only say, by my eye, and a careful inspection of the natural lie of the ground. You will, of course, remember that we, in our simplicity, made our drains before we built; as we had not science enough to wait till all the ground was covered with buildings, and then to take levels above them, and make drains under them.

"1263. What system of trapping did you follow? I do not understand you.

"1264. What was your plan of flushing? I do not comprehend you.

"1265. What disinfecting agents did you use when your sewer had to be cleared and repaired? None.

"1266. Were not lives lost on such occasions? No; and for one good reason, it never required either. I built it large, and lofty, and solid, from the beginning. Men had not to crawl on all fours through it. Mecænas went down it, in a boat mind you, and found it clean, savory, and after six hundred years, in thorough repair.

"1267. How could a boat float in the garbage and mud of a sewer? The purpose of a sewer is not to contain these things, but to carry them off. Mine was so constructed as to do this.

"1268. By Mr. Sense. How was this effected? By a plentiful supply of fresh water to the city, which, running all day and night through fountains, and public reservoirs, and so into the drains, kept up a constant, powerful, living stream, which diluted all impurities that entered in, and carried them at once out, without suffering them to stagnate obstruct, and ferment.

"1269. Then you think no drainage can be complete

without a perpetual flow of fresh water into a town? No more than in the animal economy, the impure blood will be propelled forward without fresh blood being sent into the vessels. To think of purifying a sewer by driving through it accumulated impurities may be more scientific, but we preferred the more simple and natural mode suggested by our common sense.

1270. Only one question more. You made the Tiber your main receptacle into which all your sewage flowed. Did this not tend to pollute and infect the stream? No; because, first, we had no tide in it, but a rapid current to the sea; and secondly, because I took care to carry my sewer into the Velabrum, below the inhabited part of the banks."

We are of opinion, therefore, that we are beginning at the wrong end, in scheming how to expel, without providing an expellent power. We must bring in what is wholesome if we wish to displace what is noxious. Liquids act differently from solids. The latter must be clean removed for others to occupy their place. The former will themselves displace, if exit be allowed to what is before them. This is the principle to be followed, with water as with air. Introduce a current of fresh air, and under proper arrangements it will purify, not by dilution, but by expulsion. The same ought to be done in drainage, and there will be a double gain.

There is one author, who, on all occasions, brings sound sense to bear on his scientific researches, and again makes science carry out the suggestions of sense. We allude to Dr. Arnott. His theories on the subject of ventilation to which we

have just alluded, are simple, intelligible to any sensible person, while they will bear the test of any scientific examination. His methods too, of attaining his proposed object partake of the same advantage: their very ingenuity consists of their simplicity. A letter which he has lately published, of scarcely a column in the *Times*, contains all that is worth knowing on the subject of ventilation; and another short paper by him in one of the publications before us,* applies the principles of this subject to ships. When one considers the lavish expenditure, or rather the waste, of public money consumed in Dr. Reid's experiments for the ventilating and warming the Houses of Parliament; when one hears of the expense gone to in trying various methods, in barracks, hospitals, churches, and other public buildings, one is really tempted to exclaim, that modern science, when it comes to deal with plain and ordinary things, is little better than empiricism, not to use the more expressive term—humbug. The fact is, that such experiments, and new methods, proceed upon no principle whatever, and generally seek to combine conveniences or advantages that are incompatible. Science tells us most truly, that animal life is kept up at the expense of what is necessary for itself. If we did nothing but eat and did nothing to produce food, or if nature did not take this duty into her own hands, of course we should starve. And in like manner every breath robs the air of a portion

*Report on Quarantine, p. 144.

of that ingredient which is necessary for vital respiration, and surcharges it with an additional quantity of deleterious matter. It is clear, therefore, that if the process be repeated again and again, upon the same bulk of atmosphere, this becomes more and more unsuited to life, and at length is perfectly a poison. Another breath of it, and it kills. When, therefore, a multitude is assembled together, as at a meeting of the Protestant Association in Exeter Hall, all breathing away at a furious rate, and all the harder Popery is hit, and the louder they shout against Maynooth, these good gentlemen little think in how many ways they are tainting the air about them, and poisoning one another. Among other modes this is one; that a number of persons are pumping oxygen out of the same portion of atmosphere; and of course the more pumps, the quicker the exhaustion. They therefore go home with a bad headache, and a deteriorated appetite, unable to distinguish whether these mischiefs proceed from Mr. Stentor's speeches, their own cheering, or—the *closeness* of the room. This last, and almost instinctive expression, hits at once the remedy. The room must be opened somewhere; and here begins the theory, or practice, of ventilation. You open a window, but the bald head of an elderly gentleman near it, tells him, and he tells the assembly, that cold air is actually raining on his pate with a copiousness and steadiness of supply, which must effectually preclude all exit to the foul air. It is like a crowd rushing

into a building, and making it impossible for another to come out. The two get jammed together; and so the good air only, at most, dilutes the bad; but in reality it obeys a certain law of currents, and plagues dozens of people, who beg to have that window shut, or they will infallibly take cold. And thus the alternative is, between suffocation and rheumatism. An Englishman has an instinctive horror of draughts, that is, of air; and he insists on having ventilation, on the following bases. First, the foul air must be got out of the room. Secondly, no fresh air must be felt, or known, to come in. Thirdly, the room must not be made cold by the influx of the external air. To effect all this, has been the object of the expensive experiments alluded to; and the labor has proved vain. Dr. Arnott has put efficient methods within the reach of every one. The breathed air rises necessarily to the top of the room, and can only be got out there. By his ventilator, it has a passage into the chimney, where the natural draught being outwards, instead of inwards, as at the window, the deleterious atmosphere finds a vent. This being the case, the quantity of air that finds its way through the doors and windows suffices to establish a current, the course of this being no longer entirely towards the chimney, but wherever the air in the room yields, by having an exit. And as the rarefied air forms the upper stratum, this is most easily impelled by the elastic pressure from below, and is driven out.

But Dr. Arnott's simple invention does not stop here. Where many breathers are collected together, as in a church, a school, or a workshop, the ingress of fresh air will not be proportionate to the consumption, and an artificial impulse is necessary. This he has effected by means of a pump; the more easy and simple one of two, being the swing-pump, a simple machine which may be made by any packing-case maker, at the cost of thirty shillings. A boy may work it, and draw off the foul air, for which, of course, an equal quantity of fresh air is necessarily substituted. Further, where it is advisable to keep an even temperature, as in the Brompton Consumption Hospital, and in barracks, where fires are inconvenient, the pump, worked by steam, propels exactly the given quantity of fresh air required by the inmates of the place, but warmed to an even temperature, by first passing between hollow copper plates, or leaves, filled with hot water. And thus, ventilation and warmth are combined by the most simple means, and without any great expense.

This problem of comfort is a most difficult one to solve. We wish to make the very laws of nature bend to our convenience. We insist upon everything being made perfect; every window must be air-tight, every door must close hermetically, and perhaps be made double; a series of outposts in the shape of doors at the end of every passage, guard our apartments from the intrusion of a

breath of exterior air, even if the street door open; every corner and cranny is explored, and every crevice is puttied or pasted over, through which we are able to feel a draught, and then we complain that our chimney smokes, and that our room is excessively close. Even the abode of royalty has not been exempt from this course of smoky chimneys, because everything was too well made; and it was found necessary to admit draughts, in order to cure it. With all our science, or rather with too much science, we have not yet learnt a remedy for the most domestic of all plagues. Year after year you will see a model, or perhaps more than one, in the Polytechnic, or some chimney-top, which infallibly prevents smoke. There is a lecture upon it; which gives a theory, no doubt most scientific, and based on sound principles, showing why every other plan has failed, and why this *must* succeed. Then comes the experiment of a baby-house filled with smoke, which, by the action of the chimney, is miraculously cleared out. And yet unhappily the real nuisance remains unabated, and the beautiful theory fails utterly in practice. Now this again, to our minds, arises mainly from the same fault, of our wishing to bring nature's public arrangements to give way to our domestic ones. She has legislated on a large scale, and made the laws of currents, as yet mysterious and almost hidden, to rule the grandest and most awful phenomena of her kingdom—the storm, the hurricane, the tornado, the simoom, the

trade-wind, the land-breeze, and the poetical zephyr, are all so many results and exponents of her laws, so many data by which their theory is to be constructed. But we expect them all to obey the superior law of comfort; we insist upon constructing our flues and chimneys and fire-places according to certain fashions, and rules of architecture, or in compliance with certain ideas of skill; and then we insist that dame Nature shall come into our views, and not presume to put her mandates in opposition to ours. One complains of the nasty east wind, because it always makes his chimney smoke; another cannot understand how the north wind should always drive a down-draught, with its denigrating consequences, into his drawing-room.

Now let us consider how we set about, first defying the winds, and then trying to battle with them. One of the first things that a modern builder must take care about, is how he stacks his chimneys. Look at the gable of an unfinished row of London houses; you see it completely scored with white lines from top to bottom, making every sort of curve and meander, two always running parallel. These are the channels of all the chimneys of the next house, the courses traced out whereby the streams of smoke shall flow, till they discharge themselves into their native element, the superincumbent ocean of fog. Here is the builder's science. It does not consist in seeing how the natural laws of air in motion will act,

and how under any, or every, given circumstance, the chimneys will have draught; that is not his concern. All that he has to think of is, how, by hook or by crook, he can get the whole of the flues into one wall, and get the mouth of each into the level line of chimney-tops which must run fore and aft between two roofs. Or if the house be a square, detached residence, as it is called, the owner probably insists that there shall be but one stack in the middle; and flues are sometimes carried round three sides of a room, to get them into the right channel. Ask the builder if it will not smoke? That is not his business, he has only to look to the neatness of the building; the disfiguring process which ensues does not come into his first contract. It will form a future bill. It amuses us, occasionally, to see the sort of vegetation, or growth, to which these domestic appendages are infallibly subject. One of the earliest demonstrations that one of these new terrace houses has been let, consists in seeing an additional chimney-pot on the top of two or three of the original ones. When once this first sprout has made its appearance, a rapid growth takes place. Soon a tall pipe is seen to protrude; then this puts out horizontal arms at the top, without any head, a sort of fuliginous scarecrow turning round in the wind. Then these arms get elbows, and send forth shoots. Next comes perhaps a head with a sort of vizor, swinging about very sharply and angrily at every puff of wind, like a testy

knight-errant in armor (a figure that would make a most elegant chimney pipe); and then perhaps the whole, always rising in height, is crowned with a hood and feather, or arrow, or vane, as if to put a finish to the work of modern constructive science. Any one walking the streets of London, or rather passing over them on a railway, will be amazed at the ingenious variety of these contrivances. Every imaginable bend, twist, curve, knee and joint, every conceivable head-piece, every possible position for the exit of smoke, every unnatural inclination and deviation from the perpendicular will be found in this absurd mode of remedying a systematically propagated evil; till even the old telegraph, with its mountebank notions, could not have rivalled their strange postures. Now the architect when he planned the house, and the builder when he erected it, and the tenant when he took it, were all quite assured that it must come to this: they knew that these hideous excrescences would, and must, necessarily spring up. But they were necessary consequences of a system, of the orthodox established mode of co-ordinating chimneys; shops and warehouses were awaiting the coming and certain crisis, full of these fanciful shapes, all ready to be exalted to the house-top. It is not an accident in house-building that they should mount thither; it is a foreseen, and calculated, fact. It is a part of architectural science to overlook totally the real object of a chimney, which is to carry out the smoke, provided it will

only carry out the design of a neat symmetrical building.

Now abroad they have not yet become so scientific, and consequently they are not plagued near as much with smoky chimneys. The old architects also, whether of the middle ages or of the *renaissance*, did not put themselves much out of the way to procure a great confluence of smokes. If two or three flues happened to be near, they grouped their tall and elegant chimneys together. But if not, they allowed them to run straight up, and each to smoke most independently. They had not need to trouble themselves in the old days about want of draught to send the smoke up their capacious chimneys. The great hall, in which the fire blazed, often opened straight into the air, and the massive oak planks and iron hinges of its door, fastened to the stone door-posts, did not allow a very close fit. The window casements, too, permitted a very free admission of pure air. But as the piled-up wood sparkled, and crackled, and the blaze roared up the chimney, it lit up the beaming faces of men clad in good leathern jerkins, with perhaps hooded coats, the best security against draughts, and dames snugly wrapped in honest linsey-woolsey of home-spun solidity. They took a common sense view of these domestic arrangements; they did not pretend to know the theory of atmospheric currents, and therefore they submitted to them. They took the straightforward way about things; they sent out their smoke

by the shortest road, and ran their chance, much the best one, of being right; they had a brighter fire and less smoke by not being over careful to exclude air; and they protected themselves against its damaging influence by substantial clothing. They lived a cheerful race, they reached a good old age, without much influenza or much physic; and we do not believe that their discomforts were greater than ours, although they knew so little of science.

What we have just said brings before us another branch of modern science, which we fear may easily invade our personal, more than our domestic, interests. We trust that the day may be very far distant, when man will be subject to a thoroughly scientific treatment. And yet we see symptoms of an approach to such a plan. There was a time when man, the animal, was supposed to be composed of certain visible substances, some solid and some liquid, which assumed certain definite forms, and performed obvious functions. Our old physiologists were content with considering his body as consisting of bone, cartilage, membrane, muscle, and so forth; and as containing blood, bile, lymph, and a variety of other fluids and juices. He lived exceedingly well under that theory, and died in his good time, dosed and doctored according to rules conformable to it. But by degrees he was more accurately studied, and science, instead of anatomizing, set to analyzing him; in place of examining what he might be cut up into,

it was investigated what he might be boiled down to. It was discovered that this complicated body of his was only composed of three organic substances, gelatine, fibrine, and albumen. And as though he had not been yet reduced sufficiently low, he was proved to be only a collection of chemicals; and those three components are shown to be nothing more than three gases, oxygen, hydrogen, and nitrogen, combined with one poor solid, carbon. So true it is, that when this mortal frame of ours is dissolved, and all the gaseous portion of us melts into thin air, ashes literally alone remain —dust and ashes! These discoveries are exceedingly interesting, and very important; but we own we dread their becoming too much the basis of "treatment" in sickness and in health. However true the theory, and none can doubt it, we should abhor almost as much as a return to the old theory of humors, to see poor humanity handled upon the basis of its constituent elements, and either its medicines or its food regulated, on the principle of establishing a proper equilibrium among its simple constituents. The sense of nature would be contrary to such a science. In the first visitation of cholera, it was decided by some theorists, that the disorder arose from a deficiency in one of the ingredients of blood, and the direct course was adopted of communicating it to the circulation. Now nature never takes up substances pure, but loves to elaborate them after her own fashion. There is iron in the blood; but no

one supposes that the application of cold steel to the pores of the face each morning, or the occasional handling of the fire-irons in the day, exercises the slightest influence on the appropriation of this metal by the system. Whether in the gold regions of the West, or amid the sands of Africa, our veins will find their color, though the miner may not find a single vein of that metal in the entire continent. And our little "Kosmos" contrives to make its chalk formation in the joints of the gouty, out of port-wine and highly-seasoned viands, without the aid of London milk; for, we believe, it is agreed by geologists, that the "London basin" contains a considerable chalk deposit. Nature thus has her own roundabout way of getting what she wants; and does not like to have it forced upon her. We must not give her the flour ready made and sifted; she would rather have the corn and be left to grind it in her own mill, and work it up according to her own processes, into whatever she needs. While, therefore, there is a tendency, in physiological and medical pursuits, to deal too intimately with her powers, and endeavor to shorten her operations, we cannot but fear that this may lead to rash systems, and dangerous results. Good sense would suggest, that the great aim of all sanitary treatment, and medical investigation, should be, by the one, to endeavor to stimulate nature's own powers, and, by the other, to discover how this can be done. To second and to regulate her own efforts to retain or

recover her normal condition, is the rightful, sensible, and noblest purpose of true science.

In many points we may sincerely congratulate ourselves on the triumph of good sense over false science; and in no department more than in these pursuits. Why do we now see so few crippled and distorted limbs, so few deformed frames, compared with what used to be? No doubt, because we have abandoned all scientific ways of swathing, bandaging, and tying up children: we have learnt to let them grow up to a certain age as "noble savages," with free limbs and copious applications of cold air and cold water to them; in other words, *mother*-wit, which is instinctive common sense, has been allowed to take the place of learned theory. Our forefathers used to consider a periodical blood-letting quite indispensable for health; it was most scientifically proved essential to it. Common sense has prevailed; and the lancet is scarcely known to thousands, except as the title of a newspaper, or an advertising appellation of a new razor. The same good sense has ruled us in other matters, especially as to clothing; though not as yet to the extent to which it should. However, the move is in the right direction,—towards the free and easy. The arteries are becoming every year less compressed, the joints less hampered, the body less straitened, the pores less closed, the neck less strangled, and the head less bound. Even the hat and the wig are getting furnished with ventilating apparatuses; so that the two

most unnatural of all outward accoutrements have become comparatively innocuous. Let us, however, draw our crude remarks to a close.

A strange year is this which is just closing upon us, and upon the century; leaving us but one more—its jubilee year, to finish its first half with better auguries for the next half, than we see surround us now. It appears as if the present year had been sent to humble our pride, and baffle our skill, and confound our science. It has made the high-born and the daintily-bred familiar with thoughts, and sounds, and sights, from which they would have before shrunk with horror. During it, the bills of mortality were grasped, each morning, with trembling hand; and the number of yesterday's dead were counted, and scored against the preceding day's, and the catalogue of loathsome diseases was scanned and analyzed. Men then cared somewhat for how many poor died, and longed to see the ebb set in, in that tide of mortality. For, the surge washed up to the very door of the rich, and thundered against the dams which wealth had raised between itself and the ills of poverty. The earth seems to have yawned before us, and disclosed its unholy mysteries. We have been led by the hand through its dark alleys, and taught to mark and note each foul thing that creeps or floats through them, down slowly to the poisoned bed of the river. We have been discoursed to of the reeking pestilence that exhales from the surface of those subterraneous streams,

and have been lectured on the fatal elements that compose it, till we believed we were living over a mine ready charged, and only awaiting some signal to explode, and scatter all living things in irretrievable destruction. We have seen the graves swelling and writhing with the life of corruption, as though in the throes of a new plague-birth; the black soil from the church-yard's side, oozing into the dwellings of the poor; its liquid drainings trickling into their wells; its subtile vapor stealing into their windows; and grave opening into grave, the recent dead falling into the embrace of ripe and rank corruption, steaming upwards to earth, through the opened avenue. And through all this loathsome subsoil, these dregs and off-scourings of earth's mortal things, there run glittering veins of liquid metal, as though escaping from the spoils of death. And what do they prove to be? Not gold from those who, with one hand, wash the sands of California's Pactolian streams, and with the other hold the ready steel; but whom a more daring hunter after gold has surprised with the rifle, not till after the metal had ingrained itself into their pores. Not silver from the spoiler of temples, or sanctuaries, whom human or divine vengeance has overtaken in the south, and who, like Achan, has perished and been consumed, with his ill-gotten wealth about him. No: it is the poisonous metal from the corpses, of infants whom their mother has slain, of husbands whom their wives have coolly murdered; which even the

grave in its corruption has retained, destroying all but the destroyer, consuming the victim, yet holding fast the witness to the foul deed. Such indeed has wise, philosophical England disclosed to wondering nations, this year in rank abundance. And from such a soil what has grown and flourished? The gallows-tree, more laden with the fruits of vicious, irreligious times than ever before; with a heavier growth of depravity, with more desperate, fiendish crime than a generation has seen. And round its foot our populace was dancing as at an orgy, making merry at its lessons. Surely then we have much to do, much to amend, which scientific instruction will not effect. We have moral teaching, moral training to give the people, which we are in danger of forgetting, while we are making them content with more wordly and philosophizing thoughts.

May the rest of the century be as successful in this first pursuit, as the past portion has been in the second; and thus may a just balance be established, and a satisfactory arbitration be made, in the great cause of Sense v. Science.

THE END.

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